

BLAIR FRASER ASKS:

**Could we  
stay out of a  
U.S. war?**

COVER BY GABRIEL BASTIEN

**Jimmy Hoffa: his plans for a Canadian empire**

**WHY TEACHERS ARE TIRED OF CRITICAL PARENTS**

# **MACLEAN'S**

DECEMBER 6 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



MERRY CHRISTMAS MEETING...



# Your family and the Parker family



They're sure to take to each other right away,  
because there are no finer Christmas gifts  
than these handsome Parker pens and pencils.  
Check this list of Parkers against your gift list...



Yes! Special Gift—the PARKER 61. The most modern, most unique pen in the world. It fills itself by itself—has no moving parts. Match it with a Parker Pencil for a really superb feature of good-will. Black, green, blue, charcoal, red. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$27.50, Set \$40.00. Sterling Silver and Gold-filled cap, Pen \$25.00, Set \$35.00. Nickel and Silver plated cap, Pen \$22.50, Set \$30.00.



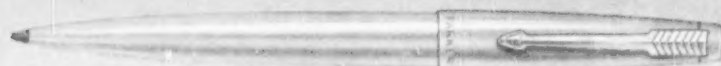
**PARKER "51"**—Exclusive electro-polished point, easy two-finger filling. Black, cocoa, burgundy, teal-blue. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$18.75, Set \$28.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$16.50, Set \$24.00.



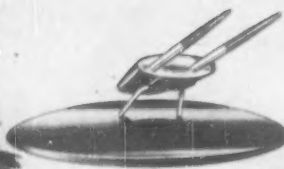
Give the **PARKER "21"**—most popular of medium-priced pens. It has the exclusive Parker electro-polished point. Black, red, blue, green. Gold-filled cap, Pen \$10.00, Set \$16.75. Lustraloy cap, Pen \$5.95, Set \$9.95.



The **PARKER T-BALL JOTTER** with the new porous ball-point that won't skip! Stainless steel cap. \$2.95.



Or give the all-Lustraloy **Parker Custom Jotter** with all the famous Jotter features in the gift-box. \$3.95.



The Brilliant **PARKER JOTTER DESK SET**, with two tapered Jotter Pens. \$12.50.



PARKER PEN CO. LTD., DON MILLS, ONT.  
(METROPOLITAN TORONTO)



# PARKER



# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Can the CBC top CBS in TV ballet duel?
- Political parties crash campus, schools

**A BATTLE OF BALLETS** on CBC and CBS television this Christmas—both dancing 90 minutes of Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker Suite* two nights apart—looks like the most colossal coincidence of the year. It's not. CBS led off by booking New York's City Centre troupe, with Canadian Melissa Hayden, on *Playhouse 90 Christmas Night*. CBC's Folio producer Norman Campbell thought Canada's National Ballet, with star Lois Smith, could do *The Nutcracker* better. He booked them on his Dec. 23 show. "I hope viewers will make a comparison," he says. National Ballet has refused four offers of \$20,000 apiece from U. S. networks. Reason: they won't take the regular shows; they want tailored spectacles.



Smith

**JAPAN IS PLANNING TO INVADE** the small-car market in Canada with two models called the Toyopet and Datsun, both four cylinders in the Volkswagen price bracket. It's part of the Japanese bid to even up trade with Canada. We sell them \$140 million of our products a year, buy only \$60 million. An Oriental touch in the Toyopet: Venetian blinds.



Emerson

**RAILROADER TO WATCH:** Robert A. Emerson, 47, a third-generation railwayman (his grandfather drove a wood burner) who's now the vice-president of the CPR—as distinguished from ten other VPs in charge of finance, personnel, maintenance and other parts of the \$2-billion empire. Ever since 1881 it's been traditional in CPR to call the top VP—actually operating boss of the railroad—simply the VP. Although this doesn't necessarily put Emerson on an escalator to the president's job, three of the last four top men — D. C. Coleman, W. M. Neal and present boss N. R. Crump—were the VP before moving up. Crump's comment: "He's a railwayman. He's sharp, intelligent and human. Now we'll see if he can run a railroad."

**THE NEXT WALLOP BY RADIO** in its comeback fight against TV will probably be stereo broadcasting—a straight pitch at the hi-fi cult. According to British engineer H. J. Leak, who has already been consulted by some Canadian stations, it will be done by multiplexing—two channels of sound are broadcast from the same FM station and brought together by a special attachment in your home FM set. CBC will experiment with stereo in a novel way this month in Toronto. For the two stereo channels it will use two AM transmitters—CBL and CJBC. People with two AM sets can tune in to both and get a stereo effect.



Cat in hat

**TWO OF 1959's MOST EMINENT** animals may turn out to be a story-book cat and a real dog with the memory of an elephant. The cat is in a new series of books for children by American Theodor Geisel, who writes under the name of "Dr. Seuss." Geisel uses only 220 words to tell such stories as *The Cat in the Hat* (it's already sold 300,000 copies). He has another new one coming up. The dog is a German-bred Drahthaar (pronounced "dratter"), with a phenomenal memory and a capacity for quick training. Toronto fancier Mrs. R. H. L. Massie imported the first, Freya. There are only half a dozen in Canada. One reason: they cost up to \$10,000 each.



Dog in dough

**A MILLION MORE YOUNG CANADIANS** will be eligible to vote in the next general election—perhaps in 1962. Already the three major parties are wooing them with springtime fervor. The blitz is directed at universities and high schools. PCs claim clubs on every campus—about 39; Liberals say they have 33 university groups; in the past year the CCF says it has founded eight new university clubs. Back-bencher in University of Toronto parliament is Mary Fleming, daughter of Finance Minister Fleming. Spur to youth: 65 victorious Tories last spring were under 40.

## ANKA'S JAPANESE BOOM TRIUMPH IN ORIENT SPURS SINGER TO A \$600,000 YEAR



"King Paul": one for the money.

**BY THE END** of the year, Ottawa's Paul Anka will likely wind up not only Canada's most widely known pop singer but its most traveled and most successful young businessman as well. Anka's own estimate of his 1958 earnings: \$600,000 ("Next year should be much better"). It will represent the proceeds from song royalties, sale of recordings and personal appearances on five continents—Asia, Australia, North America, Europe and Africa. Fresh from a wild and wacky tour of Japan, he's now in Europe and goes next to Africa. Anka had to refuse a star role in Bing Crosby's *Run, Boy, Run* because of his European commitments, but he expects to get a major movie role next

year. He's dickered for an American TV network show of his own. Eighteen of the 100 songs he's written are on sheet music and recordings and his Spanka Music Co. will soon publish another 20. His *Diana* has now sold six million records.

Fantastic? Yes, but perhaps no more fantastic than Anka's strange conquest of Japan. "King Paul," the Japanese hailed him during a September tour. Tokyo gave him a ticker-tape parade. At the height of a typhoon, thousands of teen-agers huddled in the streets outside his hotel to see him—as early as 5 a.m.; 5,000 jammed the theatre to hear him. Admirers ripped the sleeve from Anka's shirt and sent him ten crates of gifts.

Newspapers dubbed him "Gentleman Boy" but hedged on that when King Paul hit Nagoya and put on an unscheduled show in the Maruei Hotel. When the management refused him a midnight steak he unlimbered his guitar and yodeled in the corridors.

Teen-agers loved him anyway. They packed Japan's largest theatres and girls showered him with handkerchiefs and stockings thrown on the stage. He left them a memento: Christmas in Japan, a special Anka recording for which another million sales is predicted.

## SALES GIMMICK Boss pays, salesmen "see world"

**IF THE ICE MAN** cometh not next week, don't worry about him. Maybe it will only be because he's sipping rum swizzles in Trinidad as a reward for a good sales record. For "See The World" has become one of the nation's more popular sales incentives.

This year, 75 Ontario milkmen and wives spent a week at New York's Waldorf, rubbing elbows with the rich—courtesy of the boss, Dominion Dairies, which paid the bills because they boosted milk sales. At the same time, six beer salesmen (O'Keefe's) were in Bermuda and 70 prize-winning General Electric dealers were in Mexico—all on the boss.

There's apparently no limit to how far Canadian businessmen will send their help to improve their business. Next year, Imperial Oil plans vacations in Italy for 80 service-station operators with best records for sales and service.

Guernsey Appliance is sending 50 dealers to the Virgin Islands. Liquifuels Limited will take over Bermuda's Belmont Manor next spring for 150 dealers and wives. To make sure Liquifuel dealers don't lag, the boss is already mailing southern fashion bulletins to their wives.

Such sales gimmicks have become \$500,000-a-year business for Canadian travel agencies, which predict it will double in another year. "You don't have to join the navy to see the world," says James Calladine, who books such trips for National Sales Incentives Ltd. "Be an appliance dealer."

Everybody likes the idea. The trip is worth more than money to the recipient. If he combines it with some reasonable facsimile of work he doesn't have to pay taxes on it—and neither does the boss.

—CAROL CHAPMAN

## NEW TRICK IN SURGERY "Walk" during operation

**IT USED TO BE** that after an operation a patient stayed in bed "until the wound is properly healed." Often he died there from pulmonary embolism—a blood clot blocking the artery between heart and lungs. World War II and new surgical techniques changed that. The dictum became: "Get the patient on his feet." Some walked away from the operating table. After childbirth, mothers were back home in a week, instead of two.

Now, thanks to two Canadian brother doctors, the process may soon be carried one step further, and the danger of killing blood clots reduced still more, by enabling patients to "walk" during an operation. With an electrical apparatus constructed at the University of Western Ontario, Drs. John and Angus McLachlin have been able to simulate the muscular action of walking even while a patient is under anesthetic.

Electrodes similar to those used in studying the heart's muscular action are placed on a patient's legs; the closed electrical circuit produces regular contractions of the calf muscles.

So far, they have tried it on themselves and on half a dozen patients in surgery at Victoria and Westminster hospitals in London, Ont. "It is a feasible thing and will have a future in surgery," says Dr. John.



The McLachlins: "walking" operations.

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

## Can the Tories play Santa Claus without spurring inflation?



Is unemployment a genuine policy issue between the major parties? Or is it a political sham-battlefield where the *Ins* do and the *Outs* say the same things as always, even though they've exchanged party labels?

In public both sides make it look as if "Yes" were the answer to the second question, not the first. Today's Conservatives do sound remarkably like yesterday's Liberals, and vice versa. In private, though, they are different. An important issue is developing between them, but it's a hard one for either side to thrash out in public debate—partly because both mix it up with other things on which there's no real disagreement.

For instance, there's not much argument about the winter employment program which the government has been announcing at intervals during the autumn. Job-making outlay this winter will be the highest ever, for peacetime. Conservatives add it up to \$740 million—employing 150,000 men. For campaign purposes, they concocted an even higher total last year, but now they have a slightly different list; it shows an increase for the coming winter, of \$8 million and 16,000 men, over last year's record-breaking figures.

That's not all either. There's an offer to municipalities of half the payroll cost (which on an ordinary job would be about a quarter of the total cost) of projects like sewer-digging, street-repairing, etc., if they're done in winter instead of summer. Ottawa has put no ceiling on this offer, and no one has yet guessed how much it will cost or how many it will employ. There is also an extension of new loans to home builders, if they're taken out before the end of the year. And to hear some Conservatives talk for publication you might think all this was the personal, patented invention of the Diefenbaker government. To hear some Liberals, on the other hand, you'd think it a puny, inadequate gesture, far too little and too late.

Both admit privately that the winter employment program has been developing steadily, under both parties, for the past five years. In the main it has been planned and executed by the same civil servants. It began with the first thorough study of the nature of seasonal unemployment, continued with systematic efforts (which are now routine practice) in all government departments to save every possible job for the slack winter months. Last July a two-day

conference brought together federal, provincial and municipal governments with spokesmen from industry and labor. All the winter employment measures so far announced, and several others as well, were recommended by that conference. Liberals don't quarrel with any of them except to say they should have been done sooner.

But in the eyes of the officials who organized it the best thing about the July conference was that "for once, we didn't get winter employment mixed up with recession." They want people to recognize the winter slump as a quite separate problem that Canada has to face in good times and bad. More can be done about it than our grandfathers knew; many kinds of work that used to be seasonal can be kept going through the cold weather with new techniques. Sometimes this costs more, but not as much more as it costs to feed an unemployed population; there are various ways of spreading this extra cost, so that it doesn't all fall upon the employer.

Neither party is against these things. What divides them is how to deal with recessions—economic rather than seasonal slumps. In mid-recession last winter, the parties were accusing each other of doing too little. The difficult question, still muted by the inhibitions of politics, is the opposite one: how can a government tell when it's doing too

much? And, if it does come to that opinion, how can it turn around and move in the other direction?

This is the true nub of the argument in the last election campaign—Liberal tax cuts versus Conservative public works. The Grits argued quite sincerely that tax cuts would be felt more quickly. What they did not say so loudly, but what they think is even more important, is that tax cuts are more easily reversed.

Canada's budgetary deficit for this year will probably run to a billion dollars or more (almost certainly, if you include the red ink in the old-age pension accounts). That's about three percent of the gross national product—a fairly stiff shot of inflation. However, the deficit would have been just as large for this year if the Grits had been elected instead of the Tories. They admit it. Their tax cuts would have taken just as much away from the revenue side as the Conservative public works are adding to the expenditure side.

But a public-works program, once launched, is not very flexible. Works have to be planned, tenders called, contracts let. By the time they reach their employment peak, recession might be over and inflation rampant. The government would still be a competitor in the labor market, and it would still (unless it was willing to boost taxes far above their present level) be running up a huge deficit each year.

Grits argue that their tax cuts, by contrast, could be rescinded when the recession is over. The budget could be brought back into balance, and taxpayers would be no worse off than they are now; the government would be helping to diminish instead of increase the pressures of inflation.

This may be good economics. The trouble is, it is very bad politics, as the Liberals found out last March. Their tax-cut plan struck most voters as a mere giveaway program, an attempt to outpromise the promising Tories. If they made any mention of the other side of the coin, the return to higher taxes when recession is over, it was hardly audible, and would almost certainly have lost them even more votes if it had been heard more clearly. The idea that government goodies have to be paid for, one way or another, is so old-fashioned as to be politically obsolete.

In other words, the Conservative position was swept away in the Conservative victory. This is the Liberal complaint, and dilemma.

There's a certain ironic justice in it—nemeses, maybe. I remember a conversation with a Liberal cabinet minister on the campaign train in May 1957. The Liberals naturally assumed they were invulnerable, and this one was holding forth as usual on the imbecility of the Tories.

"Why don't they realize," he said, "that their only hope is to go back to a true Conservative policy? They ought to be able to see that there is no position for them to the left of our party. Instead of trying to compete with us, promising more of this and more of that, they should be campaigning for economy and sound government, real conservatism."

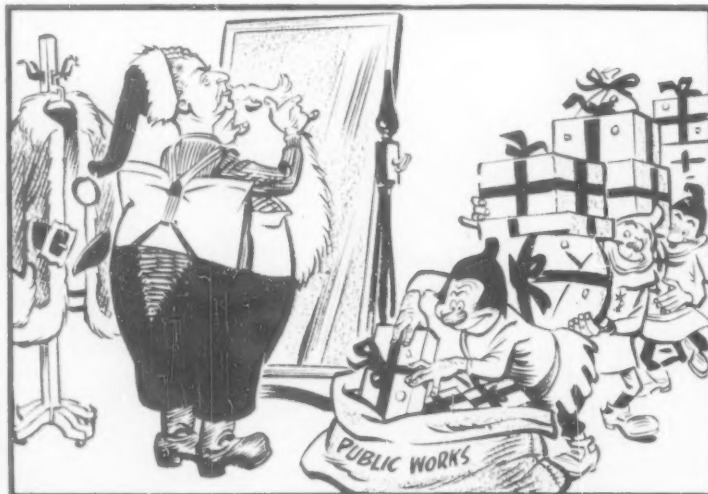
But didn't he think this would merely condemn the Conservatives to perpetual opposition?

The minister did not reply, but he seemed to think this a quite tolerable idea. A month later, he was out of office. The Conservatives were trying on his Santa Claus suit, and letting out all its seams. It looks like a very good fit on them now. So far, the ex-minister has shown little inclination to adopt the role he was recommending to the Conservatives only eighteen months ago.

Let's not be too sardonic. The hesitation is more than mere political timidity. All the leading Liberals in parliament, and many of the leading Conservatives, were young men during the great depression. Whatever party they may have belonged to in those days, if any, they were radicals at heart. To them the very word unemployment has an emotional impact, a kind of horror about it. The idea that any other threat should take priority over unemployment, however rationally convincing it might be, leaves them cold. This is probably true of most Canadians between the ages of forty and sixty, no matter what their present material circumstances.

Nevertheless, the question is still unanswered: how long can we go on running billion-dollar deficits? What will happen if we try to find out by experiment?

Quite a few people on both sides of the house are beginning to think that this danger, runaway inflation, is the gravest of all economic threats just now. But nobody has figured out a short, simple, palatable way of saying this to the voter. ★



To outdo the Liberals they've let out the seams.



## BACKSTAGE WITH FASHION / Canada's ten best-hatted men



Mackay

Richard

Sinclair

Taylor

Next?

WITH THE CHEMISE and/or sack now thoroughly buried and Paris temporarily silent about future "looks" for women, it remained for men to keep the sparks flying in fashion: the bowler, derby or christie is back in triumph, right on the heels of a flurry of summer excitement over that other relic of granddad's day — the straw boater.

"Hats are hot," says Norman McMillan, president of the Hat Foundation of Canada.

The evidence: When the country-wide Calhoun Smile Shops recently brought in a batch of bowlers from England they sold most of them in a day. Now Canadian manufacturers are getting ready to

turn out a softer-felt version of the derby. Ontario's lieutenant-governor, J. Keiller MacKay, supported a modest comeback by the boater by wearing one during Princess Margaret's visit.

If this is a comeback for hats, however, it still faces obstacles. Large numbers of potential hat wearers have grown up in an era of crew cuts. Changing to hats, where should the barehead set look for guidance? Who are the best-hatted Canadians? Here are the top ten, selected especially for Maclean's by the Hat Foundation: **Gordon Sinclair**, writer and commentator: his specialties are snap brims (he owns 20) and balmorals (he has 10).

a profusion of fedoras.

**Sam Shopsowitz**, Toronto restaurateur: hats for every suit and he owns dozens.

**Conn Smythe**: a wide selection of snap brims, straws, caps and top-pers.

**Senator Sarto Fournier**, Montreal mayor: another of the homburg set.

**William Walker**, Fredericton mayor: "best-hatted man in the Maritimes."

**Don Mackay**, mayor of Calgary: his trademark is a white Stetson, but he also owns derbies, straws, berets and a sou'wester.

**Hon. J. P. Sauvé**, Quebec social welfare minister: "always correctly hatted."

**E. P. Taylor**, industrialist: for business, he wears a grey snap brim, for sports a cap, and he has a wide selection of toppers for formal wear.

**Premier Maurice Duplessis**: firm advocate of the homburg.

**Maurice Richard**:

## Backstage

### WITH THE PM'S WESTERN HERO

Buffalo Bill? Wyatt Earp? Nah!

Have a look at Riel's top gun



Dumont

THE RASH of triggermen on today's TV westerns leaves one occasional viewer quite cold. He is Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. The PM regards the Bat Mastersons and Wyatt Earps of the old west as pretty pallid figures compared with his own favorite western hero, Gabriel Dumont. Dumont was Louis Riel's top gun, a deadly and fearsome individual to whom the PM has devoted a good deal of respectful study.

"He is the most romantic figure of the west in the last century," Diefenbaker told Maclean's, chatting about Dumont. "He is unequalled in his exploits of daring, in his generalship and as a buffalo hunter. Buffalo Bill was a novice compared with Gabriel Dumont."

How come the PM fastened on Dumont as his favorite character? As a boy in the Batoche area of north Saskatchewan in 1903, Diefenbaker met Dumont several times. It was just three years before the rebel died. He was old. "But he always gave me a feeling of fear and awe because I knew he had killed so many men." On top of that Dumont had a livid scar running through his hair—the crease from a government bullet in the fight at Duck Lake.

To backtrack on the career of his hero, the PM has had to ferret through old letters and talk to Indians and *métis*, for no formal biography has been written on Dumont. The best account of his career is probably in a document called *La Vérité sur la Question Métisse*; this contains the field notes of Dumont which he dictated to a recorder, for he could not read or write.

He was born at Red River, the son of halfbreed parents, and he was a born leader. At 13, he was fighting Indians. When he was 20 a group of his former enemies made him their chief. He was perhaps directly responsible for the second Riel Rebellion, for he brought Riel back from exile in Montana to Batoche, where Dumont had set himself up as the leader of 200 *métis*. Dumont was behind the Frog Lake massacre; it was he who stirred the Indian tribes. Blood-thirsty? His own account of the Duck Lake fight says yes. "Since I was eager to knock off some redcoats I never thought to keep under cover. A shot came and gashed the top of my head." Facing defeat at Batoche, he told government officers trying to negotiate a surrender, "I still have 90 cartridges for you." He fled 600 miles from Batoche to Montana, but was permitted to return later.

As a boy, Diefenbaker also followed the exploits of Dumont along old buffalo trails, still discernible on the prairie 20 years after the buffalo became extinct. At the bottom of one cliff were hillocks of buffalo bones where Dumont and his *métis* had chased the animals to their death.

"He represented the last Indian hopes for the preservation of the plains for the Indians," says the PM, "but he lived in a false concept and his false dreams could not come true." —KLAUS NEUMANN

## Backstage WITH OUR WORDY LEADERS / How they measure up



King's pile

WHAT'S THE MEASURE of Canada's prime ministers? Approximately 1,500 feet. That's the amount of shelf space their documents and correspondence occupy in the Public Archives in Ottawa. The correspondence runs to 2½ million pages—a history of the country since Confederation. The documents include trivia such as dinner menus and treaties that have helped shape Canada.

If the space given to their collected contributions to posterity proves anything beyond the worth of the various men, it is probably that more modern prime ministers have been wordier and have been more assiduous packrats than the ones of the previous century.

Here's how they measure on the shelves and what, in some cases, they fill the space with:

**Sir John A. Macdonald**: 123 feet, including seven inches devoted to his rather complex personal finances, a marriage settlement and household accounts.

**Alexander Mackenzie**: 1 foot, 7 inches.

**Sir John Abbott**: 1 foot.

**Sir John Thompson**: 51 feet, including domestic accounts and love letters to his wife.

**Sir Mackenzie Bowell**: 21 feet.

**Sir Charles Tupper**: 5 feet, 6 inches.

**Sir Wilfrid Laurier**: 195 feet, including 42 solid feet of correspondence with people asking for political patronage and four inches of poetry by Lady Laurier.

**Sir Robert Borden**: 141 feet.

**Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen**: 67 feet, 4 inches.

**Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett**: There's a gap here. His papers are at the University of New Brunswick.

**Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King**: 800 feet (the champion). His private papers are in the Archives, although diaries and some documents are at Laurier House where his official biography is being written. There are more than a million pages of King papers.

**Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent**: His papers are in the Archives building but have not yet been put on the shelves, thus can't be measured. They won't be available to the public until 25 years after his death.

**Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker**: has indicated he'll transfer his papers to the Archives on his retirement.—

PETER C. NEWMAN



Abbott's mite

## Background

### CUPID'S RECESSION OVER?

Sign of recovery: a big autumn increase in honeymoon couples registering at Niagara Falls' Chamber of Commerce (they get a certificate there). To November 6,500 couples booked in—a mere trickle in spring and summer but a full flood in September and October. Cupid's best guide to the Falls this year: the 20 new floodlights shining on the waters since June, say businessmen, who, in view of general business conditions, had expected a tourist

slump. Instead, just as many visitors showed up as in boom years, many to see the \$154,000 battery of lights in action at night.

### COURSES IN CANADIAN

One or more of Canada's 39 universities offers a complete course in French, English, Greek, Arabic, Japanese, Portuguese, Russian, Dutch, Gaelic, Czech, Icelandic and Chinese—but none has had a separate course in Canadian literature. The lack is now being filled at two Ottawa colleges. The University of Ottawa this term formed a Research Centre into French-Canadian literature; Carleton University has established

an Institute of Canadian Studies. Both are offering Masters and Doctors degrees in Canadian literature and expect the courses will attract foreign students, as well as Canadian teachers and scholars.

### CAR RENTALS ZOOMING

"Don't buy a car—rent or lease one!" isn't a new idea, but it has created one of the fastest-growing businesses in the country. There are now 350 car-rental and 100 leasing agencies in Canada against a mere handful 10 years ago. They supply 15% of all cars used for business purposes; by 1970 they expect to be providing at least half such cars.

Their big sales pitch: no worry about capital cost or repairs. You pay \$105 a month for a middle-priced car, plus gas. They look after the car. Profit to leasing agency: about \$400.

### LOST: AMBASSADOR'S JOB

Among the names passed by when Richard Wigglesworth was appointed American ambassador to Canada: Sherman Adams, Eisenhower's former top aide and victim in recent coat-and-rug scandals. For years, Adams had made no secret of his desire to be U.S. ambassador in Canada and often talked of his "coming appointment" to Arnold Heeney, our former ambassador to U.S.

## Editorial

### Let's not make the Pasternaks choose sides

We share, of course, the general opinion that the Boris Pasternak affair makes the Soviet authorities look like fools as well as scoundrels. The hysterical vilification of the old man, their most distinguished poet and novelist; the threats of exile until he decided to refuse the Nobel Prize for his novel, *Dr. Zhivago*—these are so evidently the marks of a guilty conscience that the whole episode has indeed been "an intellectual Budapest" for the Soviet Union and the Communist faith.

We wonder, though, whether the orgy of self-righteousness in the West has been entirely warranted. We and the Russians see each other as enemies. Praise from the enemy puts any man's loyalty in doubt. When a Westerner gets the Stalin Peace Prize or some kindred decoration, that's all most of us want to know about him. He is obviously and automatically a Red, at worst a traitor and at best a dupe.

Vladimir Dudintsev, whose novel, *Not By Bread Alone*, was published in the Soviet Union, wrote an epilogue to the English translation of his book which has some bearing on Pasternak's plight. Dudintsev's work is bitterly critical of the Soviet system. Westerners read it with astonishment, for it deals as harshly with the USSR as, say, Babbitt and Main Street deal with the USA. But Dudintsev was no less astonished, and much dismayed, at the welcome he got in the West.

"I do not deny," he says, "that the relations between the characters in my novel are dramatized in a certain way that derives from real life. As in every large family, we have feast days and also work days, saturated with acute and varied situations. But a family, whose members know each other well, always finds the right solutions to its conflicts . . . when I held in my hands a few newspapers with these horrible articles by 'experts on Russia,' I felt as if my novel—a peaceable ship in foreign waters—had been seized by pirates and was flying the skull and crossbones."

In the school libraries of Moscow you find a very curious selection of English books. Dickens is there, represented by *Nicholas Nickleby* (the capitalist school system) and *Oliver Twist* (how capitalists treat the poor). Jack London's classic for boys, *The Call of the Wild*, is not usually present, but his dismally autobiographical *Martin Eden* (it ends in suicide) is everywhere. Elizabeth Gaskell is represented not by the gentle *Cranford* but by a shrill and stilted novel that most English readers have never heard of—*Mary Barton*, a book about the Chartist riots in 1842.

From these carefully censored witnesses, these snippets out of the context of life, Russian children get a preposterous picture of what the Western world is like today. We ought to be careful not to make a similar mistake when, once in a blue moon, an honest book from inside is written about Communist Russia. Even a man as sophisticated as Boris Pasternak can cry out in one breath against the sins of his countrymen and cry out in the next breath: "My country, right or wrong." And those who detect in this a sign that the thinking portion of the Russian population are in secret revolt against their masters are probably much too optimistic.

## Mailbag

- ✓ "Ashamed of Canadians" after seeing Britain
- ✓ Vancouver—beautiful city or prize slum?
- ✓ Would men be safer drivers if women stayed home?

My heartfelt thanks to Hugh MacLennan for *Why Life is Better in Britain* (Nov. 8). Visiting Britain after an absence of thirteen years I found the people far happier with much less. I am thoroughly ashamed of Canadians and their outlook on life, but thankful that I have been able to see Britain and come back with a healthier outlook.—MRS. OLIVE SHERRAN, OTTAWA.

✓ We were heart-hungry for *Why Life is Better in Britain*. For years we've known it was! . . . There are thousands of us in this country who have "nothing to do worth the doing; nothing to love worth the loving; nothing to hope for but release!" Why? Because Canada spurns gifts of love if they have no commercial value or no promise of reward. The almighty dollar is becoming the only plumb-line for Canada.—NINA BARKER, TORONTO.

✓ MacLennan's comments are so true! . . . There is nothing so relaxing as a walk in the country or a bicycle trip, but where can one do such a thing in Canada? Using a bicycle on the roads is an invitation to disaster.—K. T. SMITH, KINGSTON, ONT.

✓ MacLennan's description of the "happy English" makes them sound like a tribe of naked adolescent idiots enjoying the anarchy of a welfare state, free from the bondage of American cars and supermarkets. MacLennan points out that "Happiness is dependent on the environment in which a person lives." If this is true we shall be no better off supporting a British invasion of Suez than we are embroiled in the American cold war.—H. ARMSTRONG, TORONTO.

#### Why women are safer drivers

There is one good reason why women are safer drivers than men (Preview, Nov. 8): they have no one to nag them



to distraction, as in the case of men. It would be interesting to know the percentage of accidents which happen when they are accompanied by women. One thing is clear: few accidents happen to men when they are driving to and from work—alone—and at a time when traffic is at its peak. I would suggest a compulsory course for all women: "How to be a good passenger."—ELIZABETH JENKINS, WINNIPEG.

#### No degree for stenos

The University of Toronto has no intention of awarding "a college degree for secretaries" (Preview, Oct. 11). None of our correspondence courses

leads to a degree. Although your report does not state that we will offer the degree it was sufficiently promising to provoke a surprising number of enquiries from across the country.—D. C. WILLIAMS, PH.D., DIRECTOR OF EXTENSION, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

#### Mouth-watering pickles

After reading John Clare's *Why Canadians Can't Leave Pickles Alone* (Oct. 11), can you guess what I did? I went to the pantry and had a good feed of my favorite pickles. The article made my mouth water.—MRS. IRENE M. SCHIGOL, MIKADO, SASK.

✓ The recipe for Mrs. Campbell's prize-winning Mustard Bean Pickles, in-



cluding "one cup mustard," looks like pretty hot stuff to me. Is there a mistake in the quantity of mustard?—MRS. SHIRLEY JACOBSON, TORONTO.

Sorry! It should be half a cup.

#### Victoria "most beautiful"

Re your experts' selection of Canada's attractive cities (Backstage, Nov. 8): Surely that hodge-podge of a place, Vancouver, has not been selected? Did you not know that Victoria people refer in all sincerity, and not unkindly, to Vancouver as British Columbia's great slum?—W. N. CAMPBELL, VICTORIA.

✓ I think you should retract the slander of Hamilton. I have been in every city in Canada and many in the United States, and compared with them Hamilton is not dirty. Its vast area denies the insult that it is cramped. Even *National Geographic* published a full page in color of our Rock Gardens. Where will you get a finer panorama than from the edge of our "mountain"?—LORNE JOHNSTON, HAMILTON.

#### The Sikhs' flotilla

In the article, *When Vancouver turned back the Sikhs* (Nov. 8), it says, "The turbaned Indians came to their promised land in a chartered ship but color-conscious citizens wouldn't let them land. They left behind a legacy of blood." Some had already landed and gave the police quite a lot of trouble with their drinking, quarreling and women trouble. Other shiploads were following. Surely this country has the right to protect citizens from "dumping." That event occurred at the time of depression when our own citizens were out of work. Immigration had to be restricted, color or no color.—MRS. J. E. JONES, SAANICHTON, B.C. ★



# WORLD'S FASTEST SHAVE



Man-sized Rollectric has the largest live shaving area of any leading make

Remington's six Diamond-honed cutters whisk away the bristles with a minimum of shaving motions—the closest thing to one stroke shaving. You get a peach of a shave—in absolute comfort.



## AND SO SMOOTH

Remington's exclusive Roller-Comb action gets right down to your hidden beard



Whiskers grow in tiny valleys. Ordinary shavers only skim the tops of these valleys, cut off only the whisker tops. Soon whisker bases grow out and your Hidden Beard can be seen and felt.



Remington's exclusive Roller Combs flatten out the valleys. Up pop the bristles and off they come—down at the base! Leaves your face clean—and so smooth. Makes every shave last hours longer.



Standard shaver for home use. Also—the Auto-Home for use in automobile, home, boat or plane—the World Wide for use on all Overseas voltages as well as at home. All three have Rollectric Roller Combs.

# Remington

A product of **Remington Rand** Limited, Electric Shaver Division, Toronto

# ROLLECTRIC

A LIVING  
MEMENTO  
OF YOU



## A Christmas Gift Watch .....

**N**O OTHER gift shares one's whole life so intimately as a fine watch. No mechanical marvel of this age serves so faithfully, for so long, at so small a cost. No other personal possession engenders so much affection, such pride of ownership. A truly fine watch, a Longines, becomes a living memento of you.

But you may ask, "Isn't this true of *any* watch?" We do not think so. All watches tell time after a fashion, for a few months, or a few years. Longines watches run with incredible steadiness, reliability, accuracy—*indefinitely*. How wonderful it is to know where one stands with time *all the time!*

The superiority of Longines watches is not just a claim. Longines watches have won more honors for excellence, elegance and accuracy than any other timepiece in the whole world—are rated by experts as the world's finest\*.

This Christmas give the finest watch you can afford. And you can afford a Longines, a lifetime gift of the finest timekeeping service; a lifetime gift of beauty, too, for Longines watches are styled with ageless good taste. The price can be as little as \$85.00, and there is a Longines type for every need and service, a style for every personality. Illustrated above are the Longines "Starlight Sonata SA-16", 14K gold case set with 16 diamonds, \$325, and the Longines "Nobel A Automatic", 14K gold self-winding watch, \$250.

Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweller makes it easy to give the Longines watch of your choosing. *The world's most honored Christmas gift is Longines, the world's most honored watch.* For a booklet, write Longines-Wittnauer Company of Canada, 1255 Phillips Square, Montreal.

\*Except for certain individually hand-made watches, such as Vacheron & Constantin, which sell at approximately three times Longines' prices.

prices shown are suggested retail

# LONGINES

*Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes  
28 Gold Medals*

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY  
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING  
CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER

THE FIRST WATCH  
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION

THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

## MACLEAN'S

Ralph Allen  
Editor

Leslie F. Hannon  
Managing Editor

John Clare, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders  
Associate Editors

Blair Fraser  
Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors

N. O. Bonisteel, Peter Gzowski, Eric Hutton, Ken Lefolli, Herbert Manning, Barbara Moon,  
Peter C. Newman, McKenzie Porter

Gene Aliman  
Art Director

Desmond English  
Asst. Art Director

Jack Olsen  
Photo Editor

Editorial Assistants

Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Shirley E. Mair, Joan Weatherseed, Barbara West

Stanley L. Hutchings  
Advertising Mgr.

B. Anthony Lawless  
Circulation Mgr.

B. Wes Spicer  
Advertising Production Mgr.

Douglas M. Gowdy Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

## CONTENTS

VOLUME 71

DECEMBER 6, 1958

NUMBER 25

<b>PREVIEW:</b> Japanese junket helps Anka to \$600,000 year / How to see the world on boss' money / New medical trick .....	1
<b>BACKSTAGE:</b> Will Tory Santa Claus speed up inflation? .....	2
The ten best-hatted Canadian men / The PM's western hero ....	3
<b>EDITORIAL and MAILBAG</b> .....	4

## ARTICLES

<b>Jimmy Hoffa's plans for a Canadian empire.</b> Peter C. Newman .....	13
<b>A teacher speaks up to parents.</b> Sybil Shack .....	20
<b>The ship that wouldn't die.</b> Lawrence Earl .....	21
<b>The happy sequel to Quebec's great ball-park wedding.</b> Eric Hutton ...	22
<b>Where we stand in defense. Conclusion.</b>	
<b>Could Canada stay out of a U. S. war?</b> Blair Fraser .....	24
<b>Who says forty is too old?</b> Stan Leonard with Trent Frayne .....	26

## FICTION

<b>The testing of Jerome Martell.</b> Hugh MacLennan .....	16
--	----

## DEPARTMENTS

<b>For the sake of argument.</b> Canadians can't judge race segregation.	
Thomas R. Waring .....	8
<b>Letter from the Pacific.</b> Tea with the geishas, and a tragic memorial.	
Beverley Baxter .....	10
<b>Sweet &amp; sour</b> page 28 <b>Maclean's movies</b> page 30 <b>Jasper</b> page 48	
<b>We asked</b> page 62 <b>Parade</b> page 76	

## PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Japan Tourist Association / 13, Black Star / 14, Walter Curtis / 15, two Canada Wide / 20, Dave Portugal / 21, Capt. M. Shaw; H. Hamilton / 22, Canada Wide; no credit; Basil Zarov / 24-25, Department of National Defense / 26, Bruce Moss / 27, no credit.



## THE COVER

The silly season lasts all year in circles where women follow fashion. This, at least, is the idea **Gabriel Bastien** got watching them and their escorts, in fair weather and foul, through his Montreal studio window at St. Denis and Villery. Agreed?

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board, Floyd S. Chalmers, President, Donald F. Hunter, Vice-President and Managing Director. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. Branch Office: 1030 West Georgia St., Vancouver 5, B.C. U. S. A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 341 Madison Ave., New York 17. **Great Britain:** Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00; 5 years \$10.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright, 1958, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for return. The publishers will not be responsible for loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.





In MATINÉE they've found the finest



*Among all nights one is remembered for its glow of perfection*

Matinée, too, has a way of impressing discerning people. Its classic tobaccos give the special quality they demand in a cigarette. The delightful mildness is Matinée's own, and the pure, white filter completes their enjoyment. That is why they smoke Matinée with the complete confidence they've found the finest.

A cigarette of elegance...  
A filter of particular purity...



PRODUCED FROM  
SPECIALLY PROCESSED  
CELLULOSE,  
THE FINEST TYPE OF  
FILTER KNOWN.



## Always in front...

Each day more and more people choose 'Black & White' Scotch Whisky. There is a good reason for this popularity. You will enjoy the refreshing taste of 'Black & White' ... the feeling of well-being that comforts you.

### The Secret is in the Blending

Experts select the finest individual whiskies in Scotland. They blend them in the special 'Black & White' way and achieve its distinctive character and unvarying flavor.

From Scotland every precious drop

From your first glass, you'll agree that 'Black & White' is a Scotch to respect. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several sizes.

By Appointment  
to Her Majesty the Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

**'BLACK & WHITE'**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
"BUCHANAN'S"

B-38M

## For the sake of argument



THOMAS R. WARING

### A SOUTHERN EDITOR PROTESTS

## Canadians can't judge race segregation

**I am a Southerner.** Like most other white folks in the southern part of the United States, I am one of those terrible, prejudiced people you Canadians hear about when the subject turns to race.

To use an overworked expression, I don't want my daughter—or your daughter, if she's a white girl—to marry a Negro. My neighbors in the eleven Southern states and I go further. At this time in history, and in the conditions that prevail in our part of the world, we don't want our children to go to school with Negroes.

We don't think that mixing the races in school on a vast scale would be good for our children or for their colored schoolmates.

Why should this be so? The reasons are so deeply imbedded in the mores of Southern people that it is difficult to reduce them to a formula on paper. Volumes could be written on the psychological factors of race. Some of the practical considerations—and the catalogue by no means is complete—may be expressed as follows:

**1. Health and cleanliness.** For whatever reasons — and white Southerners are by no means persuaded they are entirely due to economic and social causes — Negroes are frequently untidy. Many are careless in personal hygiene; venereal disease is far more prevalent among Negroes. Since the U. S. Health Service quietly dropped racial designations statistics are hard to find. The 1952-53 South Carolina figures are a useful guide not only for Southern states but for congested Negro areas in the North. In a population sixty percent white and forty percent Negro, 6,315 cases of syphilis were reported in the period mentioned in South Carolina. Of these eighty-nine percent were Negro. In cases of gonorrhea Negroes led six to one. Some physicians say many Negro cases go unreported.

**2. Home environment.** A wide gap exists in cultural background and home life. The master-servant relationship may be disappearing but it has left deep marks. Even manner of speech, vocabulary and personal behavior and tastes show differences that Southern white people believe are not due altogether to educational separation.

**3. Marital habits.** Morals among many Southern Negroes are — to put it mildly — casual. Many couples do not bother with divorce because there was no actual marriage. Illegitimacy statistics show that on the average, one Negro child in five is illegitimate. The figure may be higher since illegitimate births are more likely to go unrecorded. No stigma attaches to illegitimacy among Negroes. Colored children learn about sex early and are precocious in this respect. White parents are afraid their more sheltered offspring will be subject to bad influence if not actual corruption.

**4. Crime.** For many years crime has been more prevalent among Negroes than whites in the South. Since colored migration became heavy the North is experiencing the same thing. Racial mingling, many Southerners fear, would increase juvenile delinquency among white children and set up new opportunities for violence among rowdies of both races.

**5. Intellectual development.** Negro children on the average seem to be about two grades behind whites in attainment. Some integrationists say the way to cure the difference is to mingle the children. The trouble with this theory — and many Southerners will not concede that difference in schooling is solely responsible for the lag — is that a single generation of white children would bear the brunt of raising Negro **continued on page 46**

T. R. WARING IS EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON, S.C., NEWS AND COURIER.





1959 Rambler Rebel Hardtop. Striking design . . . roomy six passenger luxury . . . economy and handling ease unmatched in its field.

# Go *Rambler* in '59

Canada's Success Car Scores Again! 22 new models with brilliant new styling, each designed to give you the best of both—big car room, small car economy!

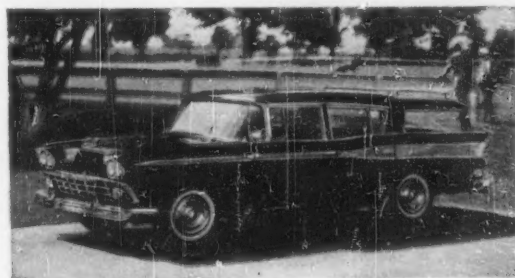
In '59, only Rambler gives you everything you could wish for in a car . . . the style you want . . . the economy you need . . . the quality you deserve!

Other '59 cars have grown bigger and hungrier. Only the compact Rambler Six gives you roominess and luxury unmatched in cars at twice the price . . . *plus* even greater gasoline economy through improved carburetion and new high-efficiency drive ratios. Rambler is the most economical big car on the Canadian road.

See the artistry sculptured into every line of Rambler's brilliant new body styles. Relax in the new Sectional Sofa Front Seats that glide forward and back independently for tailored-to-measure comfort. Test the solid feel of Rambler's battleship-strong, all-welded Single Unit construction that gives years of rattle-free driving.

*It's the most complete line in the industry! See the 22 stunning new Ramblers—sedans, station wagons, hardtops—today! There's a Rambler for you . . . see all 22!*

AMERICAN MOTORS (CANADA) LTD.



1959 Rambler Custom Cross Country. Most striking station wagon on the Canadian road. Your choice of Rambler Economy Six or Rambler Rebel V8 power.



1959 Rambler American Station Wagon. Brand new this year . . . a roomy, rugged version of the famous Rambler American. Seats five with cargo space to spare.



1959 Rambler American. Rambler economy in a five-passenger car. Roomy comfort in this smaller version of the famous Rambler. 100" wheelbase. Luggage space to spare.



1959 Metropolitan 1500. The smart, sprightly "car about town". Agile and effortless in the heaviest traffic—so inexpensive to buy and drive.



1959 Ambassador. A 270 horsepower aristocrat with styling, interior beauty, comfort and performance unsurpassed by any other car in the fine car field.

## Away from home?



"Hello mother! We just arrived. Are the children behaving?"

## keep in touch by TELEPHONE

*it's the next best thing to being there*

Don't worry or wonder when you're on a trip . . . just pick up the 'phone and be sure.

A telephone call is the personal, friendly way to keep in touch . . . say 'hello' . . . pass along good news. The cost is low, too. Why not give someone a call today?

### LONG DISTANCE

costs less than you think  
—look at these low rates

	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Ottawa to Regina . . . . .	2.35	0.75
Victoria to Fredericton . . .	3.35	1.10
Charlottetown to Winnipeg	2.70	0.90
Edmonton to Hamilton . . .	2.55	0.85

*Above rates in effect 6 p.m. to 4:30 a.m.  
Station to station daily and all day Sunday.*

CALL BY NUMBER . . . it's twice as fast

**TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

NATION WIDE TELECOMMUNICATION SERVICE

## Letter from the Pacific



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

## Tea with the geishas, and a tragic memorial

The flight from Formosa to Tokyo was uneventful in itself but I was intensely curious to see at first hand the nation that was our ally in the Kaiser's war and our enemy in Hitler's war. Night had set in by the time of our arrival and the streets of Tokyo presented a curious spectacle.

The main avenue in the centre of the city looked like Broadway on an off night. It was garish, strident, and strangely unimpressive. Instead of feeling that we were in one of the world's great capitals I felt that we had somehow landed in the illuminated midway of the Canadian National Exhibition.

Yet our hotel was as modern as anything in London, Paris or New York. An excellent dance orchestra was playing the latest Broadway hits, and everything was as spotless and fresh as if the hotel had just been opened.

But next day in the frankness of the noon-day sun there was little in Tokyo to stir the senses or to charm the eye. It is difficult to explain but wandering about the streets one felt that somehow Tokyo was a provincial town like Manchester masquerading as the capital city of England.

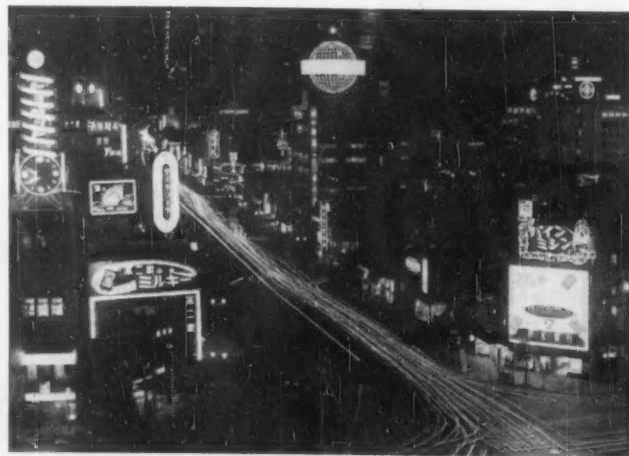
Therefore when we found a congenial married couple from Van-

couver we readily assented to their suggestion that we should spend the weekend, which had just begun, at a hotel in the mountains. So, duly equipped, we boarded a train and were rattled through a countryside that was flat to the point of tedium. Again I had the curious feeling that our itinerary had gone wrong and that we were still in Lancashire.

At the end of the plain, we began a long motor drive and once more we bowed to the majesty of the mountains. They were Wagnerian in their grandeur and we watched with awe the swift torrential streams that raced down the mountainside.

When the weekend was over we returned to Tokyo but felt the same sense of disillusionment as on our arrival. Perhaps it was because we had only seen things on the surface that caused me to acquiesce to the suggestion by a couple of men friends there that we should leave our wives at the hotel and visit a geisha house. To my surprise the lady whom I married was all in favor of the idea. Truly wives are unpredictable creatures.

So off we drove to a geisha establishment and were duly admitted by **continued on page 71**

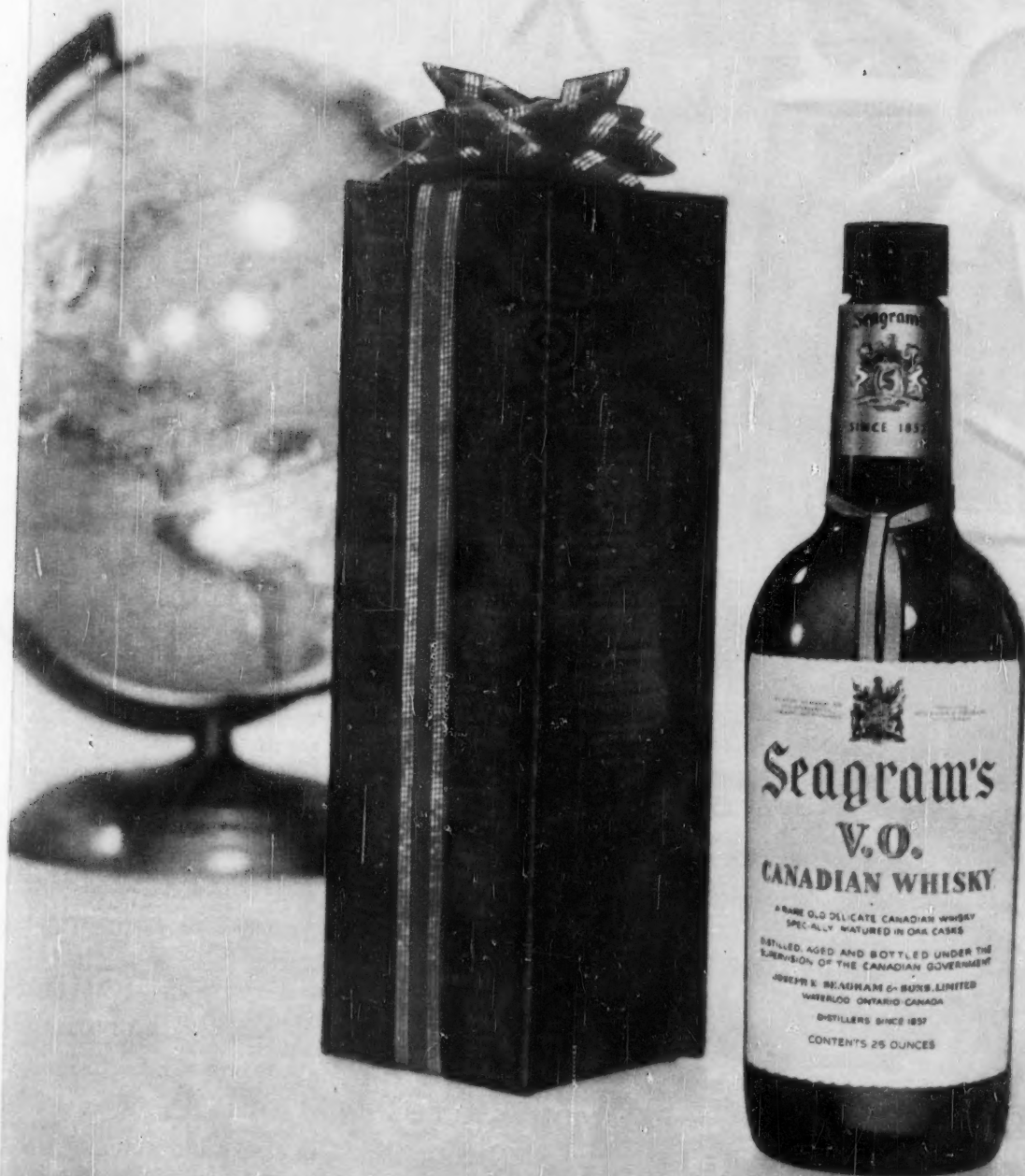


Baxter thought Tokyo's famed Ginza looked like Broadway on an off night—or the CNE. The whole city reminded him of Manchester.



When only the finest will do...

Give Seagram's and be Sure



SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL

• SEAGRAM'S "83"

• SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN

# WESTCLOX

**BABY BEN SEQUIN.**  
Keywound alarm. Pink or  
Turquoise, matching  
sequins. Luminous,  
\$9.95.



**SHADOW THIN.**  
Waterproof—Gold  
color. Unbreakable  
mainspring. \$14.95.  
With metal  
bracelet, \$15.95.



**KENYON.**  
Electric alarm.  
Modern Sage  
Tan unbreakable  
case. Luminous, \$9.98.



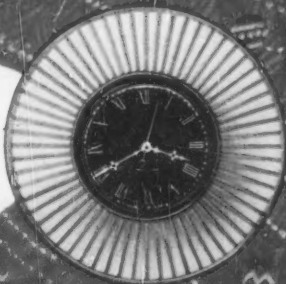
**PENGUIN.**  
Waterproof.  
Unbreakable  
mainspring. \$10.95.  
Metal and leather  
expansion band,  
\$11.95.



**COQUETTE 660.**  
Beautiful gold color  
case with matching  
expansion band,  
\$13.95.



**ORBIT.**  
Decorative.  
Electric clock.  
Choice of  
black or white,  
\$14.95.



**TROY.** Gold color  
case. Stainless  
steel back. Shock  
resistant. \$9.95.



a  
clock  
for  
every  
room

a  
wristwatch  
for  
every  
person

**TRAVALARM.**  
Keywound. Wide  
choice of colors.  
Unbreakable case.  
Luminous, \$8.95.



**SKIPPER.** Gold color  
case. Unbreakable  
mainspring. \$8.95.  
With metal expansion  
bracelet, \$9.95.



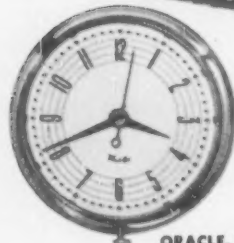
**SAILOR.**  
Keywound  
novelty clock.  
Choice of  
colors, \$4.45.



**SCEPTRE.**  
Small and dainty.  
Unbreakable  
mainspring.  
\$8.95. Metal bracelet,  
\$9.95.



**CALENDAR.**  
Has magnified  
date window.  
Luminous dial.  
\$11.95.

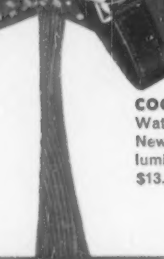


**ORACLE.** Electric.  
Wide choice of  
finishes and dials,  
\$6.95 and \$7.45.

**PITTSFIELD.**  
Electric alarm.  
Mahogany finish,  
\$10.95. Luminous,  
\$11.95.



**COQUETTE 658.**  
Waterproof.  
New skip numeral  
luminous dial.  
\$13.95.



Let Westclox solve your gift  
problems. Choose from  
Canada's largest selection  
of clocks and watches . . .  
at your Westclox dealer's!

## WESTCLOX\*

the makers of BIG BEN\*

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY LIMITED  
Peterborough, Ontario

\*Reg'd. Trade Marks





Hoffa, who controls most of Canada's transport drivers, answers charges of corruption before a U.S. Senate committee.

## Jimmy Hoffa's plans for a Canadian empire

The much-feared and much-investigated czar of the world's biggest labor union boasts he'll control a quarter of a million key Canadian workers in ten years. He rules 40,000 now—from candy stuffers to disk jockeys—and he's reaching for the Seaway and "everything that moves"

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**W**e're going to spend whatever dollars are necessary for this job."

The speaker was James Riddle Hoffa, the chunky potentate of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters—the largest and most powerful union in the world. The job which Hoffa promised during my recent interview with him in Washington to accomplish could become the largest organizing campaign in Canadian labor history.

Hoffa's ambition is to enlist a quarter of a million Canadians in his Brotherhood within the next ten years. He is prepared to pay three million dollars to get them.

In the U.S., Senate investigations have squarely charged Hoffa **continued over page**



← T  
v  
a



Forging a chain of alliances across Canada, Hoffa's machine is geared for an all-out drive next spring. The Teamsters, with fifty million dollars in their treasury, are prepared to spend "whatever it costs"

← **TEAMSTERS'** expansion in Canada will be directed by I. M. (Casey) Dodds, in hat, and his aide, I. J. (Duke) Thompson.



**SEAFARERS** are committed to join Hoffa's alliance by Hal Banks, the controversial boss of their strong Canadian union.



**LONGSHOREMEN** under Capt. William Bradley (embracing Hoffa) signed first pact of mutual security with the Teamsters.

with running a hoodlum empire dangerous to the country, accusing his union of being thoroughly stained by corruption, extortion and gangsterism. One of the things that have made it toughest for those fighting Hoffa is the willingness of other unions and some employers to go along with him. There is increasing evidence that this will be the case here as his ambitious plans for a Canadian empire take shape.

If those who fear Hoffa are right, the drive he is now mounting in Canada could paralyze the whole country. "The Teamsters as presently constituted at the top level can destroy the economies of both Canada and the U.S.," I was told by Robert Kennedy, chief counsel of the congressional committee that has spent the last year investigating the union.

The sweep of Hoffa's influence on this side of the border is already very much greater than most Canadians realize. The Teamsters' Brotherhood is the sixth largest union in Canada, with forty locals between Botwood, Nfld., and Kelowna, B.C. Its more than forty thousand members drive most of Canada's inter-city transports, include more than half of the country's eight thousand breadmen, the majority of the milkmen, and nearly all of the Brink's Express Company employees who guard and transport the nation's payrolls. Teamster organizers in Montreal are extending the union's influence into a new sphere: they're signing up the city's hearse drivers.

The Brotherhood's strength is based more on its crucial economic position than its size. Long strikes of other powerful international unions like the United Auto Workers and the United Steel Workers can create havoc in their industries and cause severe reverberations in allied fields, but their impact on the consumer

is seldom immediate. Truck transportation, on the other hand, carts the goods essential to our daily existence the final distance from the plane, ship or train to the store or the home. Those last few miles are the nub of Teamster power. When the wheels which deliver our bread, milk, clothing, fuel oil, coal, laundry, newspapers and construction materials are stopped, everybody suffers within a shockingly short time.

Canada is a high priority target in Hoffa's organizational offensive. "The continued growth of our union in Canada in both size and strength is of vital importance to our international Brotherhood," he says.

This is how Hoffa has mapped out the Teamsters' Canadian strategy:

- A massive drive for more Canadian members will be started next March. In partnership with other unions which have signed mutual security treaties with them, the Teamsters will try to enlist warehouse and transport workers along both sides of the new St. Lawrence Seaway and inside the Great Lakes. "Our drive," says Teamster vice-president Thomas Flynn, "will stretch from Halifax to the Lakehead." Canadian shipowners insist that Teamster control of the Seaway would be ruinous for the country. "We might just as well tie up the fleet, or give it to them," says Captain Scott Misener, who heads Colonial Steamships Limited, of Port Colborne, Ont., a large inland shipping firm.

- The Teamster Brotherhood's recruiting limits will gradually be extended far beyond transportation. "This business of jurisdiction," I was told by Hoffa, "is a very flexible question. We reserve the right to organize anything that's not organized, regardless what it's in." The girls who fill the chocolates at the Moirs

Limited plant in Halifax already have been signed up by the Teamsters, as have the disk jockeys at CFCO in Chatham, Ont. "To Jimmy Hoffa, a Teamster is anybody who sleeps on a bed with movable casters," says one unionist.

- Such base-broadening will be emphasized in 1959 when the Teamsters will try to sign up the twelve thousand employees of three hundred Simpsons-Sears Limited mail-order offices in the country. "We've already assigned full-time people to this," says Hoffa.

- The ultimate plan of the Teamster Brotherhood is to establish a U.S.-Canadian power bloc of fifty transportation union alliances. That would give Hoffa effective control over the movement of everything on wheels, in a continent that moves on wheels.

The forthcoming push by the Teamsters will confront the executives of many Canadian business firms with a radically new type of union: one that is run as—and is in fact—a multi-million-dollar business. The Brotherhood's discipline over its rank and file is so absolute that it can offer managements who sign its contracts guarantees against work slowdowns and wildcat strikes. When opposed, it can fight with a violence of purpose quite foreign to organized labor in this country, backed by financial resources which exceed the dollar reserves of all but the largest Canadian business firms. The 1.6-million-member Brotherhood currently has fifty million dollars in its treasury.

To mastermind his Canadian operations, Hoffa has chosen I. M. (Casey) Dodds, a deceptively mild-mannered former Windsor bus driver who, as the Brotherhood's Central Conference director in Canada, has been mainly responsible for doubling the number of Canadian Teamsters in five

continued on page 66

## The testing of JEROME MARTELL *continued*

**"You must be sure you are telling the truth," she said. "He hit her and killed her," the boy repeated**

harvested this forest for masts. He grew up in a works-barracks where his mother was the cook and almost the only woman; almost the only woman because, so Jerome said, it is impossible for a body of men to be located anywhere without at least a few women finding them.

The camp lay on the left bank of one of the larger rivers and was bordered by a branch of quieter water flowing down through the woods from the north. Around a barn-shaped cookhouse in the centre of a chip-covered clearing were the log bunkhouses of the lumberjacks, a stable for horses and an unpainted shack housing a stationary engine which drove the power saws. When Jerome was a boy the first motorboat appeared on the river.

Those days are gone in Canada. Now the lumbermen eat fresh meat and fare reasonably well, and in some camps they tell me they sleep between sheets. But in those days it was pork and beans, scouse and salted horse and lime juice against the scurvy, it was boils and the savagery of melancholy temper which comes when men live and eat like that. The workmen wore red and black mackinaws and caps, broad leather belts and oiled leather top boots with metal hooks for the laces, and Jerome told me that some of them could be utterly silent for days and would never talk unless there was drink in them. Then they talked violently and fought. Rum got into the camp, smuggled up the river, and raw alcohol and essence of lemon, and when the liquor came the fights broke out.

"Those fights were a substitute for sex," Jerome said. "That greedy look of a crowd of sex-hungry men watching a fight. It's in us, George. It's in us."

There was no school in the camp, no store or church or any other boys for Jerome to play with, and when he was a child he thought this was how it was for all children, for he knew nothing different. Yet in a way he was privileged, not only because he was the only boy but because his mother was the principal woman.

He lived with her in the kitchen attached to the eating barn, the bedroom they shared being a narrow room back off the kitchen, and not even the foreman could enter their quarters without his mother's permission. She was absolute ruler of the kitchen, and more than once she drove men out of it by throwing boiling water at them or threatening them

with a carving knife. At meals the men lined up outside in the main cookhouse with tin plates in their hands, and Jerome, helping his mother inside, would watch her ladling out the food from the big pot and dispensing it to each man as he held his plate through the hole in the wall between the kitchen and the eating barn itself. It was in this posture that he best remembered her: a short, square, powerful woman with moist beefy arms and a bead of sweat around the line of her yellow hair.

"That's what I meant by saying I don't know who I am," said Jerome. "I don't know anything about my mother at all. Where did she come from? I don't know. Was she local? Somehow I don't think so. A Balt? A Norwegian or a Swede? Somehow I think she was a Balt though I don't know. Who was my father? He'd disappeared long before I could remember anything about him. I don't suppose he was ever married to my mother, but he may have been."

It haunted Jerome that he did not know her surname. The men called her "Anna" or "Mrs. Anna" and he remembered her presence in certain smells like porridge and salt codfish and the strong yellow soap they call Surprise Soap in the Maritime provinces. She had a wide straight mouth with thin lips, and as his own lips were rather full, and his stiff hair was dark brown while his mother's had been yellow, he had conjured up a picture of his unknown begetter as a swarthy man, Portuguese in his swarthiness, surly, haughty and sly, and probably quick with a knife. But this was pure fantasy, for nobody ever told him what his father was like and his mother never mentioned his name.

A red-headed giant, a French Canadian whom Jerome liked, built tiny ship models inside bottles, and it was he who built Jerome's first canoe. It must have been one of the strangest canoes ever made, for it was boy-size, its strakes of varnished birchbark, its frame of thin pine, and there were air cans under the thwarts to keep it afloat if it capsized. When the river was open, Jerome used to paddle in the branch and go considerable distances into the forest, but he was never allowed to take the canoe into the main stream that poured down in front of the camp, for the current was so strong he could never have paddled back against it.

"My mother," he said once. "I still dream about her sometimes **continued on page 54**

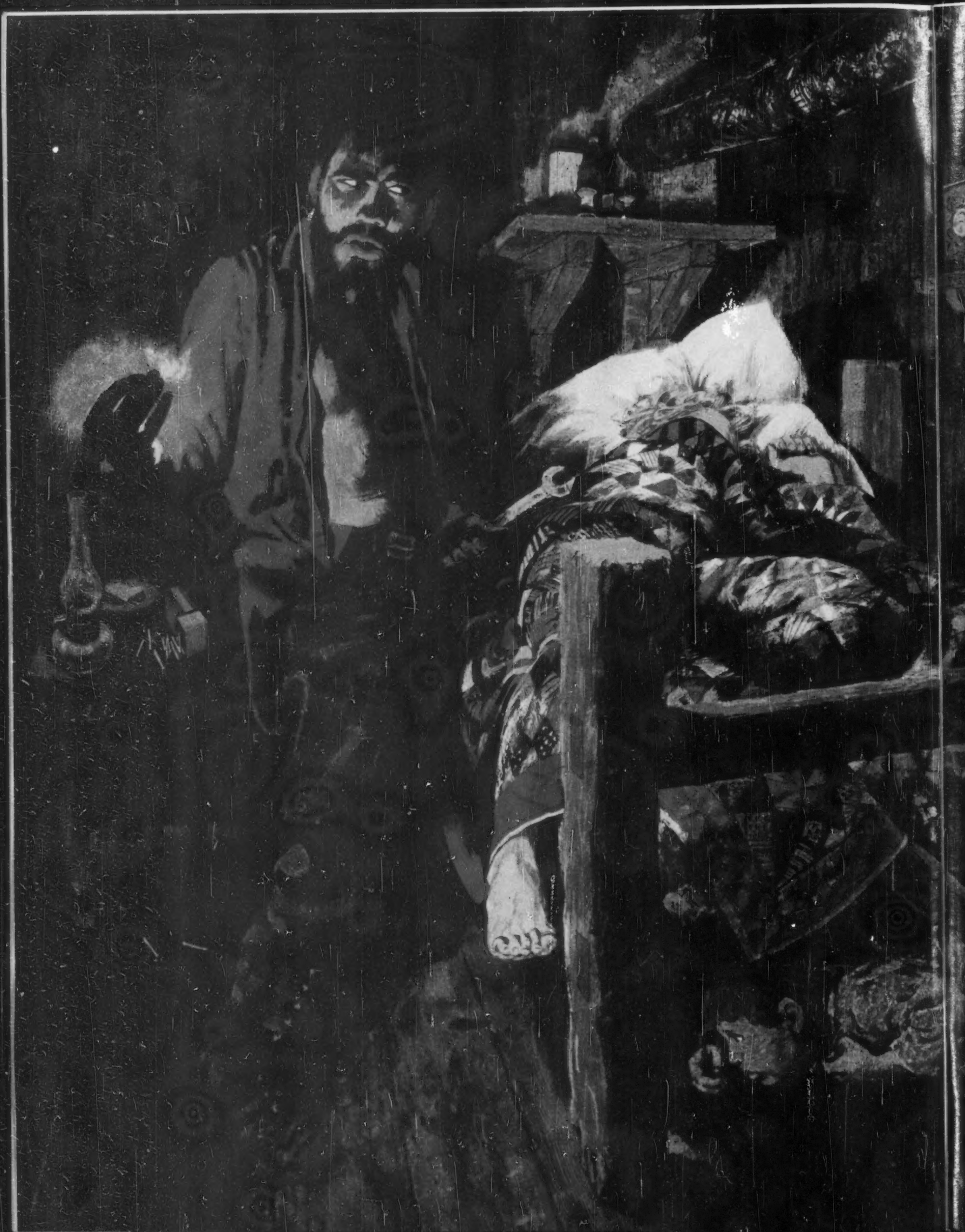
**Jerome** felt the woman's arm press him against herself. "There now," she murmured. "You poor child."







ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY JAMES HILL







BY HUGH MACLENNAN

# THE TESTING OF JEROME MARTELL

**Shivering with cold and fright, Jerome crouched  
under the bed.**

**His mother was dead; now her murderer hunted him.**

**Could a ten-year-old boy  
conquer his own fear and find freedom?**

Jerome Martell will soon join that select band of fictional Canadians created by the brilliant Montreal novelist Hugh MacLennan. He is the principal character in MacLennan's new novel, *The Watch That Ends the Night*, which will be published early next year by the Macmillan Company. Spanning forty years, it is the largest novel in scope that the author has attempted. In this self-contained excerpt from the novel, the narrator, George Stewart, sets down the story of Jerome's boyhood in a New Brunswick logging camp and of the three days when his life hung in the balance.

© Hugh MacLennan 1958

**I** know that part of New Brunswick now. I have driven through it and flown over it and looking down from the aircraft I have seen those steely rivers winding through the sombre green of the spruce and the outcroppings of rock and sometimes on a fine day, looking down from 14,000 feet in the TCA aircraft, I have seen a

sort of shimmering in the green mat of the land and recognized it as sunshine reflected upward through the trees from the water of thin swamps. I also know those little fishing ports and lumber towns along the Gulf shore and in my mind I can smell them. Such ripe combination of smells they give out: balsam, lobster pots, drying fish, oakum, new lumber, bilge and stench of fish-offal on beaches under umbrellas of screaming gulls. But inland, even four miles inland in that country, there is no sense of ocean at all, but only of this primeval forest of spruce with the tangle of deadfalls and the sound-absorbing carpet of spruce needles that have accumulated over the centuries. The rivers run through it teeming with trout and salmon; and moose, bear, deer and all the northern animals large and small are at home in the tangle of trees. So are the blackflies and mosquitoes in the spring, and in winter so is the snow. In winter this whole land is like Siberia.

The camp where Jerome lived was an old one; for all I know men worked there a century and a half ago when the Royal Navy

**Jerome** saw the Engineer's boots standing by the bed as the light slowly died. He knew he had to escape.

## The testing of JEROME MARTELL *continued*

**"You must be sure you are telling the truth," she said. "He hit her and killed her," the boy repeated**

harvested this forest for masts. He grew up in a works-barracks where his mother was the cook and almost the only woman; *almost* the only woman because, so Jerome said, it is impossible for a body of men to be located anywhere without at least a few women finding them.

The camp lay on the left bank of one of the larger rivers and was bordered by a branch of quieter water flowing down through the woods from the north. Around a barn-shaped cookhouse in the centre of a chip-covered clearing were the log bunkhouses of the lumberjacks, a stable for horses and an unpainted shack housing a stationary engine which drove the power saws. When Jerome was a boy the first motorboat appeared on the river.

Those days are gone in Canada. Now the lumbermen eat fresh meat and fare reasonably well, and in some camps they tell me they sleep between sheets. But in those days it was pork and beans, scouse and salted horse and lime juice against the scurvy, it was boils and the savagery of melancholy temper which comes when men live and eat like that. The workmen wore red and black mackinaws and caps, broad leather belts and oiled leather top boots with metal hooks for the laces, and Jerome told me that some of them could be utterly silent for days and would never talk unless there was drink in them. Then they talked violently and fought. Rum got into the camp, smuggled up the river, and raw alcohol and essence of lemon, and when the liquor came the fights broke out.

"Those fights were a substitute for sex," Jerome said. "That greedy look of a crowd of sex-hungry men watching a fight. It's in us, George. It's in us."

There was no school in the camp, no store or church or any other boys for Jerome to play with, and when he was a child he thought this was how it was for all children, for he knew nothing different. Yet in a way he was privileged, not only because he was the only boy but because his mother was the principal woman.

He lived with her in the kitchen attached to the eating barn, the bedroom they shared being a narrow room back off the kitchen, and not even the foreman could enter their quarters without his mother's permission. She was absolute ruler of the kitchen, and more than once she drove men out of it by throwing boiling water at them or threatening them

with a carving knife. At meals the men lined up outside in the main cookhouse with tin plates in their hands, and Jerome, helping his mother inside, would watch her ladling out the food from the big pot and dispensing it to each man as he held his plate through the hole in the wall between the kitchen and the eating barn itself. It was in this posture that he best remembered her: a short, square, powerful woman with moist beefy arms and a bead of sweat around the line of her yellow hair.

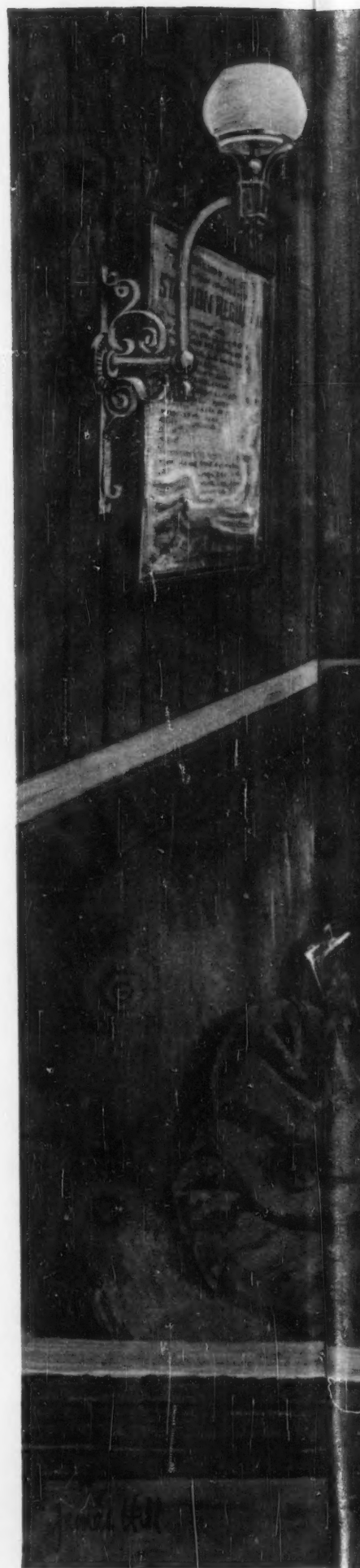
"That's what I meant by saying I don't know who I am," said Jerome. "I don't know anything about my mother at all. Where did she come from? I don't know. Was she local? Somehow I don't think so. A Balt? A Norwegian or a Swede? Somehow I think she was a Balt though I don't know. Who was my father? He'd disappeared long before I could remember anything about him. I don't suppose he was ever married to my mother, but he may have been."

It haunted Jerome that he did not know her surname. The men called her "Anna" or "Mrs. Anna" and he remembered her presence in certain smells like porridge and salt codfish and the strong yellow soap they call Surprise Soap in the Maritime provinces. She had a wide straight mouth with thin lips, and as his own lips were rather full, and his stiff hair was dark brown while his mother's had been yellow, he had conjured up a picture of his unknown begetter as a swarthy man, Portuguese in his swarthinness, surly, haughty and sly, and probably quick with a knife. But this was pure fantasy, for nobody ever told him what his father was like and his mother never mentioned his name.

A red-headed giant, a French Canadian whom Jerome liked, built tiny ship models inside bottles, and it was he who built Jerome's first canoe. It must have been one of the strangest canoes ever made, for it was boy-size, its strakes of varnished birchbark, its frame of thin pine, and there were air cans under the thwarts to keep it afloat if it capsized. When the river was open, Jerome used to paddle in the branch and go considerable distances into the forest, but he was never allowed to take the canoe into the main stream that poured down in front of the camp, for the current was so strong he could never have paddled back against it.

"My mother," he said once. "I still dream about her sometimes **continued on page 54**

**Jerome** felt the woman's arm press him against herself. "There now," she murmured. "You poor child."







ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY JAMES HILL

## A Teacher speaks up to parents



"I'm tired of being the public conscience," says Miss Shack. Here she talks to grade six at Winnipeg's Lord Roberts school where she is principal.

A Winnipeg schoolteacher  
who's proud of her profession says  
she's fed up  
with amateur experts who browbeat  
her with theories  
they know nothing about

**By Sybil Shack**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE PORTIGAL

**I** like to teach. I think my job is exciting and satisfying. And I don't mind being criticized. After all, when I decided to teach I knew I was putting myself in the public eye as surely as the actors, the writers, and the politicians. Every moment of the day I was going to face an audience, and my words and my actions would be scrutinized, mimicked and discussed at a score of dinner tables. These things I knew about my job, and was prepared for.

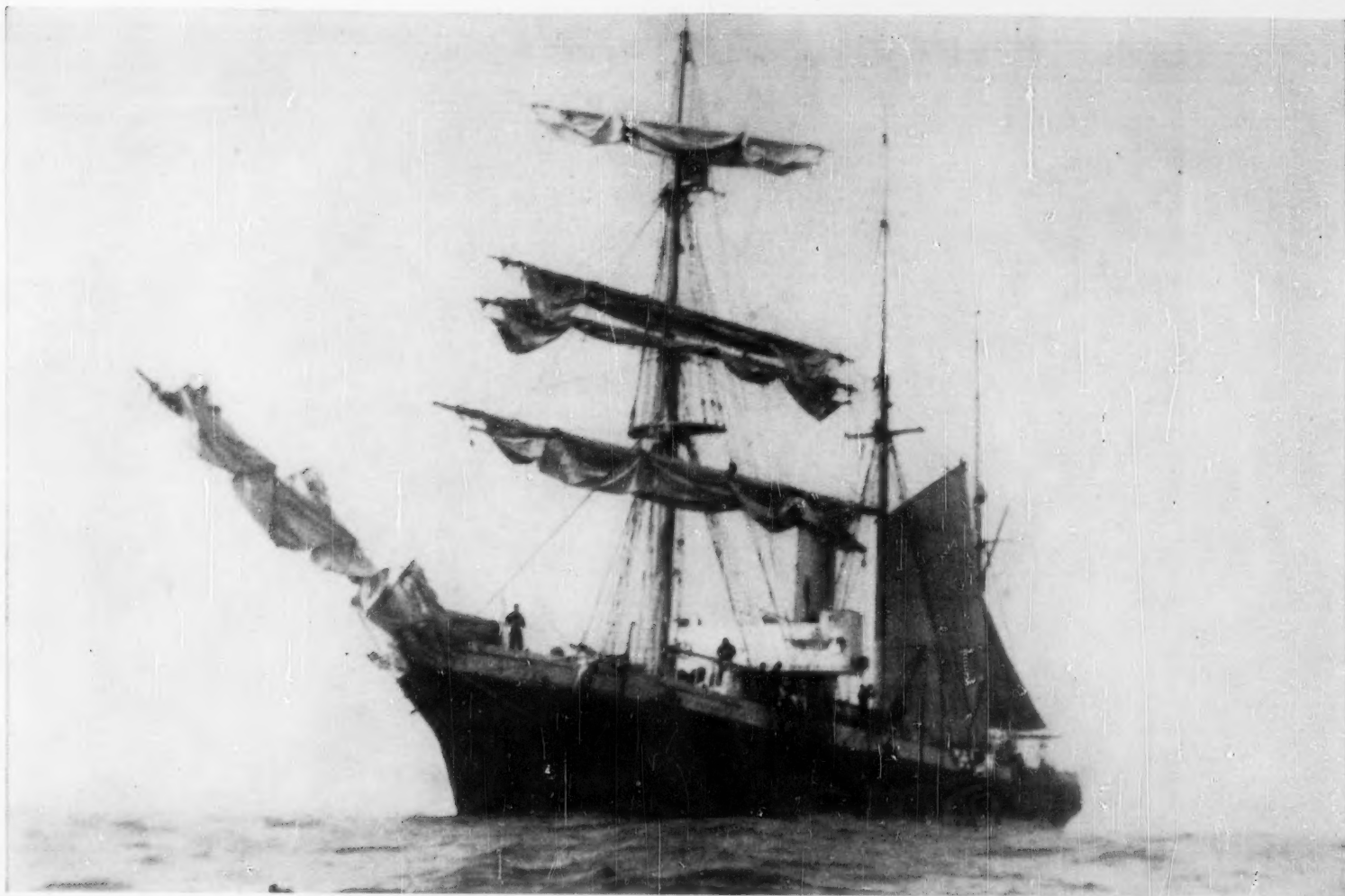
What I didn't know was that I was going to have to defend not only my idiosyncrasies of speech and mannerism, my personal philosophy of teaching, but my rights as a human being, and the right of my profession to have any philosophy whatever. These things I learned only through experience.

What I didn't know, and what I still don't like, is the fact that I have to defend anything at all. Why should I have to be on the defensive about how I teach, what I teach, why I teach it, when I teach it, or that I teach at all? What's more, why should I constantly have to be exposed to criticism of the wrong things?

The other day a neighbor said to me: "When are you people (whenever I am addressed as 'you people' I can guess what's coming) going to throw all those progressive methods overboard, and go back to teaching the three Rs?" I couldn't explain to him over the back fence that we have never had "those progressive methods" (about which, incidentally, he knows nothing), that the school is, next to the church, the most conservative institution in our society, and that if he must criticize "us people" for anything, he should be criticizing us for not keeping pace with new ideas as rapidly as he has done in his own business.

We can't help this conservatism. After all, we are simply an element of the society we serve. The parents of our children think we teachers did a pretty good job on them, and that what was good enough for them is good enough for their children. They think this even when they say they want to improve **continued on page 32**





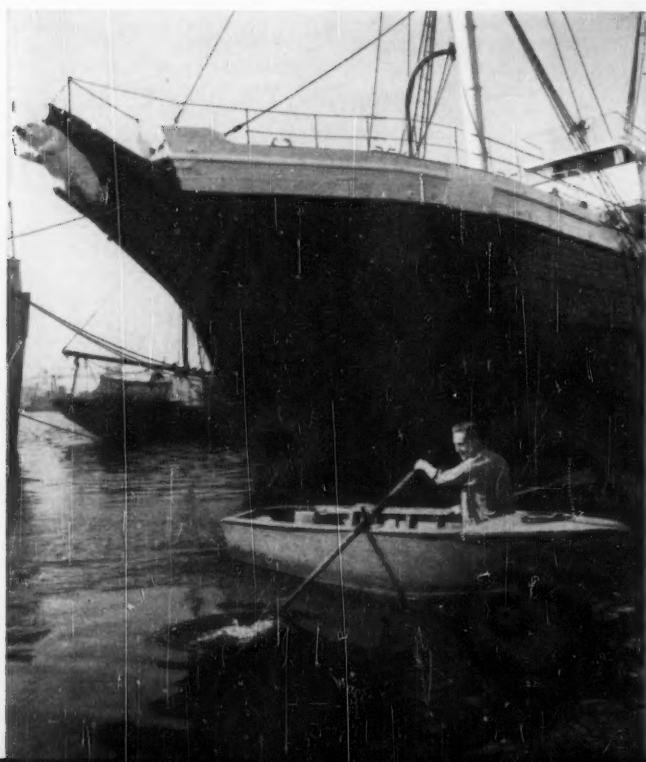
Admiral Richard Byrd bought Bear for \$1,050 and sailed her through Antarctic seas to new fame. Here she stands off Scott Island in 1934, a stately sixty years old.

## The ship that wouldn't die Doomed to a museum after fifty

years of stirring Arctic adventures, Bear came back to fight her second war and triumph at another pole.

Now eighty, she lies in Halifax harbor, still ready to be recalled to duty

By Lawrence Earl



Her once-graceful masts are cut down to stubby proportions. Her sails are gone. Her stripped engine room is flaking red with rust. A slim, black-painted empty shell, wearing an anachronistic polar-bear figurehead, she lies in a backwater of Halifax harbor, ignored by towering Atlantic liners, sleek naval craft, rusty freighters and puffing tugboats. Even in a great Blue-nose seaport where men love ships and tales of ships, she is unnoticed, forgotten.

Yet of all the thousands of vessels ever to enter Halifax harbor, none has embarked on so many daring excursions as the Bear. None has lived so long and varied a life, nor made so many headlines. She has been rhymed about and sung about, preached over and prayed for, loved by her crews,

Her bowsprit long since gone, she awaits the final decision of her latest owner.

wept over by sourdoughs who hated to see her depart, wildly cheered by sophisticated New Yorkers, and made into a living myth by the Eskimos she sometimes served. She was called the "indestructible ship."

Certainly no vessel had ever matched her thrilling adventures in icy seas. Bear had rescued the pitiful survivors of the Greely expedition; helped save Captain Bob Bartlett's Canadian Arctic Expedition party; kept two hundred and eighty-three ice-trapped whalers from starving in possibly the most spectacular mass rescue in Arctic annals. Bought for a song by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, she made for him two noteworthy voyages to the white barrens of Antarctica. Two American presidents widely separated in history—Chester Arthur and the second Roosevelt—honored her for her achievements.

Born when continued on page 42



1939: Few of the twenty-five thousand people who jammed Montreal's ball park knew the real purpose behind the circus-like atmosphere of the mass marriage.

## The happy sequel to Quebec's great b

**TODAY:** The couples have built an enviable record of happy marriages—and they give most of the credit to the course they took first. Georges and Marie-Berthe Couture (seated) whose family of twelve is the largest of the group, run a thriving restaurant in Granby, Que.



On that memorable day  
in 1939, a multitude watched as  
105 couples exchanged vows  
in Montreal's ball park. Here is the  
surprising story of those  
marriages today—and the lessons  
they've taught a million  
other couples in a score of lands

**By Eric Hutton**





## ball-park wedding

**I**t was a day the like of which Montreal had not seen in all her three hundred eventful years. The city had talked of little else for weeks, and even today, nineteen years after, it is a rare Montrealer who does not claim to have been present on the sunny morning of July 23, 1939, when a hundred and five couples knelt in the Montreal baseball park and were married simultaneously by Archbishop Georges Gauthier and a hundred and four assisting priests.

Actually, no more than twenty-five thousand spectators could jam into the stadium. Outside, the traffic snarl was out of hand. The Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique—Young Catholic Workers—which organized the event had chartered all Montreal's five hundred and seventy taxis to pick up the guests who poured in via sixteen special trains from all parts of Quebec and from adjacent Ontario, New York and New England. Other multitudes came by bus and on foot. The couples and their attendants drove in state in one hundred and five chauffeured limousines loaned by an auto agency.

Uninvited guests offered as much as ten dollars to holders of good seats but found few takers. Four hundred onlookers fainted and were carried out to hospitals or first-aid posts. It was the busiest single day in

the history of the Montreal brigade of the St. John Ambulance Corps.

Panic ran through the crowd as rumors circulated of a plot to poison the guests. Squads of doctors rushed to the scene, but decided the wholesale collapses were caused by hysteria, heat and a surfeit of cold pop and ice cream. The late Mayor Camillien Houde, who had come to make a speech, took command and prudently ordered the refreshment vendors from the premises.

More photographers covered the mass marriage than the epochal arrival of the airship R100 nine years before. They took hundreds of shots of the radiant white-gowned brides and their perspiring blue-suited grooms against the background of discreetly draped beer and loan-company billboards in the ball park's outfield.

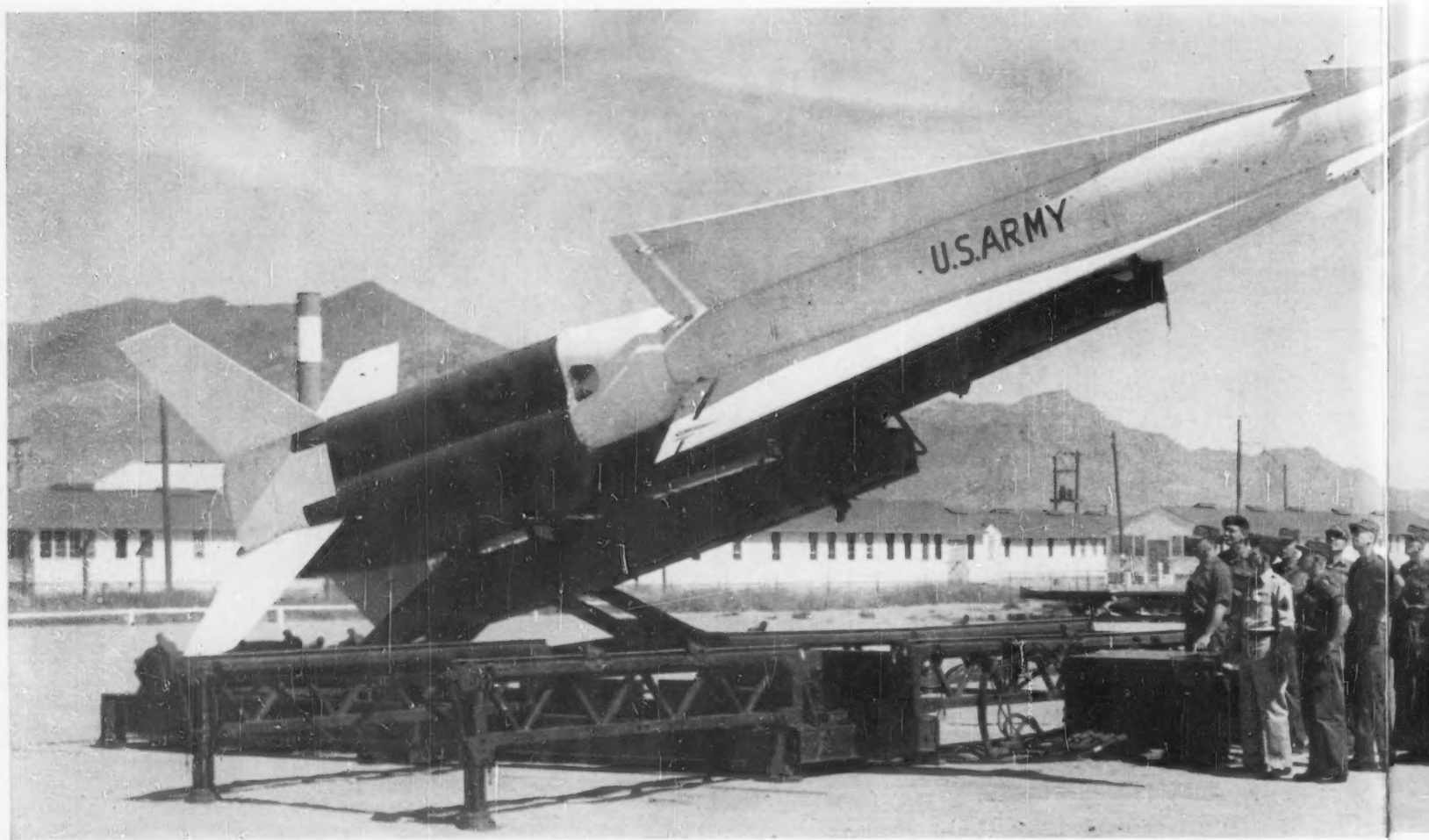
After the ceremony, in which Archbishop Gauthier united Henri and Thérèse Séguin at an altar in centre field while individual priests repeated the vows to the others, forty thousand spectators surrounded the wedding parties as they cut an ornate six-foot-tall wedding cake and ate a nuptial banquet of cold cuts and potato salad at picnic tables in the public playground of nearby St. Helen's Island. Still more came in the late afternoon to glimpse the newly-

weds and to cheer a mass pageant, The World of Work, staged by the Young Catholic Workers.

It was the most frantic evening until then in the annals of the Montreal police, surpassed only once since by the "Maurice Richard riots" outside the Forum. Between supertime and midnight two thousand calls clogged headquarters switchboards, reporting missing children, husbands and wives and grandparents—all of whom eventually found their way safely home from Canada's largest wedding reception. The couples went home, too. For most of them the outing at St. Helen's Island was their honeymoon. They were working people (average income, twenty-five dollars a week) and the next day was a working day for the bridegrooms.

Later, Father Albert Sanschagrin, a chaplain of the Young Catholic Workers (now bishop of Amos-Abitibi) doubted that another mass marriage would ever be held. "There was too much cheap publicity and comment," he said. "Many people did not understand our purpose and laughed at us."

It was true that some newspapers covered the event rather as if it were a circus, that some ribald remarks were heard on the sidelines, and that **continued on page 35**



Canadian gunners training in Texas examine a Nike Hercules missile. But Canada is prohibited by U. S. law from possessing the nuclear warheads such weapons require.

**WHERE WE STAND IN DEFENSE**

CONCLUDING A THREE-PART REPORT BY **BLAIR FRASER**

## **No. 3 Could Canada stay out of a U. S. war?**

We're inescapably bound to the American chariot,  
and we're expected to help pull. Our problem now is how to make the best of it while  
we still have a chance to talk to the driver





**T**wo or three times a year the thirty-five Canadian officers at Colorado Springs are acutely embarrassed. They are on duty there at NORAD (North American Air Defense) headquarters, and they get on very well with the American colleagues whose work they share. What makes them blush is the periodic outburst, in Canada's parliament or press, of the question: "Is it true that Canadian troops are under the orders of an American general?"

It is true sometimes, in a limited way, NORAD is commanded by U. S. General Earle Partridge, who thereby has operational control of the nine squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force that are part of North American Air Defense.

But for more than half the time in NORAD's first year, General Partridge was away from his command on tours of inspection, and his deputy commander took his place. The deputy is Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon, former chief of the air staff, RCAF. When Partridge is away, Slemon has exactly the same authority over sixty-one squadrons of the U. S. Air Force, sixty-one anti-aircraft battalions of the U. S. Army, forty-five picket ships and several dirigibles and patrol aircraft of the U. S. Navy—in all, about two hundred thousand American service personnel.

Canadians at NORAD watched carefully, almost hopefully, for some American reaction to this situation. So far they have found one editorial comment. A short piece in a Philadelphia newspaper set forth quite accurately the command structure of NORAD, noting that American troops had been directed by a Canadian officer sixty percent of the time during eight months. The editorial concluded: "And this is as it should be."

Canadian officers say the contrast between

good-humored acceptance in the United States and querulous suspicion in Canada makes them feel silly. They say that as far as operational command is concerned the suspicion is unjustified. The Americans have been scrupulously correct, have leaned over backward to avoid any offense to Canada's national susceptibilities.

What really bothers the Canadians, though, is more than mere embarrassment. The complaints arise out of anxiety all too well founded, concern for Canada's sovereignty in coalition with a partner so much bigger and stronger. We have cause to worry about losing control of our destiny, and becoming helpless victims of other people's decisions. For instance:

▶ Only the president of the United States can launch a "massive retaliation" and send the Strategic Air Command to drop its hydrogen bombs on the USSR. He may consult his allies, if he wants to and if time permits, but the decision will be his—to strike or not to strike.

▶ Only the president of the United States, and American officers responsible to him as U. S. commander-in-chief, can have custody of the American-made nuclear weapons on which the armed forces of the Western alliance now rely.

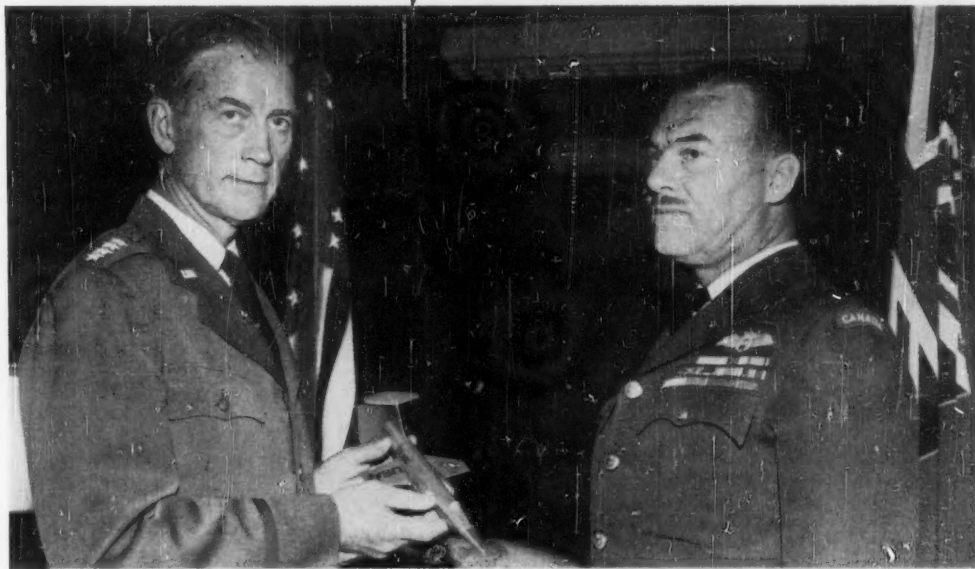
▶ If the United States gets into major conflict with Soviet Russia for any reason, whether by

way of "massive retaliation" or by Soviet attack on this continent, Canada will be inescapably involved. We have less chance of staying out than had Belgium in 1914 or Norway in 1940.

These facts are so harsh and unpalatable that Canadians can hardly bear to admit they are facts at all. Is it really true that we'd be dragged in if, for example, the United States went to war over Chiang Kai-shek's claim to a couple of miserable little sand-spits in the Chinese harbor of Amoy? And if it be true, which God forbid, is there nothing we can do to escape this plight?

Of course it would not be true of a mere collision between the U. S. Seventh Fleet and the Red Chinese forces opposite Formosa. We are speaking only of a major war, between the United States and the Soviet Union. But it is almost certain that if American forces are heavily engaged again, they will use nuclear weapons. It is dreadfully likely, from what Khrushchev and others have said, that the Soviet Union will regard use of nuclear weapons as the signal for a major war. And if Russia intervenes or even threatens to intervene, then Canada is involved.

Geography would dictate this even if history did not—our land lies **continued on page 72**



**AT THE TOP:** Air Marshal Slemon (right) takes over defense command when U. S. Gen. Partridge is away.

**IN THE RANKS:** Canadian sergeant-major (right) discusses Lacrosse missile training with U. S. sergeant.





Leonard pitches to the pin during practice at Vancouver's Marine Drive. At forty-three, he's having his greatest year.

## Who says f

Anybody who  
thinks it's time to  
slow down  
at two score years  
should consider  
this Vancouver golf  
pro. Since his  
40th year he's won  
more money at  
one of the world's  
tensest sports  
than any Canadian  
in history



# s forty is too old?



Silver dollars—10,000 of them—awaited Leonard after his victory at Las Vegas last April. A lucky bettor added \$10,000 more. Singer Gordon MacRae (left) shares fun.

By Stan Leonard with Trent Frayne

In the first eight months of 1958, at the age of forty-three, I won slightly more than forty thousand dollars playing golf, the largest amount ever won by a Canadian professional in any year on the North American tournament circuit. So, early in September, I went salmon fishing near my home in Vancouver and contemplated my improbable success in this exacting pressure-cooker of a game at a time of life when a man's reflexes are supposed to be slowed, his nerves twanging like tuning forks, and his athletic pursuits strongly dependent on the advice of his physician.

I won't minimize the feeling of security a man finds in a five-figure balance in his bank-book, but I think there's more personal gratification in the fact it got that way for me after I'd passed forty. I'd had relative security in thirteen years as the club pro at Vancouver's Marine Drive course, and when I left to become a playing pro in June of 1955 some of the men who cover golf for the newspapers were doubtful of my prospects. They said that at forty I was too old to string together the four good rounds of golf a player must have if he hopes to win money in the big tournaments in the U. S.

Well, when I beat some of the world's best golfers in winning the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas last April, I put together four pretty fair rounds. They were 69, 69, 69, and 68 for a 275 total that was 13 strokes under par and a new record for the tournament. I won ten thousand dollars on the golf course that sunny Sunday afternoon, and then got another ten thousand as a gift from Carl E. Anderson, a Los Angeles businessman who won \$97,760 by buying me in the "Calcutta" pool in that gambling oasis in Nevada's desert.

Professional golfers are divided into two categories—playing pros, who compete week after

week in tournaments, and club pros, who are hired by a club's board of directors to run the pro shop, sell equipment to members, give them lessons, repair their woods and their irons, and so forth. In my thirteen years at Marine Drive I got occasional weeks away from the pro shop to play in tournaments, but they served only to fill me with frustration.

The trouble was that I'd have a couple of good rounds and then I'd start missing shots that I knew I should make. Giving lessons and selling golf balls and listening to members' wives tell the story of their lives is no way to sharpen your golf game for a tournament. I was unprepared for the relentless pressure of seventy-two holes of competition where two strokes can mean a difference of nine thousand dollars in some tournaments (it actually happened to me in the Masters' tournament in Georgia last spring). I'd play reasonably well in those occasional tournaments. I'd play par golf for seventy-two holes, but par golf is maybe fifteen strokes too many when you're trying to beat Hogan and Snead and Demaret and Mangrum on the prize list.

I remember once in the Canadian Open at the Scarboro club in Toronto I played in a threesome that included an American pro, Bob Toski. I'd done pretty well for two rounds but on this particular day I just wasn't hitting the ball cleanly. Along about the fifteenth hole I missed the green with what should have been a routine second shot. When I finally got on the green I missed a four-foot putt.

"The trouble with you, Stan, is that you just don't play enough tournaments," Toski remarked, shaking his head. "Your stroke's got the yips."

Incidents like this kept cropping up and I knew that one day I'd have to make the big decision; I knew I either had to stop eating my heart out in tournaments or I had to give up the

steady security of a club professional's job. My wife Chris and I talked it over a good deal, and our daughter Linda, who is now fifteen, used to sit there listening to us in the living room of our South Granville home in Vancouver. Chris was well aware of the precarious aspect of a touring golfer's income. But she always said it was my decision. If I had to prove to myself that I was as good at my business as I thought I could be, then I'd better go ahead and try to prove it. I refused even to consider the possibility that I might draw a blank. I resigned from Marine Drive on May 31 and went out to compete with the best men in my business. I was forty, my hair was growing thin, and I was unemployed.

It's been an unusual story of fulfillment for a man grown old by athletic standards. In sixty tournaments in those three years I've been out of the money only twice. In one streak, I won money in thirty-two consecutive tournaments, ending last June at Flint, Michigan. In April of 1957 I won the Greensboro Open in North Carolina to become the second Canadian in history to win a major U. S. tournament (Toronto's Al Balding won the Mayfair Open at Sanford, Florida, the previous winter).

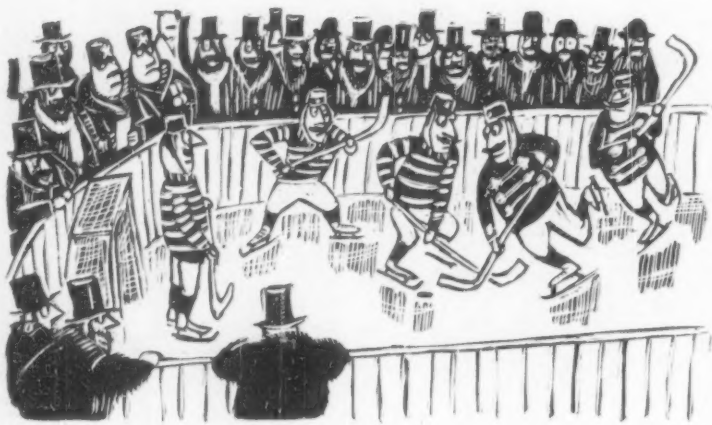
In 1958 I could scarcely believe the things that happened. I won two thousand dollars for being fourth in the great Masters' event in Augusta, Georgia; \$1,062 at Tucson, Arizona; \$550 at Tia Juana, Mexico; \$600 at Palm Springs, California; \$950 at Fort Worth, Texas; \$1,500 in the Canadian Open at Edmonton; \$1,675 in the Pepsi Open on Long Island; \$756 at Houston, Texas; \$2,500 in Vancouver's Centennial Open; that remarkable payoff of \$20,000 at Las Vegas; and so on for fifteen out of sixteen tournaments this year.

I won't say I had to be past forty to do it but I will say that

continued on page 50

# Sweet & sour

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED By Peter Whalley



STANLEY CUP FINAL, 1890.



Gahan Wilson

## A fate worse than debt

When my wife took over our budget last month, she announced that things would be different. They have been. I never have any money, and we seldom argue any more. In fact we hardly speak. She just sits at the dinette table every night, moving dollar bills and coins around from one pile to another. She calls it Preparing Our Funds for Tomorrow.

She gets us so Prepared for Tomorrow that we don't have a nickel around the house today that doesn't belong to a fund. There's a Food Fund, a Breadman Fund, a Dry Cleaner Fund, an Egg Man Fund and a Paper Boy Fund. There's a fund labeled "Plmbr" in case the hot-water tank needs fixing, and one marked "Misc Svngs" in case it doesn't.

Her system works but has me baffled. Take the matter of the milkman, who left us a note saying we owed him sixty-six cents.

"He'll just have to wait until Monday," she said. "The Milk Fund is all gone for this week." At that moment she was on the stepladder poking a small wad of bills into a cookie jar.

"What about this seventy-five cents on the counter?" I asked.

"He can't have that," she snapped. "That's part of our Christmas 1959 Fund."

"But couldn't we borrow and pay the milkman now?" I asked.

"REALLY!" she said.

After she had flounced out of the room, I crept up the ladder. Inside the cookie jar were three one-

dollar bills done up in an elastic band, with a note reading "Svngs—Smll 2nd Car." There was no sign of any note explaining what Svngs we would use to finish paying for our 1st Mdm-Szd Car.

Since then I've found other funds in such places as the warming oven (Elc Dshwshr), under a flower pot (Autmtc Dryr), in the toe of an undarned sock (Wknd—NY Cy) and in our silver cocktail shaker (Gbge Dspsl). My most thrilling discovery was finding our Bckyd Swmng Pl Fnd in an ice-cube tray. This was the first time I ever saw frozen assets in actual cold cash.

But her fund system has at least taught me what financiers mean when they say their money is all tied up. Ours is, too—mostly with elastic bands.

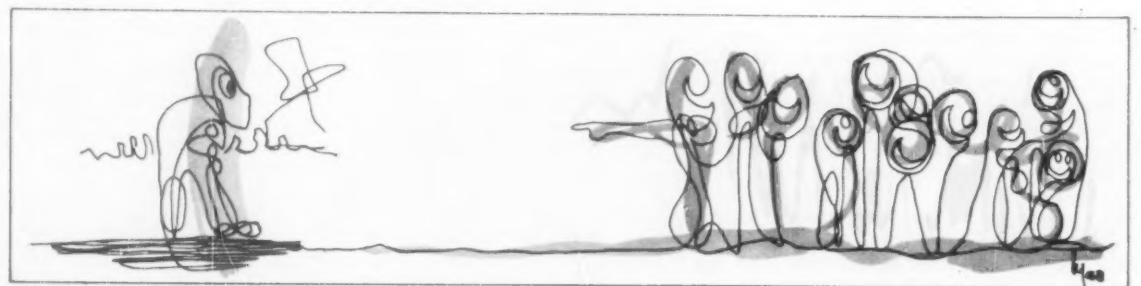
—HAL TENNANT

## PUNCH LINES BY HERBERT YATES

### Children's needs

Most doting parents  
Do not suspect  
That children require  
A little neglect.

D. E. TWIGGS



"NO THANKS, JUST GINGER ALE."

### Hoist by your own petard

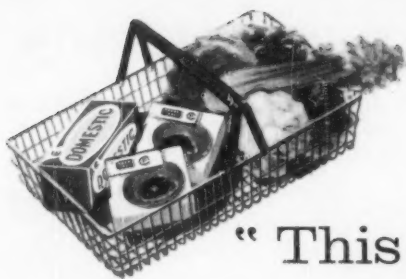
Playing hard to get  
is not  
So funny if you don't  
get got.

NICK KOZMENIUK

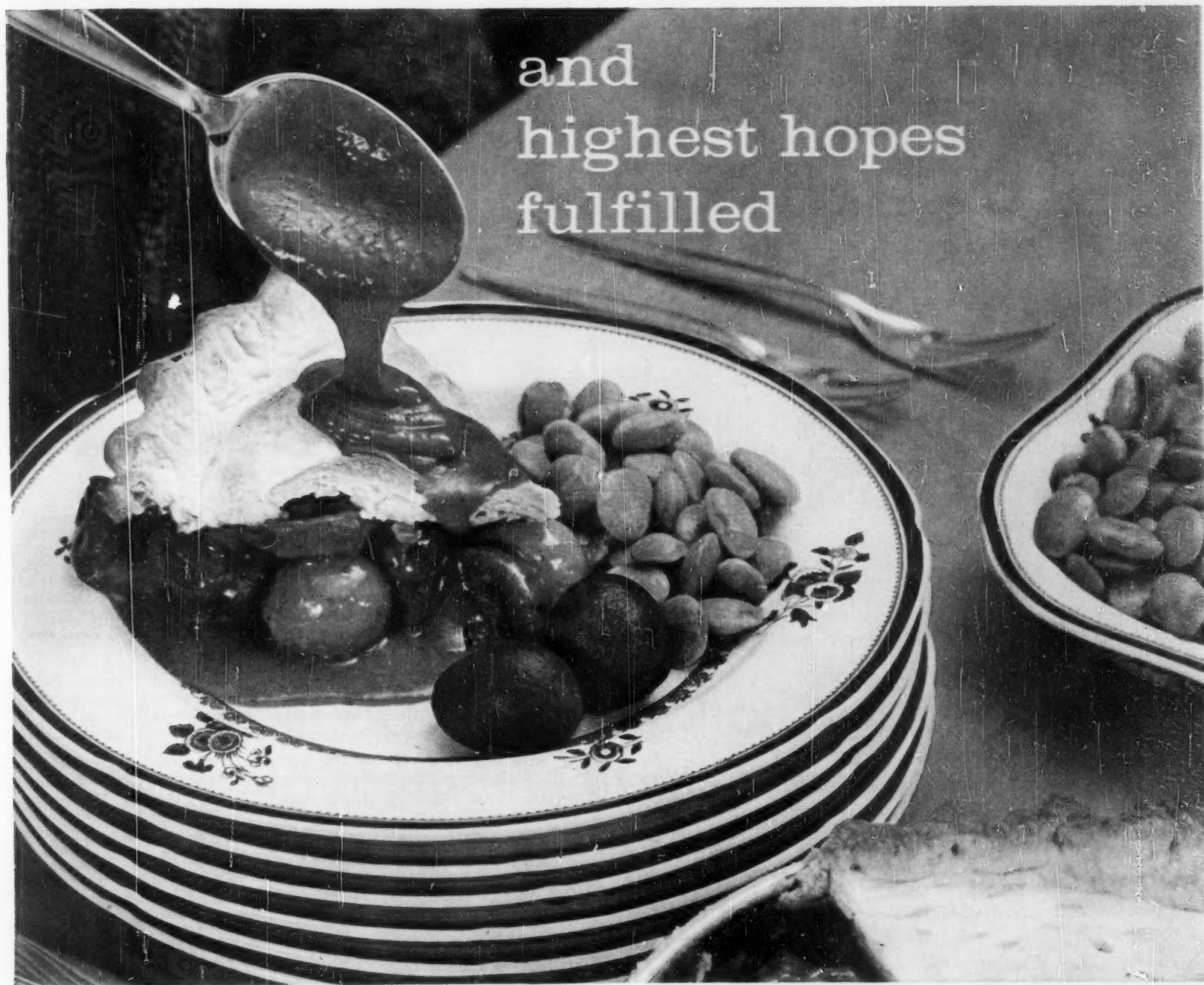


"I ALWAYS TAKE MY TIME CROSSING THE STREEEEET."





"This mark's promise is confident buying ...



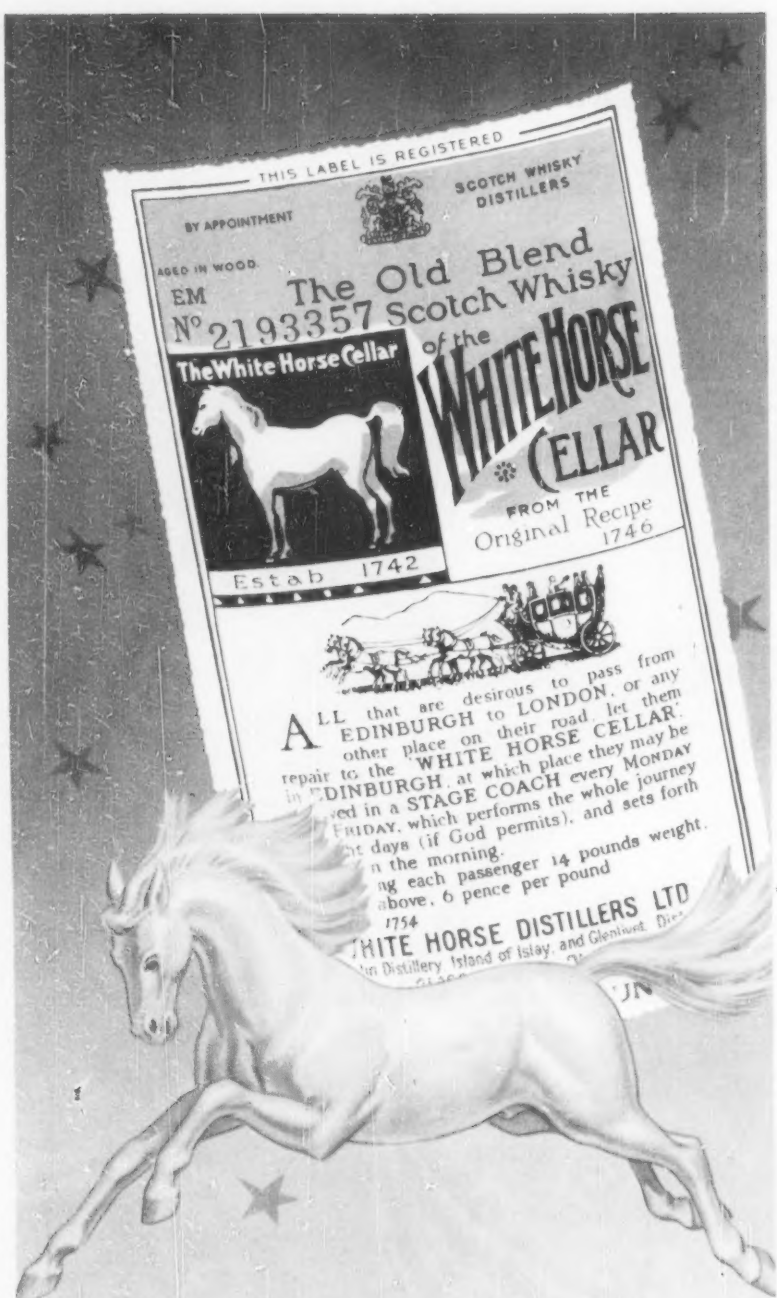
and  
highest hopes  
fulfilled

*Quality Canada Packers' products make a main dish for hearty appetites! Crusty steak-and-kidney pie; with flaky-tender pastry by Domestic Shortening; meats by Maple Leaf.*

Don't you take pride in being called a good cook, a wise planner, a careful manager? We think you do! And we use every resource to help you build that reputation. Talented home economists, painstaking scientists, experts on all sorts of foods make sure that our "CP" pledge guides the very finest products to your kitchen. Then, every dish, every menu, can win

your family's praises. And because you get your money's worth, *and more*—you'll trust our "CP" mark as your best buying guide.





For the Holiday Season,  
Serve 'White Horse' . . .  
it gives you the special  
flavor and extra smoothness  
of Scotland's best Whiskies.  
Every drop is distilled, blended  
and bottled in Scotland — for  
your enjoyment.

WHITE HORSE  
SCOTCH WHISKY

Available in various bottle sizes

W-416

## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



### BEST BET

**THE LAST HURRAH:** Edwin O'Connor's novel about rough-and-tumble American politics in a Boston-like city in New England has been turned into a lively film by director John Ford. The story occasionally verges on sentimentality but Spencer Tracy is magnetic throughout as an old-fashioned backslapper who has a fierce integrity beneath all his bluff and blarney.

**THE GUN RUNNERS:** His boyish face as unreadable as ever, Audie Murphy portrays a cabin-cruiser skipper who becomes involved with munitions smugglers off the Florida coast. It's a minor item, vaguely based on an Ernest Hemingway book.

**HOME BEFORE DARK:** A psychiatric soap opera, too long and often rather vague in its implications, but with several powerful scenes. It's about a young married woman (Jean Simmons) whose recovery from a mental breakdown is painfully delayed because her husband doesn't love her.

**HOUSEBOAT:** An Italian symphony conductor's rebellious daughter (Sophia Loren) and the debonair American father of three motherless children (Cary Grant) are the principals in an enjoyable romantic comedy. Newcomer Harry Guardino is very funny as an amiable wolf.

**ICE COLD IN ALEX:** The odd title—which may be changed—refers to the chilled beer in an Alexandria pub which British army captain John Mills keeps promising himself during a long ordeal in the North African desert in 1942. A good war story from Britain, with Anthony Quayle, Sylvia Syms, Harry Andrews.

**LA PARISIENNE:** Speed and laughter are abundant in a naughty French boudoir farce starring Brigitte Bardot as a prime minister's daughter whose playboy husband (Henri Vidal) must be taught a lesson. Charles Boyer is delightful as a senior prince who blandly co-operates in her conspiracy.

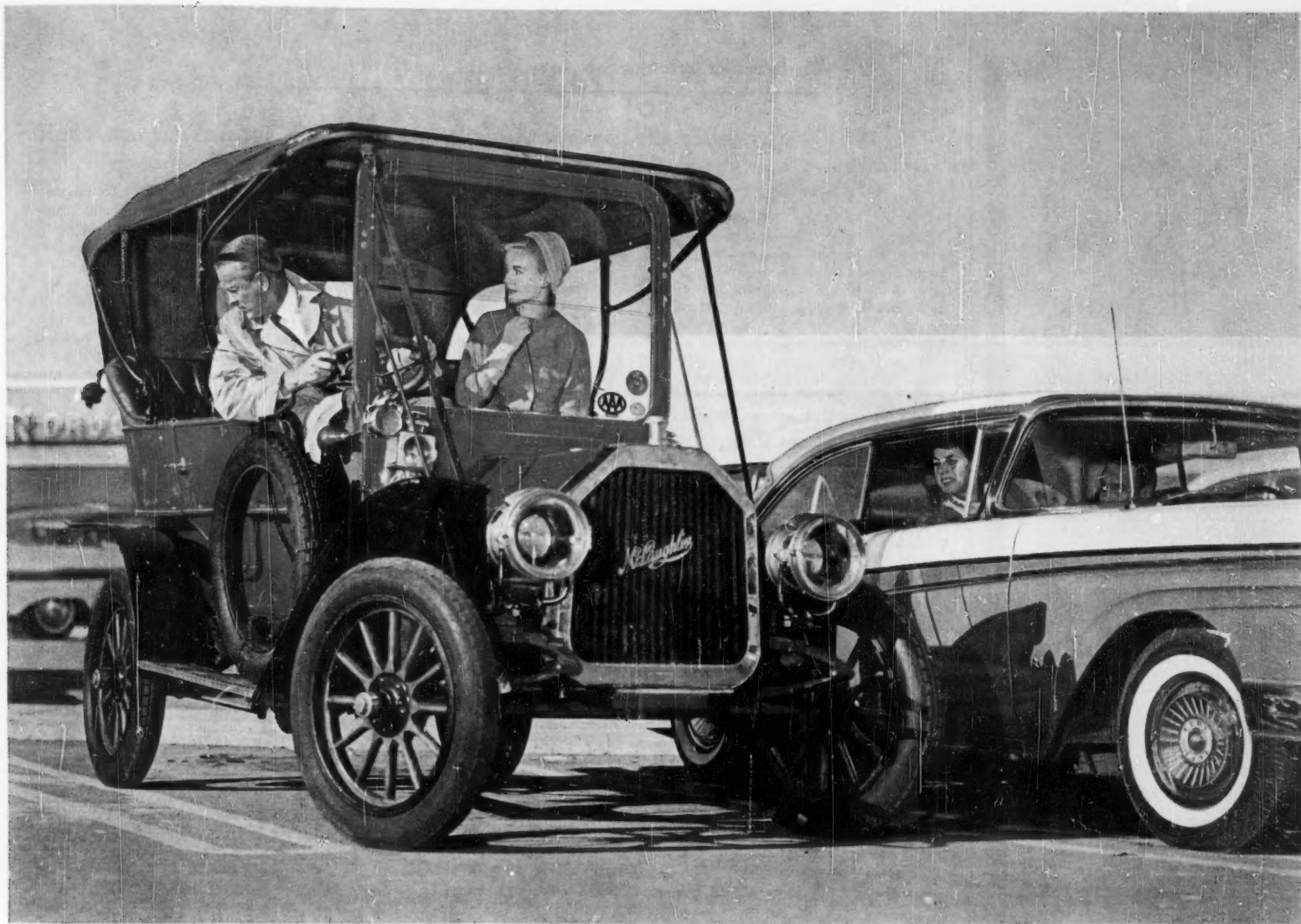
**NOR THE MOON BY NIGHT:** Spectacularly filmed in Africa, this jungle melodrama from Britain is weakened by a corny pulp-fiction plot. With Belinda Lee, Patrick McGeehan, Michael Craig.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Andy Hardy Comes Home:** Domestic comedy. Fair.  
**Attila:** Historical drama. Fair.  
**The Barbarian and the Geisha:** Japan historical drama. Fair.  
**The Big Country:** Western. Excellent.  
**Carry On, Sergeant:** British army-camp comedy. Fair.  
**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof:** Sexy drama of Deep South. Good.  
**Damn Yankees:** Fantasy-musical about baseball. Excellent.  
**The Decks Ran Red:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Defiant Ones:** Drama. Tops.  
**Devil's General:** Nazi drama. Good.  
**Don Quixote:** Russian film of famed Spanish novel. Good.  
**Dunkirk:** War drama. Good.  
**The Fearmakers:** Drama. Good.  
**Freedom:** African religious and political drama. Good.  
**Gigi:** Musical. Excellent.  
**God's Little Acre:** Comedy-drama of Deep South. Good.  
**Harry Black and the Tiger:** Jungle melodrama. Fair.  
**High Cost of Loving:** Comedy. Good.  
**The Hunters:** Aviation drama. Good.  
**Indiscreet:** Romantic comedy. Excellent.

**Intent to Kill:** Suspense. Good.  
**The Key:** War-and-love drama. Good.  
**Man of the West:** Western. Fair.  
**The Matchmaker:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Me and the Colonel:** Comedy. Good.  
**The Naked Earth:** Comedy-drama in African jungle. Fair.  
**A Night to Remember:** True shipwreck drama. Good.  
**The Old Man and the Sea:** Action drama. Fair.  
**Orders to Kill:** Drama. Excellent.  
**Paths of Glory:** Drama. Excellent.  
**Proud Rebel:** Frontier drama. Good.  
**Raw Wind in Eden:** Drama. Poor.  
**Rock-a-Bye Baby:** Comedy. Poor.  
**Rooney:** Dublin comedy. Good.  
**Rx Murder:** Crime and suspense. Fair.  
**The Silent Enemy:** War drama. Good.  
**South Pacific:** Musical. Good.  
**Stage Struck:** Drama. Fair.  
**A Tale of Two Cities:** Drama. Good.  
**A Time to Love:** War drama. Fair.  
**White Wilderness:** Nature documentary. Excellent.  
**The Whole Truth:** Mystery. Good.  
**Wind Across the Everglades:** Drama. Fair.





Still going strong! This 1908 McLaughlin, owned by a Canadian collector of antique cars and kept in top condition, is now a valuable property. Mobiloil products, widely used even when this car was new, have been vastly improved for modern motors.

## For over 50 years **Mobiloil** has brought Canadian motorists trouble-free protection

The most important single step you can take to prevent engine troubles is to use the most dependable motor oil you can buy. For oil is the life-blood of your engine... vitally affecting every moving part. That's why so many motorists use Mobiloil. These famous oils are produced by a company specializing in such products since the days of the first cars.

For better performance from any car! Gives *double* wear-fighting action, quick starting, reduces sludging and releases more power. In grades for every season.

# Mobiloil

**FOR THE PROTECTION THAT ONLY FINE OIL CAN PROVIDE**

Products of Mobil Oil of Canada, Ltd., makers of the "Mobil Oil Family" of modern lubricants

SOLD BY **IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED** AND OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 6, 1958



Designed especially for modern high-compression engines... keeps them super-clean, gives split second starting, more gasoline mileage. Reduces wear in every kind of driving all year round!



## QUEBEC

New resources, new industries, new opportunities... new ideas. That is Quebec now, today, in 1958.

The largest of all Canada's provinces, Quebec, is richly endowed in developed and potential industrial wealth.

To think in terms of Quebec 1958 one cannot put a limit on imagination for here, gathered within far reaching boundaries, are the ingredients of a bright future that defies description.

Quebec today is a giant in transition. The pulse of progress is felt wherever one goes—the giant is stirring and, what was a basic agricultural economy a short generation ago, is now a moving power—a power through whose veins flows the lifeblood of industry and progress—electricity.

Of all Canadian provinces Quebec has the greatest resources of low-cost hydro-electric power. Guarantee for a limitless future.

### —1958—has...

- A population over 4,758,000, 29 percent of all Canada.
- An area of 600,000 square miles.
- Developed about 10,000,000 horsepower of a potential hydro-electric total in excess of 30,000,000 horsepower.
- Over 39,500 miles of transmission lines.
- Over 52,000 miles of highways.

In supplying Quebec's industries and public utilities with communications equipment, electrical wires and cables and other electrical equipment of all types, Northern Electric is proud, that in contributing towards Quebec's progress, it too is going "Forward with Canada".

**Northern Electric**  
SERVES YOU BEST

6658-16



### A teacher speaks up to parents continued from page 20

"I resent the implication that teaching is not a profession"

modern education. Witness the uproar any time the school tries to introduce anything new or different into its program, or tries to meet the needs of our times with a new administrative structure. A complete reorganization of our educational system is unthinkable. So we go on in the same old way. We pretend to worry that we have produced a generation of men capable of self-destruction; but in our schools we preserve the patterns that influenced them.

Not that we teachers can shrug off all responsibility. The school itself is reluctant to change. As teachers we have vested interests in the subjects we are teaching—we have spent years making ourselves proficient in them—so we will fight to the death for the retention of Euclidean geometry or traditional grammar. What's more, we hesitate to introduce new ideas even when we have them because then we are lumped with the progressivists and the anti-humanists, and accused of watering down courses, or of catering to the multitudes, or of something else equally degrading. Moreover, people like us better if we drift along without upsetting things too much. Because it's easier to go along with the trend, we abandon the truths we have learned through experience and research; we save our feelings and our social acceptability at the expense of our intellectual integrity. That's one of the things I mean when I say that we are being criticized for the wrong things.

As a teacher, I am tired of being the public conscience. For a conscience is an uncomfortable thing to have, and most of us would rather not be reminded of it. We, the teachers, as the conscience of society, tell the children that all men are equal before God, that the weak must be protected and cherished, that good will triumph over evil. Then we have them study current events, and encourage them to read the newspapers which negate everything we have taught them by precept. Or we send them home to hear how daddy has outwitted his competitor in business, or out to the football field to see how the strong can overpower the weak. Our society feels better when it knows that its young are being taught to "live right" and to "think right"; that's the job of the schools and the teachers. But to face the teacher who has to cope with such contradictory principles makes society uncomfortable. Maybe that's why teachers on vacation pretend they are theatre ushers or shoe clerks.

There are other contradictions in public thinking about education which are reflected in public attitudes toward the school and its teachers. Our Canadian community still has something of the nineteenth-century faith that literacy will solve all problems, so that somewhere there lingers a respect for the scholar. But overriding that faith is the hard fact that money is really more important, that it opens more doors and brings more satisfactions. The scholar makes money only rarely, when he hits the jackpot on a quiz program or happens to write a best-seller. However, in placing money above scholarship the ordinary man does feel a little uneasy—his conscience again. He can dissipate his discomfort only by belittling the thing he has denied, so he sneers at the teacher.

Then, too, his days in the classroom were his days of subjugation. Now that

he is grown up he can revenge himself openly and acceptably against the authority that irked him. If a little of the fear and awe still clings to him, he shows it by being ill at ease when he has to make conversation with a teacher, and that also helps to place the teacher apart from the rest of mankind.

Whatever the reason, it seems that the moment a man, be he big and virile, or meek and mild, discovers that I am a school teacher, he seems impelled to tell me what a demon he was in school, how often he was punished, and how little he studied. Listening politely and with feigned interest to this sort of thing is one of the trials of my profession. The social ordeal becomes even more difficult when the man is also a father, and I am additionally exposed to tales of how his children have suffered at the hands of teachers, especially female. "After all," they say, "you can't be expected to understand my son. You've never been a boy."

#### Sane but impatient

I do get a little tired of being criticized by the uninformed for failures of which I am not guilty. There were always people who couldn't spell, and some people have always read better than others. I shouldn't have to apologize for today's schools because my neighbor's stenographer is a poor speller. There might be many reasons for her deficiency, of which a poor teaching method might be one. But whatever the reason, I can assure my neighbor that it wasn't, as he proclaimed, because we had veered so violently from traditional methods of teaching. I have to live on neighborly terms with him so I didn't ask him whether he could spell but he did remind me of a university professor whose daughter I had taught some years before. This gentleman had been raised in Scotland, and was much concerned with the laxness of our school system and the generally radical character of its teachers. He wrote me a long letter telling me everything that was wrong with our schools and with me as a teacher. He objected particularly to the way he

thought reading was being taught, and, in his precise, rounded hand, explained that he was fearful lest the method make his daughter a poor speller. His daughter was an excellent speller, but his letter contained three glaring errors in spelling.

Nothing reveals the way many people feel about teachers more than the question which every one of us has heard a thousand times. I can usually predict it by the smug look which creeps over the face of the questioner. I meet an old acquaintance in the supermarket, or run into a former student, and after the first amenities are exchanged, he patronizingly asks: "And what are you doing now? Are you still practising medicine?" he was quite annoyed. He looked at me as though I were not quite sane. My sanity was unimpaired; it was my patience which had been damaged.

I resented, and still resent, the implication that teaching is not a profession, that it is fine as a stopgap until one can find something better, like a husband or a real profession.

This concept leads naturally to the accepted stereotype of the teacher. Since teaching is a temporary expedient, anyone with any gumption gets out of it as quickly as possible. The only ones left are the misfits and the incompetents, those who couldn't do better for themselves elsewhere.

Along with this feeling about teaching and teachers, and probably an outcome of it, is the distrust of the lively ambitious teacher who refuses to fit the stereotype. Our society places a premium on ambition and expects the bright young man to fight to the forefront of his chosen profession—unless, that is, his profession happens to be education. If he is a bright young man in teaching, he is looked upon with suspicion. It's all right for him to be successful in his classroom, but he must not make a name for himself in education outside his classroom. At that stage he ceases to be a teacher and becomes an educationist, whatever that is, or an administrator, or





# How to recapture a road

Secondary roads fall easy prey to the invasion of Canadian snowstorms. This one was captured in a few hours last night.

But even while the storm was at its height, this powerful Cat Diesel Motor Grader was out slugging through the drifts to bring the road back into service.

It had to be recaptured quickly. For this road has vital work to do all winter long. The city can't wait for its milk until spring thaw—it must be delivered daily. Eggs and meat, too, must get to market. And feed, fuel oil, essential stores—all must reach the farm on this road.

When winter ends, the big yellow motor grader will be back at work on this same road, grading it smooth, ditching to improve drainage. This good maintenance will bring real benefits to rural families. And it will serve the city man by providing better transportation of the farm products he needs. Good road maintenance *saves* far more than it costs.

## CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

**Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders  
Earthmoving Equipment**

Caterpillar of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ontario • Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. • Caterpillar Americas Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. • Caterpillar Overseas C.A., Caracas, Venezuela • Caterpillar of Australia Pty. Ltd., Melbourne • Caterpillar Brasil S.A., São Paulo • Caterpillar Tractor Co. Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland

**BETTER ROADS  
FOR A GREATER CANADA**



what is worst of all, an expert.

It was quite apparent from the speeches of laymen at the Canadian Conference on Education last February that the worst possible thing to be was an expert in education; the expert is a menace to the welfare of the children of this country. I heard no suggestion that the hospital administrator threatened the recovery of patients in a hospital, or that the legal expert might jeopardize the success of a court case. But it seems that anyone who knows too much about education is automatically a fuddy-duddy, speaking

unintelligible jargon, and subversive of the principles of solid learning. I am shaken by this public attitude. It is alarming to spend the greater part of my life learning my profession, and then to discover that this was the wrong thing to do.

Another fallacy the public entertains and enjoys is that of the "born teacher." When departments of education have to fill classrooms with untrained, unqualified persons, we are treated to dissertations on the merits of these young people who are "born teachers." I suppose there

are some. Perhaps I have been unlucky, but in my lifetime I haven't encountered any. The best teachers I know have worked hard to perfect themselves. They may not have been dedicated from birth to their profession, but once they chose it, they were absorbed into and by it; and they are properly concerned with the kind and quality of those who join them.

Our teachers' organizations are currently engaged in a struggle to raise the standards of teacher training and the qualifications of teachers in service. I never cease to be surprised that this move

on our part should meet with criticism. When we ask for some control over the licensing of teachers so that only the fully qualified may enter our ranks, we are accused of closed-shop tactics. When we urge the minimum of an arts or science degree for teachers everywhere in the school system, we are scorned. Anyone, we are told, can teach, and especially in the elementary school. One doesn't need too much education to teach the second grade, or the sixth. I am concerned to find this idea flourishing not only among the poorly educated, but among university people as well. I may be wrong but I believe that, besides the subject matter, we must know a great deal in order to teach—we must know the children and the forces that shape them, and something of our civilization's roots and meaning. The years at university help us toward that knowledge and so make us better teachers. Why, then, are we opposed in this striving for professional status?

I repeat—we are being criticized for the wrong things. We are criticized for being too progressive although we have not even kept up with the rest of the world. We are criticized for swinging too far from traditional programs although we are still deep in a turn-of-the-century rut. We are criticized for trying to teach "the whole child" although most of us haven't a clue as to what it means. We are criticized for using jargon although we are barely able to express our new ideas in professional terms. We are not criticized for failure to be daring in our approach to the real problems of our time. We are not criticized for our failure to experiment boldly with teaching techniques. We are not criticized for our failure to use the vast body of sociological and psychological research to improve our schools. I heartily wish that we were doing more of the things for which we are being criticized. We'd be better teachers in better schools if we were.

I've been critical of my critics. That doesn't mean I expect to be allowed to go into my classroom each day and shut the world out, but I do want it understood that I am generally competent to do my job. I do ask for the privilege of leading an ordinary, normal life in which I may be permitted to talk about something besides children and the shortcomings of our educational system. I want to be treated as though I have the common faults and virtues of the rest of mankind, as though I were neither a model of propriety nor an ogre.

Don't mistake me. I have taught a long time, and in spite of all I have said there is nothing I would rather do, or any way of earning a living I would rather recommend. Teaching is infinitely wearing, but it is infinitely interesting. It has variety and excitement and all kinds of opportunity for originality, for its material is young humankind. No clay is so malleable, no canvas so challenging, no unwritten manuscript so provocative. Nor is any artistic achievement so satisfying as the tiny impress a teacher has made on the mind and character of a child. This is my guarantee of immortality. I can claim it without false modesty, and hold it close through the shifting pattern of the years and the classes that come and go. Perhaps, fundamentally, that is why I am still teaching. ★

#### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription.



## ..THAT'S TCA TO EUROPE

It's great to fly TCA to Paris—or anywhere else in Europe\*. You're whisked there overnight in a sleek, long-range Super G Constellation. Choice of four classes on every flight—De Luxe, First Class, Tourist or Economy class. Your fare, Montreal to Paris round-trip, is as little as \$480.60, 'Economy', or just \$48.06 down with the TCA 'Pay Later' plan. To London, the fare is \$444.60, or \$44.46 down!

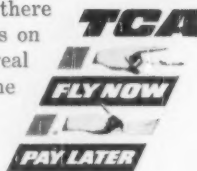
TCA service from Canada to Europe is the "most"—most frequent, most extensive choice of destinations, most popular—more people fly TCA than by any other airline.

\*TCA serves London, Glasgow, Shannon, Paris, Dusseldorf, Brussels and Zurich.

See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office or



# TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES







# The happy sequel to Quebec's great ball-park wedding continued from page 23

"Few understood that these were the first graduates of a unique university of marriage"

a number of disapproving persons condemned it as a "mockery of marriage."

Yet it was intended to be—and has proved to be—anything but that. Probably few of the thousands who saw a carnival spirit in the mass marriage understood that these one hundred and five young French-Canadian couples were, in fact, the first graduating class of a unique "university of marriage." The colorful spectacle in the ball park was a sort of valedictory to a year of serious education in the most important and most difficult of human relationships.

This is no mere figure of speech. The successful graduates—and more were weeded out than passed—had each won a minimum mark of sixty percent in fifteen tough examination papers containing no fewer than seven hundred and fifty searching questions on every aspect of marriage ranging from courtship to the psychology of choosing a mate, from budgeting to sex adjustment.

What they learned has since become part of the curriculum of the University of Ottawa, and the course has spread through the world so widely that its sponsors have renamed it the International Marriage Preparation Service and claim it has become Canada's most important single influence on the everyday life of people in other countries.

It is an intriguing thought that a French-Canadian program for happy marriage, compiled to help a group of young Quebec Catholic workers, now guides the home life—and the love life—of a million people in the Philippines, Lebanon, Holland, the United States, Basutoland, India, New Zealand and a score more foreign lands.

Although the marriage-preparation course is based on Roman Catholic doctrine, not all students are Catholics. In Toronto, ten percent of the four thousand graduates of classes conducted by the Paulist Fathers have been Protestants. A pair of gratified youngsters recently told Father Frank Stone, director of the courses, "You've taught us how to be a good husband and wife—and better Anglicans."

The course was inspired by Pope Pius XI. In 1938 the Oblate priests and lay leaders of Quebec's Young Catholic Workers were pondering a new project for the year for its forty thousand members. The organization—known in Quebec as the JOC (or Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique)—had been founded in mid-depression 1932 by Father Henri Roy, encouraged by Quebec's Catholic bishops.

Roy and his JOC set up homes for young unemployed and organized classes to continue schooling that had been cut short (a study showed the majority of unemployed youths had not gone beyond the seventh grade). The JOC persuaded Montreal courts to parole young offenders in its care, and sponsored recreation clubs and summer camps to keep its charges out of trouble.

But by 1938 the depression was easing, and JOC members were growing up. Seeking new ways to serve them, Roy and his associates remembered an encyclical on marriage issued by Pope Pius XI a few years before:

"In order to bring about the restoration of marriage, it is indeed of the utmost importance that the faithful should be well instructed concerning matrimony,

both by word of mouth and by the written word, not cursorily but often and fully, by means of plain and weighty arguments . . ."

The JOC decided to test the extent to which "restoration of marriage" was

needed in Quebec. It was a complex task, since in Catholic communities the basic index of marriage failure—divorce—was largely absent. "But the prohibition of divorce makes it all the more important that husband and wife be well pre-

pared for a marriage that is going to last whether it is happy or not," a JOC chaplain pointed out later.

So the JOC launched a series of discussion and investigation projects among its two hundred branches, made survey



## What young couples are taught in Quebec's unique marriage course

One million people in twenty-two countries have prepared for marriage by studying a course prepared for Quebec brides and grooms. The following are brief excerpts from the comprehensive course:

### ON CHOOSING A MATE:

"Marriage is not a game where you try your luck. Young lady, if you can read in the heart of your lover a sincere love of his mother, you are fortunate—that young man will certainly love his wife."

"Young man, don't let infatuation blind you. One man had a soft spot for red hair and married a young lady who had 'the most beautiful red hair mortal eyes ever beheld.' But what a rude awakening when he realized after the honeymoon that he had married not only the red hair but the girl and her character as well."

### ON THE SNARE OF BEAUTY:

"A pretty face and well-formed figure are secondary. If your fiancé or fiancée possesses physical beauty over and above more profound qualities, be grateful to a kind Providence. If not, in its place you should demand a ready smile and an expression that tells of something more precious than good looks. One layer of rouge, lipstick or fingernail polish smeared on another in no way enhances a woman's natural attractiveness."

### ON HEALTH:

"Visit a doctor and get a clean bill of health before marriage. As a rule children's health will be in direct proportion to that of their parents. Ill health, especially in the father, usually breeds misery and suffering for the whole household."

### ON MASCULINITY AND FEMININITY:

"Every girl wants to marry someone who is every inch a man. On the other hand a decent young man abhors placing the ring on the finger of a cigarette fiend or an alcohol addict. Each sex excels in the God-given vocation assigned it; each limps when it adopts the habits and mannerisms of the opposite sex."

### ON INTELLECTUAL EQUALITY:

"Husband and wife should belong to an approximately equal level in the intellectual sphere. A marriage where there is no common meeting-ground for the intellects as to education and culture has little chance of being happy."

### ON SOCIAL LEVELS:

"In ordinary cases it is a serious mistake to marry far above or far below one's own social rank."

### ON DEMONSTRATIVENESS:

"A warm-blooded young lover should not tie himself up with a girl who becomes nervous at the least manifestation of tenderness. Some girls just can't stand a man around them. Marriage is the last thing for them."

"A young girl simply bubbling over with affection should never pledge her hand to an unresponsive iceberg of a man. On the other hand a young lady should not prove too demanding. It's pretty hard for some males to be tender. They mean well, they love you dearly, but after all boys will be boys even if they're grown up and are married men."

### ON DRINKING:

"Future spouses should be very exacting of each other in the matter of drinking. This is not intended to be a blanket condemnation of all alcoholic drinks . . . in the mind of the church temperance does not mean abstinence. The thing is to know when to take a glass and no more."

### ON REVEALING THE PAST:

"Has the future husband or wife the right to demand of the other an avowal of illicit relations with other persons, if any? If a general answer could be given it would be 'No.' As a rule questions of conscience should remain the secret of the individual. There may be exceptions . . . our recommendation is to seek a priest's advice in each particular case."

### ON MIXED MARRIAGES:

"They are dangerous! So dangerous that even Protestant ministers have come out strongly in opposition to them. The increasing frequency of divorce is cause for ample worry, especially for the Catholic member of a mixed marriage. Should the non-Catholic spouse decide to obtain a 'divorce' the Catholic spouse is left in a most unenviable position. He or she must practice complete sexual abstinence until death, or the death of the 'divorced' spouse."

### ON COURTSHIP:

"Courtship should normally take place at the home of the parents, preferably that of the girl's. Do not tolerate a courtship carried on in restaurants, automobiles, private rooms or night clubs. Beware of those who, under pretense of love, seek to elude the watchful care of parents."

### ON CHILDREN:

"Do not marry with the intention of having no children. Do not marry with the intention of having a certain number of children. The decision should be: 'We will do our duty as a Christian couple until the end . . . we will accept as coming from God all children that will be the fruit of our union.'"

### ON TWIN BEDS:

"A recent enquiry attributes, and not without reason, a major part of the blame for the persistent discord in certain homes on the use of twin beds. Experience over the centuries confirms this statement. The double bed with its proximity of the bodies favors hearts that are upset, offended, even divided . . . do not let the sun go down on your anger."

### ON HONEYMOONS:

"We highly recommend that the wedding trip be made quietly and calmly—simply a prelude to your home life. Refrain from all public demonstrations of love (especially on the train, boat or bus). These demonstrations, permissible in the privacy of one's room, are in public a gross lack of good taste."

### ON BIRTH CONTROL:

"It is not the privilege of parents to gratify their passions while at the same time avoiding the duty of rearing children. You should refuse to have anything to do with any contraceptive devices regardless of pretext. The rhythm system is not permitted where the motive is to obtain satisfaction without children, or to obtain luxuries instead of children, or to avoid the finger of scorn pointed by friends with limited families."

### ON FAMILY BUDGETS:

"The family is, from an economic point of view, a business. A young woman has a right to know her future husband's exact financial position. If he were to refuse to answer such questions she could reasonably have serious misgivings as to the future. The wife should not be enslaved to her husband; she should not have to ask at every turn and as a favor for the money that is, after all, for the welfare of the home. The husband should not be too concerned with details. Let him approve of a general plan and then abide by it."

after survey among single people, couples about to be married, and some couples already married; queried priests, doctors, lawyers, judges, sociologists, merchants. The results dismayed Father Roy and his helpers. Not more than one third of the marriageable or married appeared to know enough about the physical, spiritual, emotional or economic aspects of family life to stand a good chance of happy marriage.

As a result the JOC started a "pilot" course. Originally the plan was modest: twenty-five pairs of young people who intended to marry would be given intensive instruction by priests and lay experts in the various facets of married life. Their graduation would be the mass marriage of all twenty-five couples in Notre Dame Cathedral. When some of his friends warned him that it might be regarded as a publicity stunt, Roy surprised them by saying:

"But it is propaganda—propaganda for happy marriage to counteract the other side of marriage, divorce and broken homes, which now gets most of the publicity."

When word of the marriage course spread among JOC members and their friends, so many applied that Roy and his staff, even after a rigorous weeding-out of candidates, had to raise the enrolment, first to thirty-five, then to fifty, seventy-five and finally to an "inflexible limit" of one hundred. Even so, another five couples managed to get in by the time the courses started.

These were no formal lectures, but evening after evening of give-and-take discussions. Most of the sessions were conducted by priests, but doctors, lawyers, nurses and home economists took part in others. There was "field work" on the curriculum, too. Three or four pairs of students would descend on the home of a couple married a year or so and quiz the newlyweds on all aspects of their married life, from how they apportioned the housekeeping money to how they were preparing for the first baby. The students and their teachers wrote playlets around the problems of marriage and acted them out before an audience of fellow students to heighten "the feeling of reality."

Only for sessions in which the biological aspects of marriage were discussed were the boys and girls separated. "And that was only because we felt that the young people would ask questions more freely and discuss the problems more frankly if the other sex were not present," explained a JOC official.

This was the preparation for the spectacular "mass marriage" in Montreal's ball park on July 23, 1939. Nearly two decades have passed since the hundred and five couples went home from St. Helen's Island and, after their one big day in the limelight, slipped quietly into the anonymity of everyday married life.

As married couples they were no longer eligible for membership in the JOC. But Father Roy had pledged that he would follow up the marriages and help with problems that might arise in the early years of married life. So the Ligue Ouvrière Catholique (League of Catholic Workers) was founded as a sort of graduate branch of the JOC. Today the LOC has an active membership of five thousand, most of them graduates of the JOC's course in marriage preparation. The LOC serves as a forum for the discussion of home and school problems and a clearinghouse of information on jobs, budgets, vacations, child psychology and, in fact, all matters pertaining to family life. A special function of the LOC has been to keep in touch

Continued on page 40



*Canadian Club...*  
the most  
preferred gift whisky  
for your  
holiday giving



When only the *best* will do... it's Canadian Club... the choice of those who know...  
the choice of everyone who appreciates traditionally fine Canadian Whisky.

IN 87 LANDS... "THE BEST IN THE HOUSE!"

*"Canadian Club"*

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF

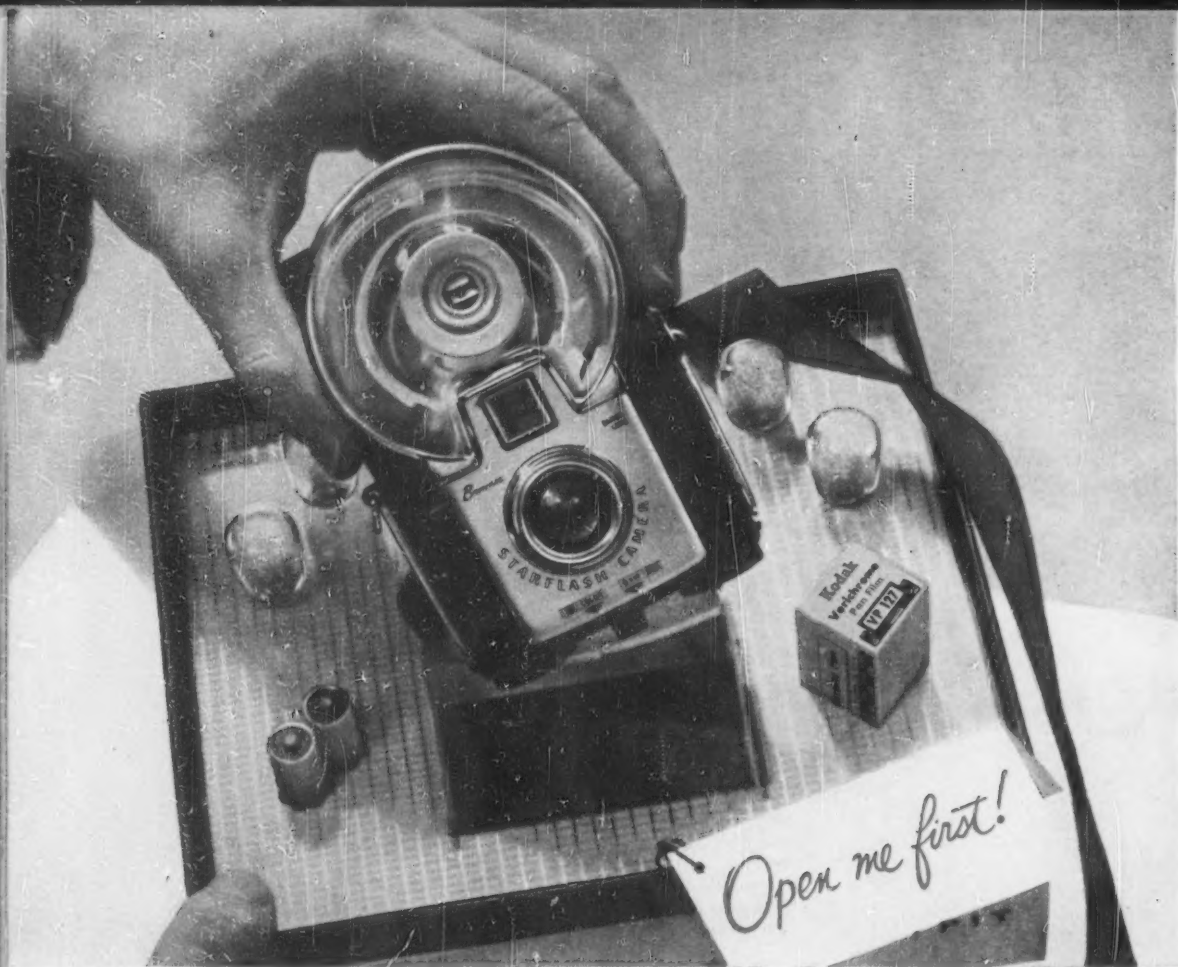
HIRAM WALKER

AND SONS, LIMITED

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS

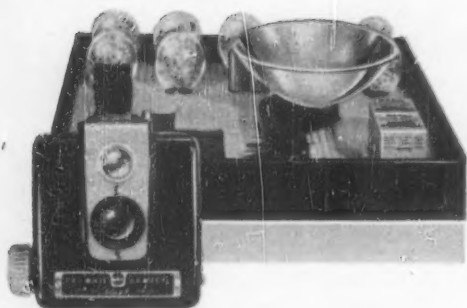


BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

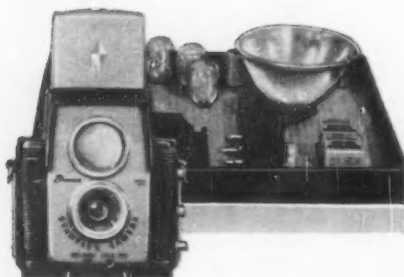


Only Kodak gifts have this "Open me first" tag. Above: Brownie Starflash Outfit, with camera in choice of colors: red, white, blue or black. Complete, \$11.45

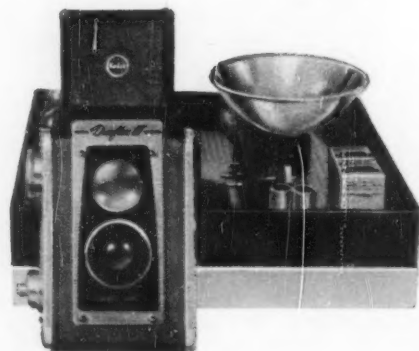
## Kodak gifts say ...and save all the fun of



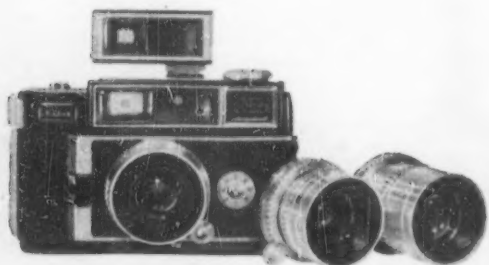
**World's most popular snapshotter**—Brownie Hawkeye Camera takes sharp, clear snapshots in black-and-white or color. Aim . . . and shoot. With flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . \$17.50



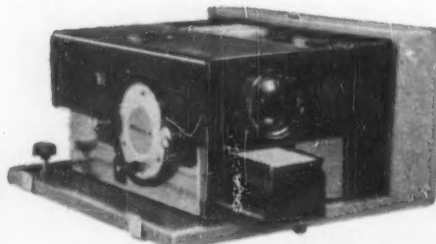
**For snapshots and color slides, too**—Brownie Starflex Camera takes them all. Shows your picture big—*before* you snap it. Complete with flashholder, bulbs, batteries and film . . . \$18.85



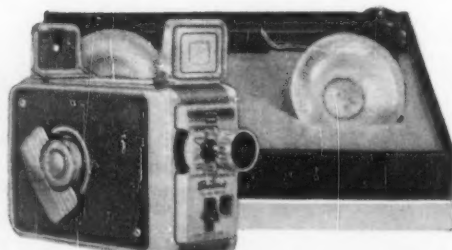
**See your picture big**—in the hooded viewfinder of the Kodak Duaflex IV Camera. No focusing. With flashholder, bulbs, batteries, film, \$28.95. Also see Kodak Duaflex DeLuxe Outfit . . . \$43.95



**35mm classic**—new Kodak Signet 80 Camera has exposure meter, rangefinder, f/2.8 lens. Accepts wide-angle (\$69.75), telephoto (\$84.25) lenses, multi-frame finder (\$23.25) . . . \$148.50



**You turn it on . . . it does the rest!** New automatic Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes slides all by itself! Steel jackets protect slides. With remote-control cord. 500-watt; f/2.8 lens. . . . \$184.50



**8mm color movies—indoors and out**—snapshot easy! Brownie Movie Camera, f/2.3, requires only one setting! \$37.95. Complete kit: camera, 2-lamp movie light, lamps, titler board . . \$48.25

Many Kodak dealers offer low down payments, convenient terms. Prices are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

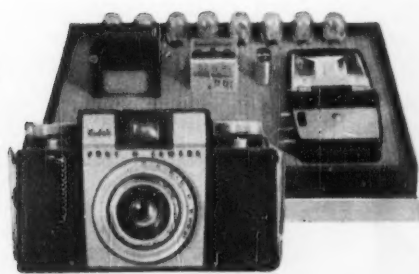




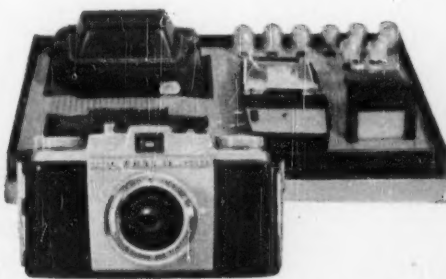
The moment you open your Kodak gift, you can start taking pictures of all your Christmas fun!

# “Open me first”!

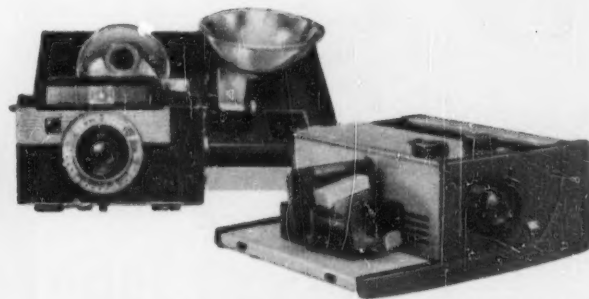
*Christmas in pictures!*



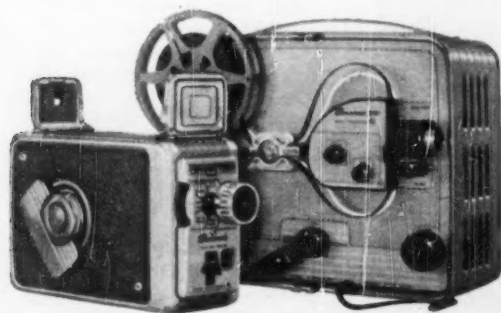
*Easiest-to-use 35mm camera*—Kodak Pony II has only one exposure setting to make, and built-in guide tells how. No-thread loading. With bulbs, batteries, pocket flashholder, film, viewer, \$47.25



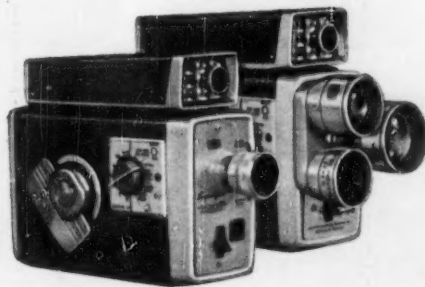
*Simplifies 35mm color slides*—Kodak Pony IV Camera has new system that tells proper exposure at a glance; no-thread loading; fast  $f/3.5$  lens. With case, flashholder, slide viewer, bulbs, \$65.95



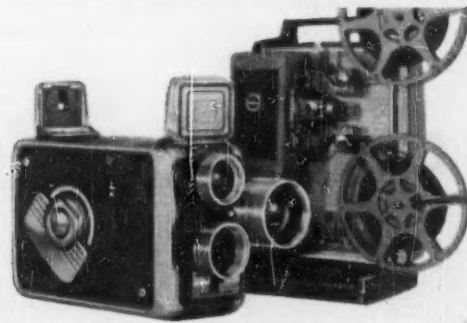
*To shoot and show 35mm color slides*—Kodak Signet 50 Camera has easy-to-use exposure meter,  $f/2.8$  lens, quick clip-in loading. With flashholder, two reflectors, \$95.50. Kodak 300 Projector . . . . . \$73.75



*Movies for color and action*—Brownie Movie Camera with fast  $f/2.3$  lens shoots 8mm color movies. Brownie 300 Movie Projector \$79.95 shows them up to 3 feet wide. Complete outfit . . . . . \$117.90



*New! Scopesight Brownie Movie Cameras* have built-in exposure meter; pointer in viewfinder automatically shows when exposure is correct.  $f/1.9$  single-lens, \$94.50.  $f/1.9$  turret . . \$119.50



*Get 3 movie views*—regular, wide-angle, and telephoto—with Brownie Movie Camera, Turret  $f/2.3$ . \$69.50. 750-watt Kodak Showtime 8 Projector with built-in dry splicer . . . . . \$219.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 9, Ontario

**Kodak**  
—a trademark since 1888

with the life stories of the hundred and five couples.

How have they fared in nineteen years?

The fact of which LOC officials are proudest is that they have recorded no broken homes, no separations, among the pioneer group.

There have been remarkably few deaths, too. Cyrille Paradis left a sickbed to take part in the ceremony, returned home with his bride and died in less than a month. Both Mr. and Mrs. Donat Guardad have died, childless.

Four other wives and three husbands have died.

Perhaps surprisingly in the light of traditionally large French-Canadian families, the mass marriage has produced the moderate average of three children to a family. The largest family is that of Georges and Marie-Berthe Couture, who operate a restaurant in Granby, Que., with the boisterous help of the elders among their twelve children—six girls and six boys ranging in age from eighteen years to seven months. Another couple has ten children.

Nearly all the couples had their first child early. A year after the marriages twenty children had been born and fifty-four more were expected. No grandchildren have yet arrived, but a bumper crop is expected within the next two or three years. Many of the children are second-generation students at the JOC's marriage-preparation course.

How have the mass-marriage couples prospered? There are no spectacular rags-to-riches stories among the hundred and five couples, but in a majority of cases there is testimony of solid achievement.

More than seventy percent of the couples own their homes (in one group of twenty families living in the north suburbs of Montreal, seventeen are homeowners).

The mass-marriage couples do not regard their studies in preparation for marriage as some half-forgotten incident of their youth, but as the principal influence in their married life and a definite factor in their success. Consider the case of Henri and Thérèse Séguin, the "lead couple" of the mass marriage. On the eve of their wedding, twenty-three-year-old Henri summed up what he had learned and made a prediction for the Séguins' future: "Without the course in marriage my fiancée and I could never have understood so well the practical aspects of marriage. We both now know our own hearts and minds. Because of our training I am sure our honeymoon will last and we will be better spouses and parents."

Shy Thérèse Séguin added: "I have learned what a serious and sacred thing marriage is and all the duties it involves. Without the course I would have been as heedless and frivolous as many brides I have known who have been disillusioned when they found marriage wasn't just a round of parties and pleasures."

How well have those brave words been borne out? "Better even than we hoped," Henri Séguin said recently. "We have worked as a team and it has been a wonderfully rewarding life."

When they were married Henri Séguin was a clerk in Montreal's tax office. A few years later the "team" pondered a serious decision: should Henri leave his safe civil-service job for a more hazardous selling career? They decided on the venture, and Henri became a fur salesman. Today he is vice-president of McComber Furs Inc. With the help of Thérèse Séguin's shrewd household management, learned in her pre-marriage course, the Séguins have bought a large building on Fleury Street. They have four children. Eighteen-year-old Nicole is a physiotherapy student at the University of Montreal. The other children are planning university educations, too, in common with many other children of the mass-marriage couples. None of the latter attended university, and some did not reach far in high school.

Time after time these couples repeat the theme: "The course has been the most important influence in our married life."

"Before this marriage all my luck was bad; after, all was good," says Alphonse Rodrigue. "I did not even have a job when I married, but I got one the next day. We have had sickness and operations, and once we lost all our possessions in a fire. But what my wife learned in the course has made her such a good manager that we have never suffered. Today we own our own home, summer cottage and car." For seventeen years Rodrigue has driven a bus on Montreal's streets, and has earned a unique reputation as "the bus driver who never gets mad."

Once Rodrigue visited a JOC hall while Father Sanschagrin was conducting a marriage-preparation class. "Give the students your recipe for happy marriage," the priest suggested.

Rodrigue delivered his first and only lecture as a marriage expert. "Always kiss your wife when you leave home and when you return," he instructed. "Then look carefully around for something she may have done. Has she put up new curtains, or changed the furniture around? Perhaps she has a new hairdo. Notice such things and praise her for them. In this way your honeymoon will never end."



More and more  
people are enjoying  
the *light* ale

**Labatt's '50' Ale**

*Anytime's a good time with Labatt's*





Invariably the couples are propagandists for pre-marital preparation. Arthur Green had a unique opportunity to pass on the JOC's message. Green, a French Canadian whose name came from an Irish ancestor, was a provost sergeant with the Royal Montreal Regiment overseas. A provost sergeant is often a figure of fear to his men, but the eight hundred soldiers Green policed soon learned that Green's idea of discipline was a lecture on "how to be happily married."

"I'm sure I saved some of them from hasty marriage," says Green. "At least most of them waited until they got back home."

It was, in fact, postwar dislocation that provided the great stimulus for the expansion of the course in marriage preparation. During the war the JOC continued the course, but the material had never been written, and it was available only to those who could attend. (They add up, however, to one hundred thousand graduates, and seven thousand a year still attend JOC courses in Quebec, Maritimes and Ontario French-Canadian communities.)

It occurred to Father André Guay, one of the priests who had assisted at the mass marriage and had since joined the Catholic Centre of the University of Ottawa, that a written version should be available to young people who could not attend classes. He discussed it with Father Sanschagrin, who agreed. The two priests, with the collaboration of lay experts in various aspects of marriage, wrote a fifteen-part, 370-page textbook in French. The first printing of seven thousand didn't begin to meet the demand from French-Canadian communities. Since then fifty thousand have been published and the orders still have not been filled.

Guay thought there might be some small demand for an English translation. He printed seven thousand, put a small notice in the Catholic publication Sunday Visitor—and got four thousand requests from that source alone, the majority from the United States.

This response so surprised Guay that he decided to investigate the potential interest in other countries. He booked passage by air around the world, visited twenty countries and made more than a hundred speeches to Catholic groups. "Not once," he recalls, "did I say, 'In Canada we have a course in marriage preparation which you should use.' Instead, I told my audiences of priests and Catholic lay leaders that I was studying their own methods in marriage preparation in order to improve our course, which already had some success in Canada and the United States."

It turned out that none of the countries Guay visited had organized courses of instruction in marriage—but all had

problems as great or greater than Canada's. The very existence of such a course aroused interest everywhere.

To date, twenty-two countries are producing and distributing the course with the permission of the Catholic Centre at Ottawa, and sixty more are negotiating for it. Quebec Catholic *mores* are studied in Tagalog by Filipinos, in Arabic, Flemish, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch and fifteen of the dialects of India.

The Catholic Centre has had to permit several changes in the course to meet local conditions. In India, for example,

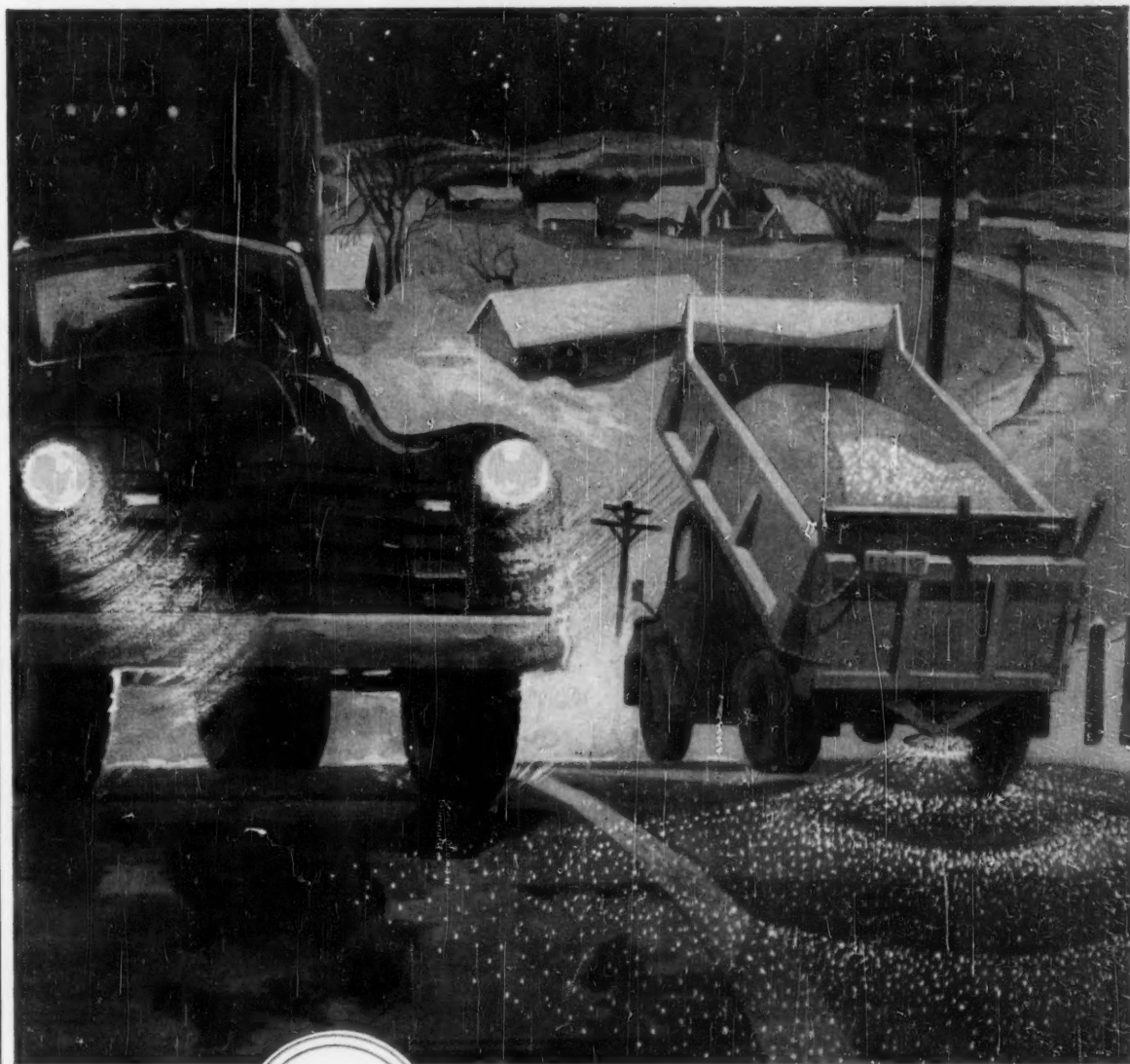
the description of the physical characteristics of male and female has been eliminated; not through delicacy, but because in India many children run naked in the warm climate, live with parents in the intimacy of one-room homes, and the human body is no mystery.

The Dutch director of the course was puzzled by a statement in the hygiene section, recommending the drinking of six glasses of water a day for health. "Is this," he queried, "in addition to the beer that everybody drinks?"

Cuban priests, given the course as

translated into Spanish by Chilean Catholics, wondered why the term "street car" appeared often in the text. In Chile, "wawa" is the colloquial term for "child." In Cuba, it means street car.

An unforeseen by-product of the course is that the Catholic Centre at Ottawa has become a tourist attraction. Every summer hundreds of visitors arrive, identify themselves as graduates of the course, and explain, "We included Ottawa in our vacation trip because we wanted to meet the people who had taught us how to be happily married." ★



## From the Right Product — at the Right Time

Dominion Tar & Chemical's products are so varied and widespread that it is not unusual they should meet every day of the week. Here, salt from Sifto Salt Limited makes winter roads safe for driving, while along the same road creosoted poles and posts from Canada Creosoting are used to build a fence, farm structures, and to carry power and communication lines. Bricks for building . . . paper for printing . . . these and

many other products are supplied by DTC subsidiaries. **ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE** of supplying the right product at the right time is typical of DTC and its operating subsidiaries. These subsidiaries are continually solving problems—supplying new answers, new products for home, farm and industry. The result? A widely diversified list of products that benefits everyone — customers, shareholders and employees.

SIPOREX Limited  
Precast Haydite Limited  
Canada Roof Products, Limited  
NO-CO-RODE Company Limited  
The Cooksville Company, Limited  
Brantford Roofing Company, Limited  
Alexander Murray & Company, Limited

**DOMINION TAR  
AND CHEMICAL  
COMPANY, LIMITED**

Sifto Salt Limited  
Javex Company Limited  
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited  
Canada Creosoting Company, Limited  
The Laprairie Brick & Tile Incorporated  
Chemical Developments of Canada Limited



### Changing your address?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:

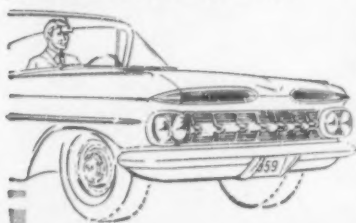
Subscription Dept.,  
Maclean's Magazine,  
481 University Ave.,  
Toronto 2, Ontario.

P.S. Your postmaster also needs your new address. Fill out a Post Office change-of-address card.



## SOLVE YOUR TRAVEL PROBLEMS!

it costs no more  
to reserve in advance...when you  
**RENT A NEW CAR!**



## GO TILDEN!

BUSINESS TRIP? VACATION?  
BE ASSURED OF TRANSPORTATION AT YOUR  
DESTINATION. YOUR LOCAL  
TILDEN MAN WILL  
ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU  
MET AT PLANE OR TRAIN  
WITH A SPARKLING NEW  
CHEV OR OTHER FINE CAR  
AS PRIVATE AS YOUR OWN!

- reserve your TILDEN rent-a-car when you make your other travel arrangements.
- gas, oil and proper insurance included in the low rental rates.

# TILDEN

rent-a-car

The All-Canadian system... agents throughout the world  
Head Office: 1194 Stanley Street, Montreal

**You can do your  
Christmas  
shopping as you  
read this magazine!**

(see page 61)



The ship that wouldn't die continued from page 21

## Bear earned a nation's thanks for rescuing a doomed expedition

steam was replacing sail, she had been cannily designed to use both. She was built as a barkentine—foremast square-rigged, main and mizzenmasts rigged fore-and-aft—but she had been given in addition a two-cylinder compound engine working up three hundred horsepower, able under prime conditions to force her ahead at eight knots, nine with sails assisting.

True, she was not fast—but her hull was six inches of solid oak, sheathed over from keel to waterline in two-and-a-half-inch Australian iron bark, a wood so heavy it could not float. Her deck was weighty teak; her bow metal-armored against the ice. One hundred and ninety-eight feet six inches over-all, she had an astonishing displacement of 1,675 tons—double that suggested by her size.

Tough? She had suffered nearly everything a craft could, short of sinking. Surviving ice-jams and accidents, she contributed in no small way to this continent's northern development, to her own glory and to the reflected glory of her six owners—including one government, one world-renowned explorer, and even one museum.

The man who ordered her built at Dundee, Scotland, was Walter Grieve, a Scot, who was head of Bain Johnston's, a St. John's, Nfld., sealing company. He wanted a sealer to outlast any other.

Bear was so planned and so made. Adzes shaped her beams, drawknives smoothed her massive oaken timbers. Late in 1874, when an infant Winston Churchill was mewling at Marlborough, her launching was celebrated. Under each mast, heads-up shillings were placed to bring her luck. Soon she set sail under Alexander Graham, first of her more than thirty skippers, for her home port of St. John's to join Grieve's other sealers—Tiger, Leopard, Wolf and Lion.

There Graham signed two hundred and seventy-three seal hunters to work the ship on shares. At that time, Newfoundland law said no ship might leave the capital's harbor on the annual hunt before one o'clock in the afternoon of March 10. This made each start as tense as that of an Oklahoma land race.

That year, the starting cannon sent Bear speeding through the harbor's shell ice as if it were only a mirage. In two days she found the ice pack off Labrador. Soon her lookouts, searching feverishly for seal, found them—adults and baby whitecoats whimpering on the ice.

The hunters climbed recklessly over Bear's side, leaped like ballet dancers from slippery floe to floe as if death did not lurk in every treacherous leap. As great chunks of ice ground together, the seal slaughter began, the hunters clubbing baby seals to death, concentrating on them because of the value of their fuzzy fur.

Day upon day the killing went on. At last, when the month-old whitecoats could swim, they disappeared into the thawing sea on their way to summer rendezvous off Greenland. No record is available of Bear's original cost, but this first haul of more than twelve thousand seals—the year's record—was said to have recovered a fourth of Grieve's payment to her builders.

During ten years at "the hardest, bloodiest hunt in the world," the sealing captains enviously voted Bear best ship in the fleet. She had surpassed her own-

er's every hope. In the summer of 1883, she sailed for an overhaul in Greenock. When she arrived back in St. John's her captain did not dream that for at least three-quarters of a century her sealing days were over; nor that she was headed for adventure on adventure.

Bear pulled in to her St. John's wharf early in 1884 to be met by the distraught United States consul, who told her captain his government had paid Walter Grieve \$100,000 for her. She was to attempt the rescue of Lieut. A. W. Greely's expedition to the Canadian Arctic. A U.S. army officer, Greely had set out in 1881 to set up a meteorological station in Lady Franklin Bay, but supply ships had failed to reach him because of ice. Now a shocked American people, aware that the twenty-five-man survey party must be near starvation, was demanding action.

Turned from her planned destiny, Bear became a unit of the U.S. Navy. On April 24, 1884, urged on by prayers to "save Greely and his men," the stout barkentine left for ice-blocked northern seas.

Late in May, after vain attempts to locate leads through the pack into the

## Ode to a business woman

The type of business she prefers  
Usually isn't hers.

Ida M. Pardue

coast of Grinnell Land, where Greely was last reported, Bear found an opening. While she followed a narrow channel near shore, death flung its first challenge at her when she piled onto an uncharted sunken rock. She hung precariously on its knife edge while her commander shouted frantic orders, finally shuddered free under full steam astern. Nearly any other ship would have been holed and sunk. The Bear sailed on, her timbers scarcely dented.

But every day of searching thinned the chances of finding any Greely men alive. Bear felt her way through blizzards, fog and drifting ice, seeking desperately for signs of the lost encampment.

On June 21, in a driving blizzard, a shore party heard a human sounding cry. Scrambling up a rock-strewn slope, excited seamen came upon Sergeant Long, one of Greely's men, who collapsed at their feet, his sunken eyes wild with the light of a terrible victory.

"How many of you are alive?" he was urgently asked.

"Seven," Long said, and began to weep uncontrollably.

Weeks later, Bear sailed into New York harbor, met by the cheers of thousands at the water's edge. She had heard her first—but not her last—heartfelt ovation. At the wharfside, President Arthur came aboard to thank vessel and crew on behalf of a grateful nation.

Congress had stipulated that Bear be sold once the Greely mission was done. However, her rescue work had attracted the sentimental attentions of officers of the U.S. Revenue Marine, predecessor of the Coast Guard, who put in an impassioned bid to take over the now-celebrated ship.

Early in 1885, she changed hands, and set out under arms to police the misty Bering Sea against what Washington considered to be illegal sealing operations, largely by ships based in British Columbia ports.

The life and times of the Bear took on infinite color and variety in the next few years. Her deck became an outpost court, her captain the judge. Eskimos thronged out in kayaks and oomiaks to meet "the fire canoe," swarmed over her sides with gifts of carved walrus tusks and furs. At times, pitifully near starvation, they begged food which was always forthcoming. No wonder the ship became a living legend to them.

But Bear had less tasteful duties in policing sealers who pursued hunting tactics unilaterally declared to be illegal by the U.S., even in waters beyond the international three-mile limit. The Russian government had claimed all of the Bering Sea, Washington said, and had disposed of the claim by the sale of Alaska to the U.S. Other nations, Britain and Canada particularly, declared the American interpretation had no basis in international law.

Complications set in when, during Bear's first seasons in Alaskan waters, the Revenue Marine captured nearly a score of Canadian schooners which, they claimed, had been sealing illegally. The schooners were destroyed, their captains fined. When Britain and Canada protested, Washington retorted that a seal census showed the herds to be facing extinction. The U.S. would clamp down even more ruthlessly on "poachers."

U.S. Navy ships joined the Revenue cutters, and Britain assigned cruisers to prevent further seizure of Canadian ships. Now Bear was in the eye of the cyclone. For a while, even war seemed possible.

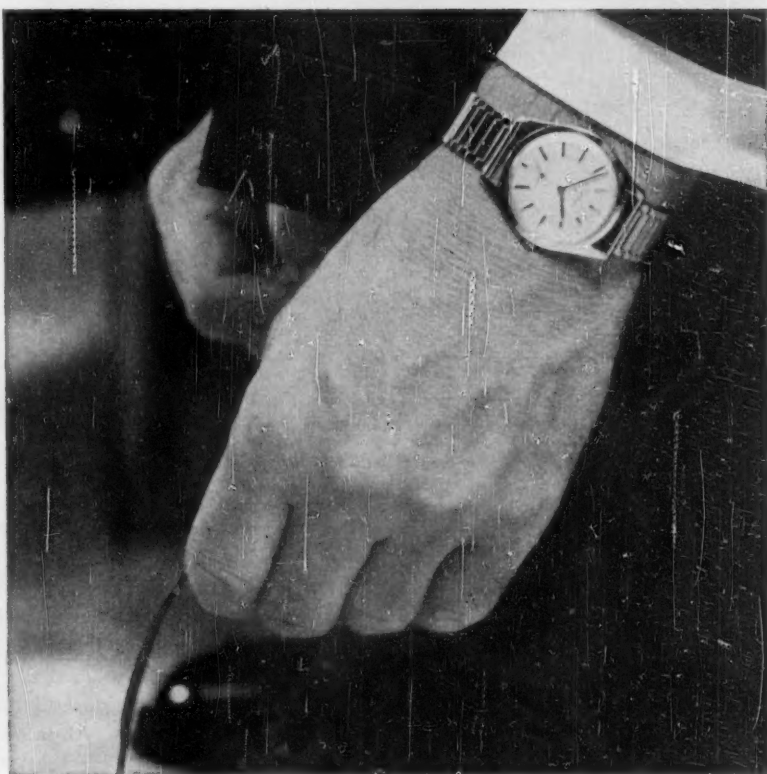
At the brink, Britain turned to rule of law. An international court met in Paris to ponder the quarrel, and it assessed the U.S. nearly half a million dollars in reparations. Yet Washington as well as Canada won a victory when the court established a closed season for seal-hunting from May 1 to July 31, and a licensing system under which only authorized vessels could hunt at all.

During that parlous time, Bear remained available for rescue work. In the fall of 1897, she was assigned to a job which was again to bring her page-one treatment in the world press. Eight whaling vessels had become trapped in the ice near Point Barrow, on Alaska's north-east coast. Captain Francis Tuttle, then Bear's commander, was ordered after the trapped men. His problem: ice prevented a ship reaching them before next midsummer, by which time they would be dead. Tuttle's desperate solution was to send an overland team to the rescue. Four men, under Lieut. D. H. Jarvis, volunteered for the trek, setting out from the village of Tunonak on December 14.

Across the snowy wilderness the party pressed, with fifteen hundred miles to go. Near Cape Nome, Jarvis persuaded an Eskimo friend to part with his herd of four hundred and thirty-eight reindeer, hoping to drive the animals across the ice to the trapped ships. How else could he deliver enough food to the starvation-menaced men?

Eight hundred miles and fifty-five days after they picked up the herd, Bear's volunteers delivered it to the whalers. "Some





## It takes two to keep up with the times

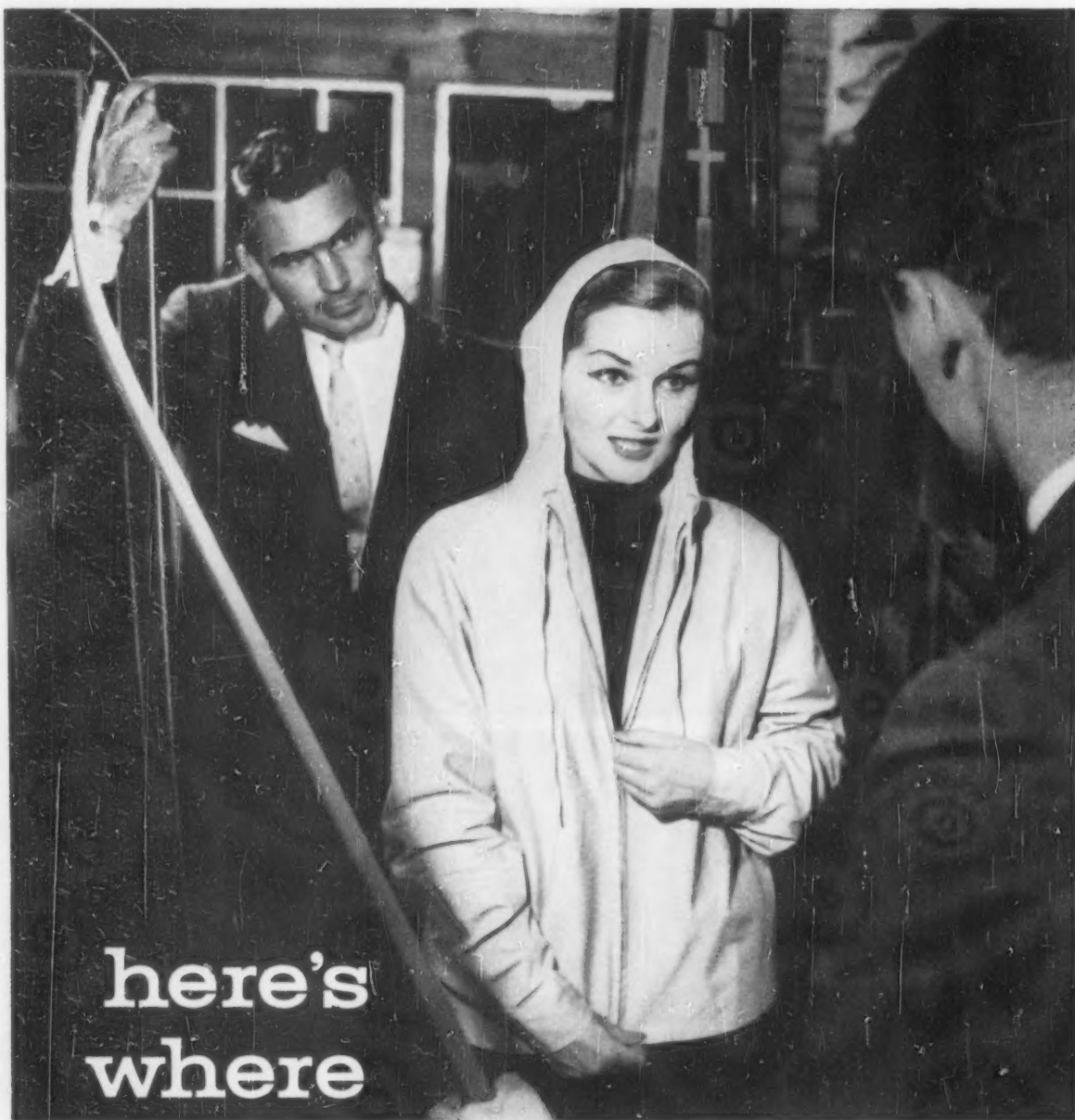
It takes two—to enjoy today's leisurely world. One fine jeweled-lever watch to time your daily activities. And another to open up a wonderful new world of time. Look for *fashion* and you'll find women's watches in the shape of bracelets or rings—men's watches with the smart simplicity that's truly modern. Look for *fun* and *function*, and you'll find watches

that wind themselves, tell time and *date*, split seconds—protect themselves from shock, water, dirt. They're all made possible by the compact, precise jeweled-lever movement itself—the *beginning* of the fine watch—invented, perfected by Swiss craftsmanship, four centuries old. *For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.*



**THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND — THE FEDERATION OF MAKERS OF**

*Fine  
Jeweled-Lever  
Swiss Watches*



# here's where your first ski lesson begins

It starts where you buy your ski clothes . . . and the lesson is simply this: to make sure, *always*, that your ski wear fastens with Lightning® zippers. You'll learn from pleasant experiences that a Lightning fastener never lets you down—always gives a snug, sleek fit that keeps out snow and wind alike. You'll learn, too, that in addition to its durable, rugged and dependable qualities, Lightning has a nice sense of fashion. All in all, it's a lesson worth learning, to look for the little tag that says "Fastened with a Lightning Zipper to be sure!" It's a sure sign of quality.



® REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF LIGHTNING FASTENER COMPANY LIMITED, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

of the officers wanted to know if we'd come in a balloon," Jarvis said later.

The whalers' reaction was hardly surprising. Nearly two thousand miles of ice separated them from open water, when the heroic team had reached them. But Bear was a great ship. Great deeds were expected of her company.

By now the gold rush to Canada's Yukon had begun, and the Revenue cutter played her part in that eventful era. In the late summer of 1897, waiting for the ice to recede northward, she policed the rambunctious prospectors holing up at Dutch Harbor until the Yukon River thawed for travel. With spring, shallow-draft steamers roared down the flooding stream, loaded with millions in nuggets and dust. Gold fever enflamed the fortune hunters.

Even Bear's crew caught it. Duty-bound to their ship, two of her officers grubstaked an Indian to search pay dirt on the Alaskan side of the border. When news came that he had struck it rich, the ship celebrated. Gloom descended when the crew learned local law did not allow natives to file claims.

## Unfit to serve?

Such side issues never kept the ship from answering cries for help. When, in 1913, the Canadian Arctic Expedition ship Karluk, under Bob Bartlett, was imprisoned in ice, Bear set out to find her. On the way, crushing floes at last found a chink in the barkentine's oaken armor. Five thousand gallons of sea an hour gushed into her hull. Pumps working furiously, she was forced to return south. Reaching Nome, the Bear's captain had an unexpected visitor—Bartlett himself. Karluk, crushed by floes, had gone to the bottom, and he had made for Nome by dog team and by hitching a ride on a schooner, to press for the rescue of his stranded men.

Speedy repairs put Bear in order. She headed for Wrangell Island where Bartlett had left his men, getting there only to find three dead of scurvy. Four others had wandered off to perish. But most were saved and taken by Bear to Victoria, B.C.

Then, after World War I, her luck turned truly sour. A new boiler—her third—blew, and she had to be towed to Seattle. There workmen reported her hull sprung in several places. Old bolts of Swedish iron—which held her timbers together instead of nails—were thought to have rusted away. The ship that had survived running into reefs, ramming by a lumber schooner, crushing by ice (once so hard that even the black rats aboard, expecting her to sink, had scurried topside in a screaming panic and leaped onto the pack), was now declared unfit for service. She had outlived her original sealing companions, Tiger, Leopard, Wolf and Lion by decades.

When her officers rose to her defense, Bear was given a more careful check by Navy experts who found her bolts solid, her timbers strong. Patched and sent to sea, she proved herself by surviving a great storm with winds reaching a hundred and fifty miles an hour.

At the ripe age of fifty, Bear was solidly frozen into the ice pack during a fog. Floes piled mountainously against her while by radio her skipper reported her plight and prepared to abandon ship. Meanwhile newspaper editorials lambasted officials for risking lives by keeping the "decrepit" craft in service. It seemed to nearly everyone she was bound to die.

Incredibly, Bear again tricked the prophets of doom. Forty-two days after the ice had seized her, it opened to free



her again. But unfavorable publicity had done what cruel nature could not. In 1926, Bear left Barrow for the last time, whites and Eskimos unashamedly weeping as they bade her farewell. When the ice-scarred ship reached Oakland, she was decommissioned and the city claimed her as a maritime museum. The price: nil. Surely now her sailing days were done.

When in 1932 she was offered for sale, a junk dealer bid a thousand dollars for her as scrap; but, timing it like the climax in a nineteenth-century melodrama, a bold hero came to the lady's rescue. Rear Admiral Richard Byrd bid one thousand and fifty dollars to win her, then brought her to life with a five-hundred-horsepower diesel engine. In the Thirties, Bear contributed largely to the success of Byrd's two voyages to Little America. After the first, Franklin Roosevelt boarded her to praise ship and crew for their Antarctic exploits. After the second, once again—like an aging prima donna—Bear "finally" retired.

World War II changed that, however, when the U.S. Navy bought her from Byrd for \$140,000—highest price she had commanded in any exchange since her launching—and sent her to patrol the Greenland coast against enemy shipping. But, the war over, she was stripped of machinery and moored in a ship's graveyard at Hingham, Mass., where, in 1948, the U.S. Maritime Commission offered her hulk for sale. Nobody appeared to want the battered old lady. Nobody, that is, but William Alfred Shaw, a lean and grizzled Haligonian who operated two sealing vessels and thought the old Bear might be fitted out to make a third.

#### For the price of a car

Anxious as Shaw was to own her, his businessman's instinct told him first to discover if she was fit for duty. Having outlived four generations of sealers, had Bear's timbers rotted too far to risk sending her to sea again?

Calling his son, A. M. Shaw, and Joe Legge, both master mariners, into his office, he told them Bear was up for sale. Their eyes lit up when he named the ship. He walked to a window overlooking Halifax's Barrington Street, stood there a moment, shoulders slouched. Straightening, he turned. "Go down and look her over," he said. "Write me if she's sound."

When it came, the two captains' report was cautiously favorable. Digging into the oak, they found nothing significantly wrong with the watertight hull. An outside expert was called in. He reported: "She is probably in better condition than most boats ten years old running around the coast today."

Overjoyed, Shaw put in his bid. For a seemingly paltry \$5,000—hardly more than the price of a medium-sized car—he owned the ship he had secretly coveted for twenty years. Yet all he actually had was an empty shell. Even her hull, though sound, needed repairs.

Shaw's first move was cannily business-like. Finding 83,333 pounds of lead ballast along Bear's bottom, he sold it for more than twice her cost. For \$1,750 he had her towed to Mahone Bay where a shipyard went to work on her.

Then came a series of rude shocks. Seeking a new engine, Shaw was quoted \$150,000—thirty times the cost of the ship! "We have not made a clutch of the type originally installed in the Bear for years," one firm replied to a query. Even a propeller would cost \$1,695.

But a fine-toothed search turned up a second-hand engine, a thousand-horsepower job taken from a wrecked tug,

for "about \$20,000." Shaw announced Bear would return to sealing next season and reaped a fine harvest of sentimental feature stories in seaport newspapers. Even the New York Times joined in to remind its readers of the ship's lofty niche in marine history.

Painfully, Shaw gathered together missing parts for Bear, put an iron bed in her to carry her engine. By then, the first sealing season in which he had hoped the ship would fly his banner had passed. He had already spent sixty thousand dollars on her when the sealing showed

the first signs of a temporary decline.

Examining the experience of another, lighter ship, he came tardily to the decision that a thousand horsepower would not propel Bear at the eleven knots he required. That engine was never installed. Instead, Bear was moved to anchorage almost in the shadow of Halifax harbor's graceful bridge, where she now awaits the resurrection her owner says will not be long delayed—unless a San Francisco maritime museum raises a previous offer to buy the ship. If that happens, the stout old barkentine may end her days as a

collector's item in California. But the sentimental side of the shipowner, which he tries hard to conceal, seems to indicate he would rather use her himself.

"No other boat alive has done what she's done," he said recently. "She is getting a new coat of black paint right now. Would I be wasting money to keep her in shape if I didn't intend to put her back to sealing, where she began?"

Somehow, Shaw made it seem as if the eighty-four-year-old Bear would live forever. At any rate, she's had a pretty good start. ★

## These are the Secrets of David Post Known to his friends as a Wiser Host



When mixing a drink for guests at home  
(as in the best of places)  
Put in the ice *before* you pour  
don't splash it in their faces.



Remember, says our Wiser host  
(and here make no mistake)  
When it says shake, don't ever stir  
and when it's stir . . . don't shake.



If cocktails call for mixing juice  
like orange, lemon, lime  
You only use the  *freshest*  fruit  
with Wiser's every time.



And these are the whiskies, aged in wood  
That taste the way  *good*  whisky should  
So take the advice of David Post  
Be known to  *your*  friends as a Wiser host.

# Wiser's

## DELUXE and 101

CANADIAN WHISKIES SINCE 1857

#### WISER HIGHBALL

Pour 1½ oz. Wiser's over 2 ice cubes in highball glass. Add water or soda water to taste. Stir.

#### WISER WHISKY FLIP

Into shaker with cracked ice add one teaspoon sugar, one whole egg and 2 oz. Wiser's. Shake well and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Top with nutmeg.

#### WISER ROCK AND RYE

Use an old fashioned glass. Dissolve one piece of Rock Candy in 2 oz. Wiser's. Add juice of half lemon. Mix well and serve.

#### WISER HOT TODDY

Into a porcelain mug put 1 lump sugar and 1½ oz. Wiser's. Fill ¾ mug with boiling water. Add slice of lemon. A little nutmeg may be grated on top.



*'Like as two spoons?'*

*There's a great difference  
in Vermouths, too!*

In vermouths, the "hallmark" is the Martini label  
—signifying subtleties of flavor and aroma found  
in no other vermouths in the world.

*Imported from Italy in the 35-oz bottle*

FOR DRIER MARTINIS USE

**MARTINI**

**EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH**

Lighter in color... not quite so bitter.  
If you like your martinis drier, you'll always use  
Martini "Extra Dry" vermouth.

USE

**MARTINI & ROSSI**

**SWEET VERMOUTH**

As an aperitif  
neat, or on the rocks  
with twist of lemon peel.  
As a long drink  
with mixer and ice.

For a new taste thrill,  
try Martini sweet and dry vermouths half  
and half—on the rocks. It's delightfully  
light... and downright delicious.

For matchless Manhattans

PAUL CHARTRAND • OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES • MONTREAL, QUE.



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

## "U. S. paratroopers in Little Rock may have signaled the death of the American Republic"

standards. While white civilization is rubbing off, Negro civilization may be transferring to white children. Many parents, though ardently wishing for improvement of Negroes, are unwilling to subject their children to the ordeal of doing what three centuries of association with white man's civilization has not yet accomplished.

If this sounds snobbish, examine your own conscience. Which would you put first: Your theory of racial justice, or giving your own child the best possible opportunity in life?

People in Canada may find these sentiments hard to accept.

Canada is white-man's country. English and French settlers of Canada, as in the United States, exterminated the Indians or pushed them into far corners of the land. They did not set up a small ruling class of white men over a huge native population, as some colonial powers have done. Nor did they merge with them, as the Spanish and Portuguese did in some Latin-American countries.

Of the seventeen million people in Canada, only a tiny fraction is colored. The World Almanac, listing origins as estimated on population figures of 1951, lumps native Indians and Eskimos at 165,607, less than one percent of the total. All other origins are white. Neither Orientals nor Africans are sufficiently numerous to be included in this list.

Only about eighteen thousand Negroes live in Canada. The percentage is too small to bother about computing. More than twice as many Negroes live in my home city of Charleston, S.C., as inhabit the whole vast expanse of Canada.

A couple of years ago I visited Toronto to appear on a CBC program about segregation of schools. During the twenty-four hours I was in Toronto I twice saw a Negro. It was the same Negro. When I enquired, I was told that colored people seldom were seen and created no problem.

The proportion of Negroes in the United States is about ten percent. They are concentrated most heavily in eleven Southern states. For the whole Southern region the percentage of Negroes is about twenty-five percent.

But proportions vary greatly by locality. In some counties seventy-five percent or more of the people are Negroes. And in some school districts the proportion would be ten to one.

How can a Southerner, living in a heavily Negro area, explain race segregation to Canadians who may have seen only a handful of Negroes in their lives?

Is it true what they say about Dixie? Are most Southern white people heartless brutes in dealing with their colored brothers? Or are Southerners just ignorant? Haven't they heard about the rising tide of color? What about the statement in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal"?

Southerners are, in some respects, different from other citizens of the U.S. They have tasted the bitter medicine of defeat in war. They have lived through years of grinding poverty while other regions grew rich.

For many years now a campaign of

propaganda has smeared the South. The metropolitan newspapers and nationally circulated magazines have set up a paper curtain over views that clash with their notions of proper race relations. They have taken the position that segregation is wrong, and that integration—though flagrantly violated in many ways in the North—is right, at least in principle.

Southerners are overwhelmingly opposed to the mingling of white and colored pupils in public schools. They believe their system is best for both races. Until the Supreme Court decision of 1954 it had the full sanction of federal law. It still has the sanction of state law.

Who has a right to say that all thirty million white Southerners are guilty of bigotry because they do not agree with other people's notions?

Southerners would like to be understood. When they try to explain, their views are not accepted by persons whose minds already have been conditioned to believe that it is morally wrong to separate human beings according to race. Separation has come to mean discrimination, and discrimination has been made a sin.

The troops at Little Rock dramatized the public-school phase of the vast race problem. Because they crossed long-established lines of state and federal authority, U.S. paratroopers in a state capital may have signaled the death of the American Republic.

If armed occupation of states resisting forced integration becomes a fixed policy of Washington, the South will be no more than a conquered province, as it was after the Civil War.

Forcing people to conform to patterns of living they regard as hateful not only is abhorrent to citizens of a republic; it is, in the long run, impractical in a free country. Though Canada lacks the Negro problem, it long ago recognized differences among citizens of French and English descent and made allowances for them. Dual language is only one symbol of difference. But differences of language, religion and national heritage among white people are as nothing compared to differences of race and color.



**Who is it?**

Poll: today's *Canadiennes* and she'd be the leading vote-getter. Turn to page 52 to find out who she is.



What are those differences? The relative effects of heredity and environment among human beings are not yet fully understood.

But Southern people understand, through personal experiences, differences between white and colored people, and the reasons why they live together in peace and harmony only when socially separated. These differences include home environment, morals, intellectual tastes and general culture. Economic factors of course affect all these and other qualities. But economics, in the opinion of white Southerners, is by no means the only factor. Most white people look forward to the day when Negroes will earn and produce greater wealth.

In the South, schools and churches are social as well as educational and religious institutions. The mingling of such institutions inevitably leads to social mingling. Over all hangs the conviction that eventually miscegenation—the amalgamation of the races—would be the result. Looking at the results of mixing the races in some Latin-American republics, the white Southerner wants none of it for his home territory.

When the Negro slaves were freed by Civil War, the victorious North made no provision for their training and support. Their former masters were now dead or impoverished. The South lay in ruins. Slowly and painfully, the region rebuilt and developed. In freedom the Negro had to make his own way. He still is in the learning stage. Meanwhile, the white man has both carried him and depended on him. The destinies of white and black are too closely bound together either to separate or to mingle by federal force.

Once before the U. S. tried force in the name of morals. Prohibition was called an experiment that was noble in motive. Nobility was not enough to make it work. Citizens found there were worse things than alcohol. The day may come when Southerners have to bootleg segregation. Already it is being done in the North.

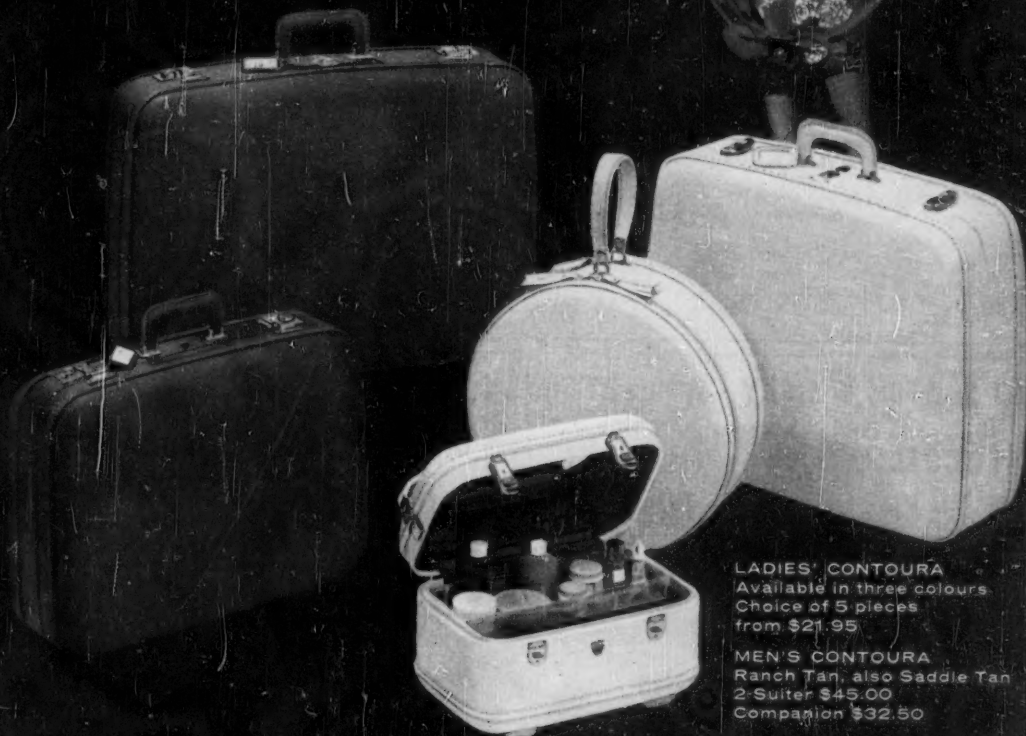
As Negroes move into Northern cities seeking higher wages and (to a lesser degree) the joys of integration, they bring race problems with them. Mixed schools have produced "blackboard jungles." Juvenile delinquency, not confined to any race, has taken on new terrors in the tension of race mixture. Regardless of denials in the North, Southerners associate these troubles with race mingling.

Segregated Negro schools in the South are virtually free of disorder. Interracial strife in the past has been negligible. Negro teachers understand how to handle Negro children. More Negro teachers are employed in South Carolina than in all of New England, New York and New Jersey. They maintain discipline, the first requisite for learning.

If the quality of education for Negroes has not been as high as for whites in the South, it is improving by leaps and bounds. Mingling the races at this stage of development would hold back white children without bringing forward Negroes. This is the opinion of the overwhelming majority of white Southerners. The results so far in Washington, D.C., where large numbers of Negroes have been mixed with whites, have not caused these white Southerners to change their minds.

Northern people who settle in the South—and I am speaking now from personal acquaintance with many of them—usually come to the conclusion that the Southern pattern is best for both races. The pattern is changing with the times. One of the greatest changes—completely voluntary, without threat of courts or troops—of recent years is the acceptance of Negro customers in Southern stores.

*How to make light  
of your gift list...*



LADIES' CONTOURA  
Available in three colours.  
Choice of 5 pieces  
from \$21.95

MEN'S CONTOURA  
Ranch Tan, also Saddle Tan  
2-Suiter \$45.00  
Companion \$32.50

*give* **contoura**  
*by* **McBRINE**

...the latest in luggage for years of  
light-hearted (and light-handed) travel!

Buy McBRINE  
where you  
see this sign...



\* Not just new, but a completely new kind of baggage contour-moulded in ultra smart styling... Fibreglas reinforced for amazing strength with lightness! —Just one of the many styles in fine baggage made in Canada by McBrine.

## Personal Shopping...

For most people shopping is a time-consuming chore... the wide variety and choice of merchandise, the time spent in planning, and the time spent in selecting... these are only a few of the problems that concern the discriminating buyer. But today's modern merchandising has instituted many services to lighten the load... for example, "the personal shopper," the specialist who assesses your shopping problems and then makes selections or suggestions to meet your needs and desires.

This personal shopping service has its counterpart in the investment business. For many years we have been assisting our clients in planning their investment portfolios, in obtaining basic or current information on which to base decisions, and in making investment selections to suit their individual requirements.

If you would like this kind of personal service just get in touch with us... any of our offices will be glad to help you.

### A. E. Ames & Co. Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO	MONTREAL	NEW YORK	LONDON, ENG.	VANCOUVER
VICTORIA	WINNIPEG	CALGARY	LONDON	OTTAWA
KITCHENER	ST. CATHARINES	OWEN SOUND	QUEBEC	BOSTON, MASS.

Where once they were discouraged, because white customers would object, they now are welcomed as a matter of course. The Negro in the United States represents in dollars a market about as large as Canada—the best customer for U. S. exports. There is no color line in cash. It's all green. As manpower, too, the Negro is a necessary asset to industrial progress in the South.

Left free to develop in his own way, the Negro will progress naturally. Many new avenues for enjoyment of the rights and privileges of citizenship, which he already has in theory, are opening in practice. The use of pressure, however, is costing the Negro the most valuable asset he has in the South—the good will of the white man.

A minor example of what happens under forced integration is a cafeteria at the Charleston Naval Base. Until five years ago, the cafeteria served more than a thousand meals daily at the lunch hour. White and Negro patrons ate in separate dining rooms. The food came from the same kitchen. On Oct. 19, 1953, the cafeteria was integrated on orders from Washington. The patronage dropped the first day to about four hundred and subsequently to a hundred and twenty—the present figure. White workers refused to eat there.

In keeping separate from Negroes, Southern white people are following the traditions of their ancestors. They observe a similar tendency among white people elsewhere when confronted with race-in-the-mass. Maclean's Magazine has printed many articles about race consciousness, touching on such matters as the exclusion from barber shops and restaurants at Dresden, Ont., a town with three hundred Negroes among a population of seventeen hundred, and the Japanese problem in British Columbia.

Southerners also note the expulsion of the Dutch from Indonesia. The move-

ment has undertones of race as well as nationalism. In the light of Indonesia and anti-white movements elsewhere among yellow, brown and black peoples, Southerners are skeptical about the charge that separation of the races in the Southern states feeds Communist propaganda throughout the world. They recognize that people of similar blood strains have a natural affinity for their own brothers. They defend their own desire to keep the races separate in the South as much as they can, while dealing justly with their colored neighbors.

As to legal aspects of racial separation in the U. S., constitutional lawyers by no means are agreed on what is "the law of the land." The 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, upsetting fifty-eight years of judicial precedent, is still not accepted as the last word on all phases of race relations.

As a people who have fought for freedom—and as a minority of U. S. citizens who have tasted defeat on their home soil—Southerners have a special fear of the oppressive power of superior military force. The bayonets at Little Rock brought back memories of Reconstruction, the aftermath of the Civil War in 1866-1876. Military occupation then placed Negroes and radical whites in charge of Southern state governments. The decade was a period of frightful waste, degradation and chaos.

While granting the right of Negroes to vote and enjoy all the rights and privileges of citizenship, the white Southerner wants no repetition of mixed government, especially in areas where he is himself in the minority. He believes that much more time is necessary for development of the Negro people as a group. How much time is a matter for speculation. Attempts to speed up the process by laws, backed up with prison bars and bayonets, have delayed progress in the opinion of many sober Southerners. ★

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY • FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

**One Scotch  
Stands Out**

because

*'Quality Tells'*



By Appointment to  
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
Scotch Whisky Distillers  
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

Available in  
various bottle sizes

JASPER

By Simpkins



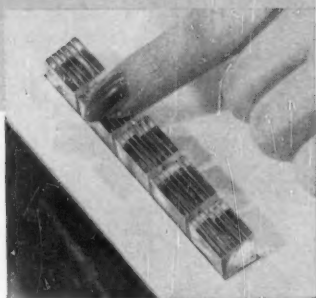
MACLEAN'S

"Gosh coach, isn't there anything in the rule book about allowing the mascot to play?"





Exclusive! 5 Push-Button Controls place all operations at your finger tips. (1) Lullaway Sleep Switch—lets you drift off to sleep to music that fades softly away. (2) Off. (3) On. (4) Radio Alarm (5) Buzzer Alarm—for deep sleepers, follows radio alarm 10 minutes later.



## THE *World's First* "Push Button" CLOCK RADIO

**PHILCO 755**—Most automatic clock radio ever built. New, modern 'Slender Set' styling in choice of Aqua or Lustre Ivory finishes. Big, bold clock face with luminous hands. Newly designed "Clip-In" chassis with printed circuitry sealed against moisture.



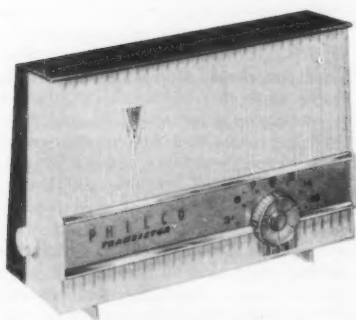
### PHILCO 751

Be smart... join the 'Slender Set.' This feature-packed Philco will win the hearts of all ages this gift season. Full clock face is easy to see and operate. 5-tube "Clip-In" chassis. Big 4-inch speaker with Duo Sound. Sleep Switch, Lullaway Circuit and Buzzer Alarm. Pink, Aqua or Lustre Ivory.

# PHILCO

## "Slender Set"

### CLOCK and TABLE RADIOS for 1959



### PHILCO T-900 Transistor

Powerful new 7-transistor chassis. Amazing performance on just 4 regular flashlight batteries. This full dress 'Slender Set' is finished front and back in two tone Ivory and Black with gold trim. Play it anywhere—no need to be near an electrical outlet.



### PHILCO 826 Twin Speakers

A whole new concept in radio design! Twin, matched 4-inch dynamic speakers deliver remarkably clear, lifelike tone. New 5-tube "Clip-In" chassis with printed circuitry. Illuminated, easy-to-read tuning dial. Choice of Lustre Ivory, Flame or Aqua.

**PHILCO**

...manufacturing in Canada for 30 years

SEE  
YOUR  
NEAREST  
**PHILCO**  
DEALER  
TODAY

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO**

TELEVISION • RADIO • HIGH FIDELITY • REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • RANGES • AIR CONDITIONERS • WASHERS • DRYERS

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 6, 1958

N° 22 BOIS DES ILES CUIR DE RUSSIE GARDENIA



# CHANEL

if you want a taste of quality  
make tracks for

**EMU**  
Australian  
WINES and BRANDY



**EMU 999 TAWNY PORT**  
A beautifully blended dessert wine which has won 4 International Gold Medal Awards.

**EMU BRANDY**  
A distinguished aroma and an authoritative taste make Emu one of the really fine brandies.

**EMU SHERRY**  
Well-balanced, medium-dry and skilfully blended and matured in wood. Smarter than a cocktail.

**FREE!** The superb Emu Booklet about Australian Wines — a valuable guide to gracious entertaining.  
Write to Dept. M, Emu Canada Ltd.,  
1126 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.



Trade Mark Reg'd.



## Who says forty is too old?

Continued from page 27

"I think enthusiasm is just great — but I'll take experience . . . Youth can be a deterrent."

a golfer has to have the experience that I piled up playing this game for twenty-five years if he's going to be a consistent money-winner. A man might accelerate his emotional maturity by going out on his own earlier than I did, as younger pros like Arnold Palmer, the current Masters' champion, Tommy Bolt, the present U.S. Open champion, and Dow Finsterwald, the 1958 Professional Golfers' Association champion, have done. My point is that a man in his forties isn't too old to do it, either. And the reason for this is that tournament golf is a psychological and emotional exercise more than a physical one, and it requires a patient skillful directing of effort rather than a flashy one. An older man is at no disadvantage here.

I make one concession to the years: I play in less than half the tournaments on the year-round circuit. I play in three or four in a row, and then I start feeling mentally and physically fatigued. So I fly home, putter around the garden for a week or so, do a little fishing, and lay off golf completely. Then, after ten days or so of loafing, I go out to the golf course where I play and practice every day, working on three or four clubs each day and hitting just enough balls to keep loose. After three weeks or a month of this I'm ready again. I think the thing that helps me most during a tournament is that I have no trouble sleeping. The instant my head hits the pillow I'm gone for eight or nine hours. This may not be so with a young fellow, who's bound to be excited when he starts mixing with the best men in his game.

Indeed, youth can be a deterrent because youth is aggressive and impulsive. I used to hit the ball much farther off the tee than I do now, and then I'd stand admiring it as it climbed. Years ago in a tournament at Shaughnessy Heights in Vancouver I was in a threesome with Lloyd Mangrum and that famous long-hitter of a decade or more ago, John (Mysterious) Montague. I frequently outdrove Montague, winding up and walloping every tee shot a mile. I remember that on Shaughnessy's eleventh hole, a par five of 515 yards, I used a drive and an eight-iron to hit the green. Then I sank a twelve-foot putt for an eagle three. I had four birdies, too, meaning one stroke under par on four other holes, but I wound up shooting a par 72. The trouble was that I had six bogeys, too—one over par on six holes. Mangrum, who had a mere four birdies all afternoon to go with fourteen pars, shot an unspectacular 68 to whip me by four strokes. Montague and I drew the admiring sighs of the gallery with our prodigious drives, but we spent half the afternoon in the rough looking for the ball.

Ten years ago I had the Canadian Open all but in my pocket. The tournament was at Beaconsfield, near Montreal, and I came up to the sixteenth tee leading the field on the last round—which would make it the 70th hole of the tournament. The sixteenth, a routine par four at Beaconsfield, had a big old barn just off the fairway on the left. I stepped up to my tee shot and belted a low

climbing line-drive, figuring this was a good birdie hole. Then the ball began to hook, and on its second long bounce it whacked into the end of the barn and dropped into some long grass. When I came up to the ball, I couldn't see the green for the barn. I had to chip out onto the fairway, and then play my third to the green. I missed a long putt, and took a bogey five. I lost that tournament by one stroke. Dick Metz and George Fazio tied for first place, and I was a stroke behind. With practically all of Quebec on the right-hand side of that barn, I had to knock a ball out of sight! And, incidentally, I was thirty-three then; I was no boy at this game.

Time has taught me to play a conservative game and an accident I had in 1956 underlined the lesson. Fifteen months after I'd started the U.S. tour I took a short holiday at home to rest and do some work around the house. While I was fixing some shingles I fell fifteen feet off the roof and broke three bones in my right foot. I was in a cast for six weeks and when I got back to swinging I had to lean more on my left foot. I discovered my drives were much more consistent with a shorter backswing; instead of a hard-to-control hook, they had a tendency to fade slightly and drop like a feather on the fairway.

### The \$9,000 accident

I rarely thrill the galleries with long tee shots as I once did. I use a shorter swing and try to put the ball in a good position for the second shot, just as a billiards player always thinks of the next shot while he's executing this one. A golfer learns that it pays off on the scoreboard to sacrifice distance for accuracy. In my forties I think enthusiasm is just great—but I'll take experience.

If I were to come up to that barn-hole at Beaconsfield again today I'd lay the ball well to the right and in position for a routine approach shot. That is, I'd do it if the circumstances were the same as they were in 1948 when I had a strong chance to win by playing safe. Obviously, if I were a couple of strokes behind the leader I'd shake the ants out of my stance and fire away. The experienced golfer learns when to gamble. He says to himself after assessing the situation: "What will this gamble do for me if it comes off? What'll it cost if it doesn't?"

But no matter how carefully you play, sometimes the breaks will go against you and cost you money. One break cost me nine thousand dollars in the Masters' tournament at Augusta last spring, as I mentioned earlier. Next to the U.S. Open, the Masters is the top prestige tournament in the country, an annual gathering of the world's best golfers which this year came in the wake of Georgia floods.

The first day of the tournament was played under USGA rules, meaning that the ball cannot be touched by the hands, and that even imbedded balls must be played as they lie. On the twelfth hole, a short par three across a river which had flooded and then subsided, I hit a seven-



iron shot. The ball plugged into the soft apron of the green. When I came up to it, about a quarter of it was visible. I hit it with a wedge onto the green where it plopped, covered with mud and about the size of a tennis ball. From there I took three putts to get down, for a double-bogey five.

After that round, the tournament committee ruled that USGA wet-weather rules would prevail, allowing plugged balls to be cleaned and dropped and the ball to be cleaned on the green. On the third round of the tournament Arnold Palmer came to that same twelfth hole on the rain-sodden course and his tee shot struck a bank and became imbedded in the soft earth. He claimed he was entitled to lift the ball. People with him were a little hazy on the ruling and told him he couldn't. So he played out, and got a five. Then he went back to the spot, dropped a provisional ball, and got a par three. The rules committee made an on-the-spot ruling. The par three counted.

You can guess what happened. Palmer won the tournament's first-prize money of eleven thousand dollars with a four-round total of 284. Fred Hawkins and Doug Ford were tied for second with 285, and I was tied with Ken Venturi in fourth place with 286, worth two thousand dollars. If my ball had become imbedded on that twelfth hole on any other day except the first day of the tournament, I'd have had a 284. Or if Palmer's had become imbedded on the first day, he'd have had a 286.

But I'm really in no position to complain; I've had my share of good breaks. When I won my first tournament, the Greensboro Open in 1957, I was tied in the fourth round with the local favorite, big Mike Souhak, who had been a great football player at Duke University in North Carolina. We were playing with Doug Ford in a threesome on that final day and on the thirteenth hole I hit my drive badly and the ball headed for a dense grove of trees on the left. It hit one of the trees with a solid sickening *donk*. I expected it to disappear into the forest and take my hopes of victory with it. But instead, it bounded out onto the middle of the fairway. I got my par and went on to win the tournament.

I think everybody who wins needs a few lucky breaks in addition to good play. Ken Venturi won the Phoenix Open this year with the aid of the most remarkable break I ever heard of. The fifteenth at Phoenix is a par three over a lake—it's about a five-iron shot. There are a lot of ornamental orange trees at Phoenix, some of them bordering the lake. In the lake itself are a lot of floating oranges, put there to provide decoration.

Venturi hit a five-iron shot off the tee and he caught it fat, lifting it high and short. But instead of splashing into the lake the ball hit an orange with a dull thud, hopped off onto the bank and skittered up to the fringe of the green. He got his par three.

And then on the 72nd hole Venturi's second shot was heading for some bunkers on the left. But the ball hit a rake lying in front of the bunkers, rolled along the handle and stopped at the edge of the green. He was down in two from there for a birdie four. The most ironic part of the whole incident was that the rake had been left there by Jay Hebert's caddy. Hebert had gone into the trap,

#### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.



## This year it's a Sheaffer Christmas

If you're looking for a gift that says "You're a very special person", a Sheaffer Pen says it for you more delightfully—and more often—than any other. For a Sheaffer Pen gives its owner that special kind of pleasure that comes from owning and handling an exquisite piece of craftsmanship. Every part is precision made. And a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen is the *one* pen for the fastidious, because it keeps ink right away from the fingers. With the Sheaffer Snorkel filling tube there's no dunking—the tube is the only part of the pen to touch ink. And with

the new Lady Sheaffer Pen . . . a fashion accessory . . . you just drop a Skrip cartridge into the barrel—and write. So make this a Sheaffer Christmas.

**For him**, choose a Sheaffer Snorkel ensemble, identified by the famous White Dot.

**For her**, a Lady Sheaffer Pen, this season's most fashionable gift, so unique it becomes a distinctive accessory.

Sheaffer Pens are sold at all fine stores. The cost is surprisingly low—Sheaffer's Snorkel Pens from \$8.75 . . . Lady Sheaffer Pens from \$10.00.



Sheaffer's Statesman . . . Famous White Dot SNORKEL Pen with matching pencil. Colours: Blue, Burgundy, Green, Black, Beige. Pen, \$13.50; Pencil, \$6.50; Set, in Gift Box, \$20.00.

WHEN IT COMES TO WRITING—  
COME TO

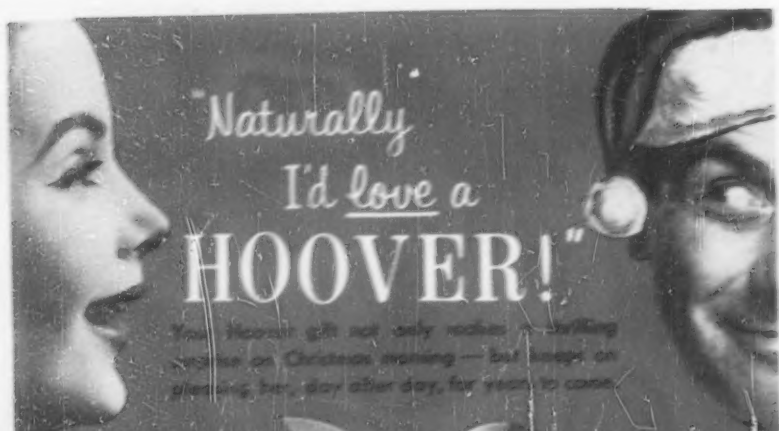
# SHEAFFER'S



Lady Sheaffer III 'Skripsert' Fountain Pen. In "Paisley" pattern with harmonizing Pouch Case and matching Pouch for convenient supply of SKRIP cartridges. \$10.00.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO. OF CANADA LTD., GODERICH, ONTARIO.

© 1958 W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA



"Naturally  
I'd love a  
**HOOVER!**"

Your Hoover gift not only makes a thrilling surprise on Christmas morning—but keeps on pleasing her, day after day, for years to come.

The pace-setting  
**HOOVER CONVERTIBLE**

Actually two cleaners in one. Deep-cleans rugs as only a Hoover can... then, click-in the Converter, and get 50% more power for suction cleaning tool!

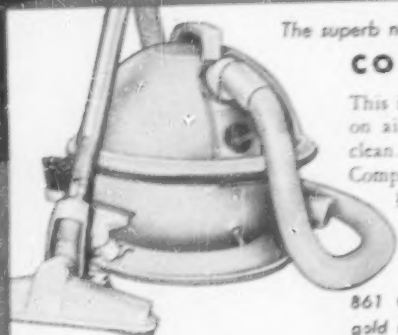
Hoover 661 Convertible... in Garland Green and Pearl White.



The superb new **HOOVER CONSTELLATION**

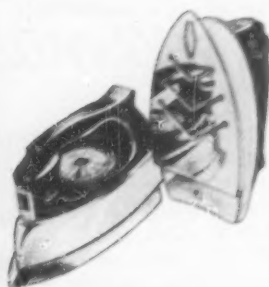
This is the Hoover that walks on air! It floats along as you clean. No pulling or tugging. Complete with Double-Stretch hose, extra-large throw-away bag and tools in permanent rack.

861 Constellation... antique gold and pearl white.



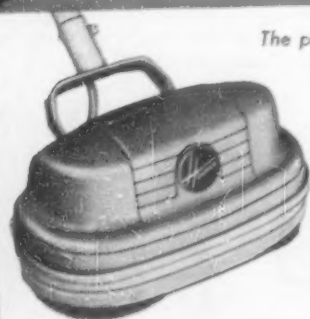
The super-smooth  
**HOOVER STEAM IRON**

Glides smoothly on its exclusive stainless steel soleplate. Scratch-resistant—safe for any fabric. Uses tap water. Instantly switches from steam to dry. Easy-to-read dial has six temperature settings.



The powerful **HOOVER FLOOR POLISHER**

Light yet powerful—so easy to guide. Quickly imparts a rich, mirror-like lustre. Anti-splash guard protects walls and furniture. Handle may be shortened to polish car and counter tops.



**HOOVER'S GOLDEN JUBILEE**  
Celebrating 50 years of leadership in home appliances.



blasted out, and got a par five. After his caddy cleaned up the bunker he tossed the rake down in front of it. Hebert lost the tournament by one stroke—to Venturi.

As I say, you've got to be lucky every now and then to win, but you also have to have a very sound game and, I think most important of all, a positive psychological approach. Suppose you get three lucky breaks in a tournament—there are still approximately two hundred and seventy other shots that have to be made, and you've got to figure that you can make every one of them. Confidence in your own game is vital.

When I've got a tough shot to make I say to myself, over and over, "I can do it. I can do it. I can make this shot." I go up to my ball, take half a minute of complete concentration while I figure out what club I want, how I'm going to make the shot, where I want it to land. Then I address the ball, and I draw a mental picture of its flight. The swing is automatic. I never think, "Now I've got to keep my left arm straight. I must keep my backswing slow. I mustn't lift my head." You can't play good golf if you're worrying about the technical aspects of your swing. This is why the weekend golfer rarely breaks ninety; while he's concentrating on doing one thing right, he's probably doing two other things wrong. And the chances are he's concentrating on the wrong thing, anyway.

It's on the practice field that a golfer's swing becomes as reflexive as a pianist's ability to pick out Middle C without winding up his thought processes, and I guess I had mine by the time I was nineteen.

By then my golf was pretty strong. I won the B. C. Amateur twice, was named on the B. C. Willingdon Cup team five times, and got to the finals of the Canadian Amateur in 1935 where I lost to Sandy Somerville at the thirty-seventh hole. I won my share of tournaments—the Canadian Professional Golfers Association championship six times, the B. C. Open four times, the Daily Province match-play tournament five times, the Alberta Open eight times, the North West Open once, and I was the low Canadian six times in the Canadian Open.

But, as I said earlier, every time I tangled with the top American pros I was never satisfied that I had given this game a true effort. I don't think I really became convinced that I belonged in their company until that Tournament of Champions victory at Las Vegas last April.

By the time a seasoned pro named Bill Casper and I reached the seventeenth tee on the final round of that tournament, no one else had a chance to beat us. For the last two holes, it was strictly man to man, and we were tied. He drove first on a lake-dotted hole which required the tee shot to travel far enough in the air to clear one lake on the right, but not roll so far as to catch another lake farther up on the left. Casper tried to play safe with a two-iron off the tee, but he hit the ball a trifle fat and hit the first lake. That cost him a penalty shot so that when he hit again he was three off the tee. And that shot caught the lake on the left!

If I'd shot first I'd have used a two-iron, too, but when I saw what happened to Bill I lofted a three-wood safely between the lakes. He dropped a ball by the second lake, taking another penalty, and then he played a beautiful shot to the green where he was lying five. I was lying one in the middle of the fairway, and the thought suddenly struck me, "My God, I can win it all!"

I played that second shot to the green because on any shot that's a long shot

there's not much tension and it's easier to relax on a fuller swing. The ball stopped a good twenty feet inside his, but he holed a tremendous thirty-foot putt for a six. I got down in two putts for a four and wasn't the least bit nervous going to the eighteenth—and last—tee with a two-stroke lead.

The eighteenth is a very narrow fairway with a lake on the right and it was lined on the left by thousands of people. This was where I showed I'd learned my lesson that time at Beaconsfield when I hit the barn: I carefully thought out my tactics. Knowing that all of those people couldn't possibly get out of the way, I deliberately aimed toward the edge of them because the green was easier to approach from the left and that lake was dangerous. As I'd figured, the ball bounced off two or three spectators and fell in fine position at the edge of the fairway. I hit a very easy seven-iron shot to the green, but it just went over and I had to chip back with my third shot, and lay about twelve feet from the pin.

Meanwhile, Bill hit his drive right



Answer to  
**Who is it?** on page 46

Mme. Thérèse Casgrain, the leader of the CCF party in Quebec, who is credited by the Canadian Who's Who with having won, almost single-handed, the right for Quebec women to vote.

down the middle, played his second to the green and had a twenty-five-foot putt. It crept into my mind that he might sink this long one, as he'd done on the seventeenth green, and if he did I'd have to sink my twelve-footer to win. He had to go over a hump in the green and play the roll down from there, and I must say he made a magnificent try. He stopped inches short and was down in four. Now all I needed were two putts from twelve feet for the five that would beat him by one shot, since I had a two-stroke cushion.

The green was completely surrounded with people piled ten deep, and over by the scoreboard nearby were piled ten thousand silver dollars waiting for the champion to collect them.

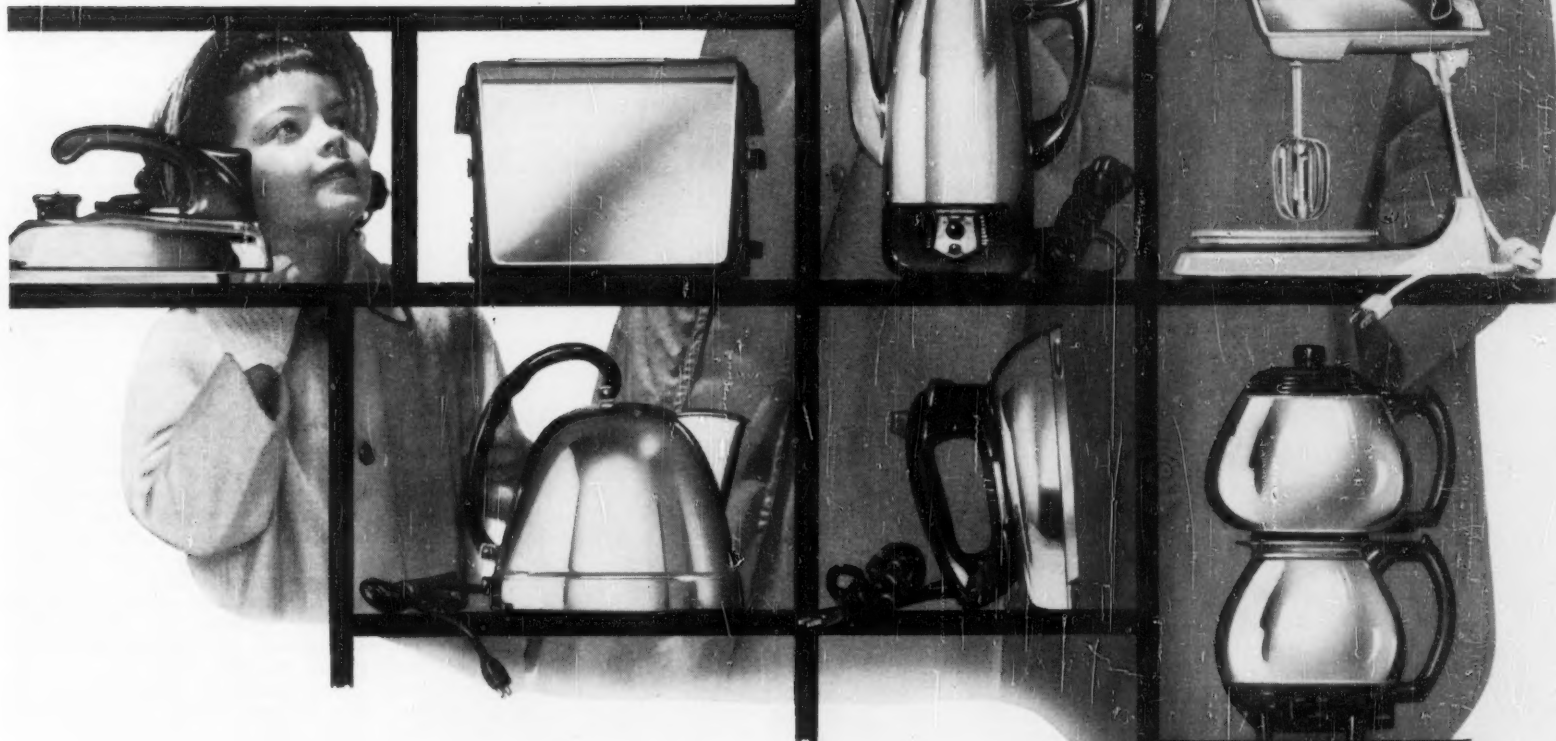
Suddenly, and at long last, I was overcome with nerves and tension. I knew I just had to put my twelve-footer close, and then sink the short one to win, but as I addressed the ball I simply couldn't pull my putter back to stroke the ball. I straightened up from stance and walked away from the putt.

"I can do this," I said to myself. "I know I can do it. But what if I... no, no, no! I can do it."

I did, too. I went back to that ball and rolled it to within a foot of the cup. Then I tapped it in. Then I took another look at that pile of ten thousand silver dollars. They were all mine. ★



## For bright lasting beauty choose appliances plated with Inco Nickel



Electrical appliances with a gleaming plated finish add bright beauty to your kitchen. And how much easier and more efficient they make your household tasks. Food stains, grease, dirt and grime wipe off so easily. Properly plated appliances won't chip, crack or deteriorate in appearance. How nice to know that the appliances you buy today will stay bright and new looking for years to come.

We ordinarily speak of these appliances as being "chrome-plated". Actually, they're plated with both nickel and chromium. On the surface, a thin film of chromium helps give appliances their bright, shiny appearance . . . but under-

neath, a heavy coating of nickel provides the real protection against rust, corrosion and wear.

Nickel plating has become a major industry in Canada. Electrical appliances, hardware, automobile parts and many other articles used in industry and the home are plated with Inco Nickel. Another way that Inco Nickel serves the Canadian industries that serve you.

*Inco has recently published a colourfully illustrated 32-page booklet about Canada's nickel industry, entitled "The Exciting Story of Nickel". It is written primarily for Canadian youth by Alan King, but adults will also find it full of interesting information. Just write to Inco for a free copy of this booklet.*

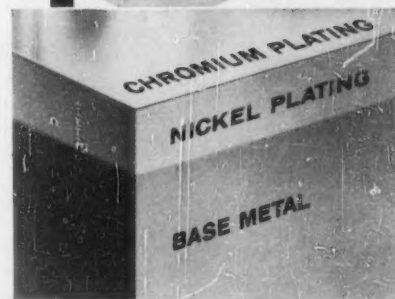
**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED**



55 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

PRODUCER OF INCO NICKEL, NICKEL ALLOYS; ORC BRAND COPPER, TELLURIUM, SELENIUM, SULPHUR, PLATINUM, PALLADIUM AND OTHER PRECIOUS METALS; COBALT AND IRON ORE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 6, 1958



Enlarged cross section shows nickel plating . . . under chromium . . . over base metal; that's how a quality finish is built. Chromium adds gleaming beauty. Nickel makes that beauty last.

IT'S TWICE THE DRINK  
WITH GILBEY'S GIN



THE GIN IN THE   
SQUARE FROSTED BOTTLE

Your recipe takes on an extra touch of interest when you're mixing with Gilbey's. There's no mistaking the full-strength character of the Gin in the square frosted bottle. And it doesn't cost you a penny more than ordinary gin.

The testing of Jerome Martell continued from page 18

### "My mother had power over those men, and the power went far past her control of their food"

and usually it's a nightmare. Whoever she was, she must have had character, for she was the queen of the camp and make no mistake about it. She had power over those men, and the power went far past her control of their food. It came out of something inside of her that used to frighten me. Did she love me? I'm sure she thought she did. She was as possessive as a female bear with a cub, and I never had to worry about being molested by the men with her there. She'd have taken the carving knife to any man who so much as looked at me sideways. She hated men as a group and she despised them, too. 'They're no good,' she used to say I don't know how many times. 'All they want is one thing. That and drink is all they want. And they're all the same.'

Cyclically, this man-hating female required a man, and when she wanted one she took him. There would be weeks when she cooked for them, and hardly noticed them, or bothered to answer them when they spoke, and then Jerome would see a certain look on her face and await the night with dread.

"The nights she had a man in were bad nights for me. I was always afraid. I'd be asleep—I used to sleep in the same bed with her—and I'd wake up with her carrying me out of the bedroom in her arms. She used to put me down on a paillasse she kept beside the stove in the kitchen and she left me there under a blanket with the dog. Sometimes when the man went away she'd take me back to bed with her, and when that happened I'd lie awake all night. But generally she left me till morning under the blanket with the dog."

It was Jerome's last year in the camp, the year he was a husky boy of ten with the strength and robustness of a boy of thirteen that he remembered best. What happened before that last year he could hardly remember at all, but the last year, was vivid.

"There was a man that winter," he said, "that used to frighten me the way a snake frightens me now. There was nothing snakelike about his appearance, but there was a look in his eye, the way he had of looking at everybody. He never talked at all, and when he drank he drank sullenly. We all called him the Engineer because he was in charge of the stationary engine and he was the only man in the camp who could keep the motorboat in repair. He was dark and lean and he had this queer drawn look in his face, and he used to carry a spanner wherever he went as though it proved he wasn't an ordinary lumberjack like the rest of them. He carried it in a loop attached to his pants and he even wore it to meals. Maybe he even slept with it."

"One March morning the Engineer said something to me while I was watching him work on the engine. I used to be fascinated by the engine and I would have watched more if I hadn't been afraid of him. All he said was, 'I want to eat pancakes tonight. Tell your old lady I want to eat pancakes and syrup.'

"So I went back into the kitchen and told her the Engineer wanted to eat pancakes and syrup, and when she made them I knew I'd soon be seeing him in the kitchen."

But soon turned out to be quite a long

time, for the Engineer stayed solitary all through the long spring breakup and through all of April into early May. When the ice went out they floated the logs down in two big drives, the long timber logs going first and the short pit-props following. As soon as the logs were in the river, most of the men left camp and went back to their farms for the spring work. One of the men who remained was the Engineer, for there was still a large pile of logs to be cut into lengths for pit-props.

It began peacefully, Jerome's last night in the camp. All day long the forest had been hot. Supper time came and there were pancakes and syrup to follow the pork and beans.

After the men had eaten, in the long spring evening just six weeks from the June solstice, they sat down in the clearing and watched the sun roll down out of sight into the forest. The accordion man took his place on the cookhouse steps and played song after song. Jerome's mother came out in her apron and leaned in the doorway of the cookhouse listening to the singing; finally it fell dark and one by one the tired men got up and drifted off to the bunkhouse to sleep. When Jerome went to bed it was much later than his usual hour and the camp was so still the only sounds were the singing of frogs and the slow sigh of the river in flood.

HE guessed it was an hour before midnight when he woke in his mother's arms, his hands about her neck and his chest against her warm, heavy breasts. His face was still hot from the sun and his ears were swollen and hot from the black-fly bites and he woke so slowly it was only when the spaniel nuzzled and licked his face that he opened his eyes. He saw moonlight pouring into the kitchen in three separate shafts through the three high windows that faced the moon, and between those shafts of light he saw the Engineer standing still. The bedroom door opened. Then the man followed her in and the door closed.

This time the encounter was different. The Engineer he had feared so much began talking in a low, earnest stream of conversation, talking about himself and how lonely he was and how wretched was his life, and how different everything would be if she would go away with him. Jerome could only partly hear his words, and hardly any of them could he remember, but he knew that of all the lonely men in the camp this was the loneliest of all, and he yearned for some gentleness to come into his mother's voice in place of the withholding silence or the sneer he was afraid would come if the Engineer continued to talk like this. He wanted the Engineer to break through his mother's refusal to some kindness inside, to some safe kindness inside.

After a while the Engineer stopped talking. Soon Jerome heard his mother's voice flare in a jeer of unspeakable contempt.

He heard the man groan and cry something out, and then he heard his mother mock and scorn him, and Jerome remembered thinking: "Don't let her treat you like that, Engineer! Please, please, please do something to make her stop treating you like that!"



The Engineer did. Suddenly his voice changed as the woman drove back his longing for tenderness into the pride and hatred Jerome had feared in him all winter. The man began to curse the woman in a stream of obscenity using every word Jerome had ever heard the men apply to the women they called whores. There was a short struggle, the pant of his mother's breath, then a loud smack as she hit him across the face and Jerome thought: "Please, please don't let her do that again!"

What happened next was as sudden as a bottle exploding. Jerome and the dog sprang up together at the scream of enraged fear that came from his mother. Something bumped and fell in the bedroom, there was a heave of bodies, then the crack—crack—crack of hard fists driven expertly home. This was followed by a yelp from the man, a gasp of pain, then a crunching shock more terrible than a fist blow. Then silence.

This silence, as abrupt and profound as the end of the world, was soon filled with a multitude of sweet noises. Mating frogs were singing high and happy in the night, so loud and high that the whole kitchen was filled with their joy. Then came another sound, the sobbing breath of a frightened man in agony.

Jerome put his hand on the knob of the bedroom door and pulled it open. He saw the Engineer bent double clutching his groin. Beyond the Engineer's hunched body he saw the shape of his mother's covered body on the bed, but the hunched man was between the boy and her face.

It was the dog who betrayed Jerome's presence. Whining into the room, the spaniel rubbed against the man's legs and made him turn. The Engineer gasped, his face came around distorted with his sick pain and horrible with the knowledge of what he himself had just done. But he saw Jerome and recognized him, and the moment he saw him he plunged. The boy dodged back and the Engineer stumbled and hit the floor with a crash, his spaniel rattling away from his right hand. On the floor the Engineer looked up, his mouth shut, his violence as silent as that of a fish in the sea.

Jerome turned to run, escaped from the room, reached the kitchen door, felt the dog against his legs and had the presence of mind to push him back before he himself went out. He closed the door behind him and with his nightshirt fluttering and his feet bare he ran across the moonlit, chip-strewn clearing into the darkness of the forest. When he was in the trees the undergrowth began cutting his bare feet; he stopped and lay flat.

Nothing moved in the clearing. The long cookhouse with the two metal pipes that served as chimneys stood silent, its sloping roof whitened by the moon, its walls dark, its windows glittering like gun metal. He heard the sigh and gurgle of the river as it poured among the tree trunks along the flooded banks, but there was no sound of men and no light from any of the bunkhouses.

With the instinct of an animal Jerome got up and changed his position, slinking through the shadows among the stumps at the edge of the forest fringe to a place he knew about thirty feet away. He found it, a depression in the ground about ten feet from the edge of the moonlight, and lay down and scooped pine needles over himself to conceal the whiteness of his shirt and skin. Lying flat and stiff with his chin in his hands and his elbows in the needles, he stared at the kitchen door and listened to the pounding of his heart.

The Engineer was only ten feet away when Jerome first saw him. He was skirt-

ing the forest fringe with the spaniel in his hand, staring into the darkness of the trees and stopping to take quick looks behind him. He wore no cap, his mackinaw shirt was open and in the moonlight Jerome saw the splash of dark hair rising out of his shirt to his throat. The man stopped directly in front of him and Jerome kept his head down, pressing his face into the needles, the needles itching in his hair. Once he lifted his eyes and saw the man's feet and noticed they were small feet even in those high leather boots. There was a crunch of bracken as

the man entered the woods, one of his boots came down within a yard of Jerome's head, but the Engineer was staring into the total darkness of the forest and did not look down at his feet. In the cool air of the night Jerome could hear the man pant and thought he could feel the heat of his body. The boots turned and went back out of the forest into the clearing and as they crunched farther away Jerome looked up and saw a man's shoulders go around the corner of the cookhouse and down the path to the bunkhouses.

"I knew for certain that he was after me. He was putting himself between me and the men asleep in the bunkhouse. He knew I couldn't get around through the woods without making a noise. He knew the path was the only way I could hope to go."

Jerome wondered if he ought to call out, but he knew how hard the men slept and he knew who would be the first to hear him. In any case he was too frightened to call.

Jerome lay still until he began to shiver and when the shivering came it



## 'Viyella'

"WASH AS WOOL... IF IT SHRINKS, WE REPLACE"

"LAVEZ-LE COMME DE LA LAINE—S'IL RÉTRÉCIT NOUS LE REMPLAÇONS"

'Viyella' is spun, woven, and finished in Great Britain  
by William Hollins & Company Ltd.  
who were established in 1784.

- The finest robes you can buy—superbly styled in 'Viyella', world famous for its distinguished quality.
- 'Viyella' is soft and comfortable, and retains its colour and washability through years of wear.
- Select your next robe of 'Viyella' in authentic tartans, checks, prints or plain shades.
- At better stores everywhere, or write, William Hollins & Company Ltd., Toronto.

Women's Robes, J. H. BARDWELL LTD., TORONTO—Men's Robes, CAULFIELD BURNS & GIBSON LTD., TORONTO—Children's Robes, STARR-HOLLYWOOD LIMITED, TORONTO

Give her  
the gift  
she'll  
treasure

a beautiful  
**HOVERTA**  
watch



Never has the precious gift of time been so beautifully expressed. Dainty, elegantly feminine, HOVERTA Watches are unmatched for accuracy and dependability. For those special names on your gift list, give HOVERTA — the eternal reminder of your affection.

**HOVERTA**

Ask to see the new models on display now at fine jewellers throughout Canada.

? \* ? \* ? \* ? \* ?

**Christmas-Quiz**

**QUESTION:**

What gift says "Merry Christmas" 26 times a year?

**ANSWER:** (see page 61)

? \* ? \* ? \* ? \* ?

was so violent it seemed to shake the ground. It was like being tied up in the cords of his own muscles shaking the earth so that everyone living on it must know where to find him.

Getting to his feet, he beat the pine needles off his nightshirt and scraped some more of them out of his hair. He stepped slowly out of the forest into the moonlight. He stopped, waiting for the man to appear and give chase, but the only sound he heard was the pounding of his own heart and the only man he saw was the man in the moon.

With his nightshirt fluttering, the boy ran across the clearing, opened the kitchen door and went in. This time he forgot about the dog, who jumped outside and ran away before Jerome could close the door.

Inside the bedroom the blind was drawn and the darkness was total. Jerome found the match box, lit the lamp and turned to look. His mother's body lay like a sack under the blankets because the Engineer had covered her and pulled the blind before going out.

A step creaked outside and Jerome froze. He blew out the lamp and turned to run into the darkness of the cookhouse where there were tables to hide under, but he was too late. The kitchen door creaked open and he crawled under the bed and crouched there against the wall with the sag of the spring just over his head.

The man entered and when Jerome heard him sniff, he knew he was smelling the snuffed wick of the lamp. When the man lit a match it was like an explosion of sound and light simultaneously, but the man did not carry the match to the lamp. Jerome saw his boots standing by the bed as the light slowly died. Then darkness again. Then the Engineer let out a slow, choking sob and went away. Jerome heard his feet go away noisily, heard him bump into a chair in the kitchen, open the door and leave.

Years afterward he still remembered that this was the first of many occasions when a sudden clear-headed coolness came to him after moments of paralyzing terror. He was only ten years old, but he knew exactly what had happened and what else would happen if his mother's murderer caught him. He knew the murderer had left the bedroom because he was in terror of what he had done there, but he also knew he would be on the watch outside. The Engineer would almost certainly be watching by the kitchen door, for that was the natural way for Jerome to get out and it would also be the shortest route to the bunkhouse where the rest of the men were sleeping.

Jerome had to escape from the horror of that room where his mother lay dead. He took his clothes from the hooks where they hung: his shirt, stockings, pants, sweater and cap, and the heel-less larrigans of cowhide he wore all year round. He took them out to the kitchen and dressed beside the stove which was still warm.

Very clear in the head now, he opened the big ice chest where the food was and took out the first thing he found. It was a garland of blood sausage much too clumsy and big to carry, so he cut it into lengths and stuffed a length of sausage into each of the side pockets of his pants. He left the kitchen and entered the long eating barn where the benches and trestle tables were, heading for the door at the far end, a door rarely used, and when he reached it he found it unbarred. He guessed that the Engineer had used this door when he had first gone into the clearing to search for him.

"It must have been the dog that saved me that first time. When I ran out into

the clearing, the dog must have gone into the eating barn and when the Engineer heard him moving there, he must have mistaken him for me. That was the mistake that gave me time to hide."

The dog was back with Jerome now and this time the boy made no error; he caught him by the long hairs at the back of his neck, held him while he stepped out, then pushed him inside and closed the door on him.

From this corner of the cookhouse the distance to the edge of the forest was no more than twenty yards and nobody was in sight as Jerome ran across it and disappeared into the trees. He worked his way silently through trees and deadfalls until a quick coolness touched his cheeks and he knew he was near the water on the edge of the northwest branch where his canoe was beached.

He worked his way along, his oiled larrigans keeping the moisture off his soles, but once his foot sank into a hole and the icy wetness poured in through the laceholes and his foot felt cold and soon went numb. After a few minutes he reached the place where the canoes and rowboats were beached, his own little



canoe among them. The camp motorboat was moored to a jetty about a hundred yards downstream in the main river, but the canoes and rowboats were moored where the current was weak, and now he saw their snouts projecting out of the blackness of the woods into the moonlight. He stepped out, looked up, saw the sky a wide open dome with a moon in the middle of it and a vast circle of light shining around it.

"I knew I was going to make it. Every time afterward when I was older, every time when I've been in danger and everything seemed hopeless, some moment like this always came. Suddenly I'd hear myself saying, 'You're going to make it. You're going to make it after all.'"

The short birchbark canoe with the air cans under the thwarts was easy to lift. He turned it over and ran it out into the water. He found his own paddle made to fit his height, and with a single movement he pushed the canoe off and swung himself over into the stern seat, then crept forward and settled down just abaft midships, got the paddle working and guided the canoe past a tree trunk and clear of some fallen branches. The canoe floated silently out into the great wash of moonlight where the branch widened into the main course of the river. He pointed the bow downstream, and at once he began to move fast on a river wide, firm, silvery and alive bearing him down past the silent camp, utterly alone for the first time in his life, bearing him down under that wide-open sky through the forest to the open sea which he knew was at its end.

Jerome paddled as he had been taught to paddle in a current, slowly and evenly, making long, steady sweeps of the

paddle and after each stroke taking a short rest with the blade trailing behind like a steering oar. The river at this season and place was flowing at more than five miles an hour, breaking and gurgling in the shallows and sparkling in the moon, but out in the central current the flow was so satin-smooth the eddies were like whorls of polished glass. A thin mist lay patchily over water colder than the air and the moon was enormous in the wide greenly shining sky.

Now that he was secure in the canoe, Jerome eased farther back against the air-can lodged under the stern seat and got the head up and sank the stern to give more purchase for the current to take him along. He kept on paddling down, occasionally rubbing against a traveling log and sometimes afraid of holing his canoe, but as the logs were going in the same direction there was little danger of this. There were no lights on the shore, no cabins or houses, there was nothing but the forest, the sky, the moon, the river, the canoe and the logs floating down to the sea.

"I had no sense of time that night, but I'd guess it was about one in the morning when I first heard the motorboat. I can still hear it. It was a primitive boat, nothing but an old high-bowed fishing boat with an engine installed. Its motor was always getting out of order and the Engineer was the only man in the camp who could do anything with it. When I first heard it, the boat was still around the bend I had just rounded and its sound came to me muffled by trees."

Jerome was abnormally strong for his age, his shoulders powerful even then, and now fear gave him its added energy. He paddled hard toward the shore, but at this point the current was so swift that when he tried to move athwart it the canoe was swept hard alee. He knew it would take him minutes to reach the shore and that even if he did, the back-washes would sweep him into the current again. A hundred yards ahead was a small wooded island in the middle of the stream and he brought the bow about and paddled for his life making the featherweight birchbark craft jump to his strokes. The drub-drub-drub of the motorboat struck his ears solidly and looking back he saw its dark shape with the hunched outline of the Engineer sitting at the hand-wheel in the starboard forequarter.

As Jerome drew in toward the island he saw that many logs had got there first. Instead of a beach there was a mat of logs bobbing in the press of the stream and he was panic-stricken, for the log mat spread in clear moonlight about twenty yards out from the shore, and he knew he could never get through it to hide in the trees. There were all kinds of logs there, long ones and pit-props mixed, some of them piled on top of others and the whole mat creaking in the current.

The canoe lifted, slid smoothly up onto some half-sunken logs, stopped dead, and there was nothing for Jerome to do but lie in the bottom and wait. He peered over the side smelling the wet logs and hearing the gurgle and lap of the stream, the canoe bobbing gently with the logs while the motorboat came straight on growing larger all the time, its drub-drub-drub filling the river and the man at the wheel looming up. Jerome was sure the man was staring straight at him, but when the boat was about twenty-five yards off the island the Engineer moved and Jerome saw the bow swing sharply off and an instant later the dark length of the boat went out of sight around the left side of the island.

"Then I knew what he was doing. He



# TRIM...TAILORED...TERRIFIC



PARISIENNE Vista 4-Door Sport Sedan



PARISIENNE Convertible



PARISIENNE 2-Door Sport Coupe

*All the  
wonders you've  
waited for...*

# PONTIAC '59

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

#### Give a Bolex for Christmas

Here's a very special gift for someone very special... a gift to capture and recapture life's happiest moments — clearly, sharply, permanently.

Bolex movie cameras are easy to use, completely dependable... built by Swiss craftsmen to standards comparable to those of the finest precision watch.

Visit your dealer soon, and choose from a wide Christmas range of superb 16mm and popular 8mm cameras. Examine the Bolex H16 16mm Reflex, the C8 single lens, the B8 twin lens turret, the B8 VS with variable shutter—and many others. Prices as low as \$97.50.

You'll make better movies with

## BOLEX



Write for illustrated colour brochure to:

**GARLICK FILMS LTD.**

"Bolex House", Tycoos Drive, Toronto 19

### THINK!

Don't spoil fine food flavor in a smoky, smelly oven!

**Oven Cleaning is a cinch with WIZARD**

Spread, let set, wipe stubborn grease away! Ovens sparkle! No scraping! No ammonia!



**ONLY 59¢ WITH FREE BRUSH**

**What's LADDIE DENNIS\* giving her husband for Christmas?**



**SEE PAGE 51**

\*Seen by thousands of Canadians every week on the C.B.C. Television network.

was running away. All the men knew about the railway track that crossed the river at the town just inside the estuary. It was the railway a man made for when he got into trouble or just wanted to get away. There was no telegraph or telephone and it would be morning by the time any of the men would find my mother and a good time would pass before they missed the Engineer and put two and two together. Once he was at the tracks he'd have his choice of trains moving east or west. I knew nothing about east or west so far as the railway was concerned, not then. I didn't know that east was down to Moncton and Halifax and a dead end, and that west was up to Québec and Montreal, and that he'd certainly go west. But I did know he'd be able to catch a train, for all the trains stopped in that town for water."

For a long time Jerome lay in the canoe listening to the diminishing throb of the engine. Then he began to shiver and cry. He was chilled because at dawn the cold increased and his left foot, which he had soaked while moving through the trees, began to ache. He reached into his pocket and felt the stickiness of the blood sausage he had stored there. He took it out, washed it in the river, bit off a mouthful and ate it. The taste of blood made him feel sick but he went on eating until his shivering stopped and he felt new strength grow inside of him.

Meanwhile more logs from upstream were floating down and kept looming at him out of the dark water, hunching at him silently, pressing at him out of the dark as though they were the river's muscles forcing him out. The log mat was loose enough for him to get his paddle into the water and he changed position and pushed and paddled until at last the unseen hand of the current caught him. The bow shot around and again he was in the flow, passing the island so effortlessly that he was by before he knew it and now in a widening river he went on with the current pouring down through the forest to the sea.

After a time — how long he did not know for he had lost all sense of time — he became conscious that the world was lighter and opening up. Instead of seeing the forest as a dark mass on either side of him, he saw it clear and close with individual trees standing out. Color appeared, a flush of pink in the east broke apart until it looked like the parallel bars of a gate across the pathway of the dawn, the bars merged, the colors grew stronger, they swelled into a cool conflagration that flushed up into the wide and real sky as the entire world opened up.

Now Jerome became aware of life all around him as birds called in the forest on either side of the river: he saw the white trunks of a stand of birch, and as the current at this point swerved in toward the shore, the caroling rings of bird calls were loud and near. A crow flew out from a pine top and its cawing racketed back and forth across the river echoing from shore to shore. The hammer of a hungry woodpecker whacked against a dead trunk while a larger bird, one of the blue herons called cranes in the Maritime provinces, flew slantwise across the rising dawn and turned slowly, its long legs folded in under its body and trailing behind, its snaky head hanging down as it quested for fish with slow flaps of its wings heading upstream along the right bank. Jerome heard a snick and saw the flash of a trout's belly; the lazy roll of a salmon about ten feet from the canoe, the little humping of water as the fish turned and went down. He heard a splash behind him but when he looked over his shoulder there was only a ruffle of broken water. He paddled a few

minutes more, the trout still snick, and then directly in front of the canoe the river broke open and a huge salmon slashed out shining, paused in the air with its hard muscles bending its body like a sickle and dropped with a drenching splash. The canoe crossed the broken water, and Jerome, looking over the side, saw the last twisting tail-thrust as the big fish went down.

Still the tiny canoe throbbed down the stream, the boy in the stern, and around the next bend he saw a shack but no smoke from its chimney pipe. Now he was sleepy and tired and stopped paddling; he sat with the paddle across his knees and his head sunk forward.

"I must have slept like that for half an hour, for when I woke the canoe was drifting slantwise and light was hurting my eyes."

It was the rising sun, a turmoil of gold like a tremendous excitement in heaven pouring its arrows into the forest and flashing them off the stream. His limbs dead and cold, Jerome straightened the bow of the canoe and let it drift in a current much slower now because here the river was deep and felt the huge unseen pressure of the tide lower down. Close to the shore he passed a deer drinking on a sandspit. He was afraid that if he fell asleep again he would lose his paddle. A small cape stood out with a sentinel pine, the canoe struck it with a soft crunch and Jerome crawled ashore and dragged half of it clear of the stream. Then he got back in and slept.

When he woke the sun was almost directly overhead, his nostrils were dry with heat and his body felt tired, hot, heavy and stiff. It was a May morning without a cloud in the sky and already the heat had made the balsam forest pungent.

"When I woke up I felt black. I felt the way I felt that morning after I first killed a man in the war. I saw my mother's dead face hard and angry in front of mine. God, she was an angry woman, that mother of mine. I saw the Engineer

with his spanner and when I tried to eat some of my sausage I nearly vomited it up. I had to get out of that forest and get off that river. Far away was where I wanted to go, and then I thought about the trains."

Though he did not know it, Jerome was now close to the sea and was paddling in a new kind of river. As it neared salt water that river becomes wide and is tidal for several miles. The town lies a distance inland and Jerome could not see the open water of the Gulf, but he could smell it and his cheeks felt a new salty moisture in the air. He became conscious of settlement along the shores — not a town, but a scattering of frame houses and large breaks in the forest where there were fields and cattle. He also became aware that paddling had turned into heavy leaden work, for the river was much wider here than it had been at the camp, and its current was stopped by the pressure of an incoming tide from the sea.

Jerome ached all over his body as he forced the canoe forward. He sobbed with exhaustion and shock and was drowned in his own sweat. He was on the point of giving up when he rounded a final bend and there, right in front of him, was the black iron bridge that carried the main railway line between Halifax and Montreal. Beyond it was a small wooden bridge for road traffic and beyond that the river seemed enormously wide. There was a town on Jerome's left, a small drab town built almost entirely of wood, and through his sweat he remembered having been in it before, last fall when he came down in the steamboat with his mother and some men, the time she bought him his first ice cream. As his canoe drifted in toward the bridge he backed water and tried to ease toward the shore. He was so tired he cried. Then he almost dropped his paddle in terror, for a train appeared out of nowhere almost on top of him as it crossed the bridge.

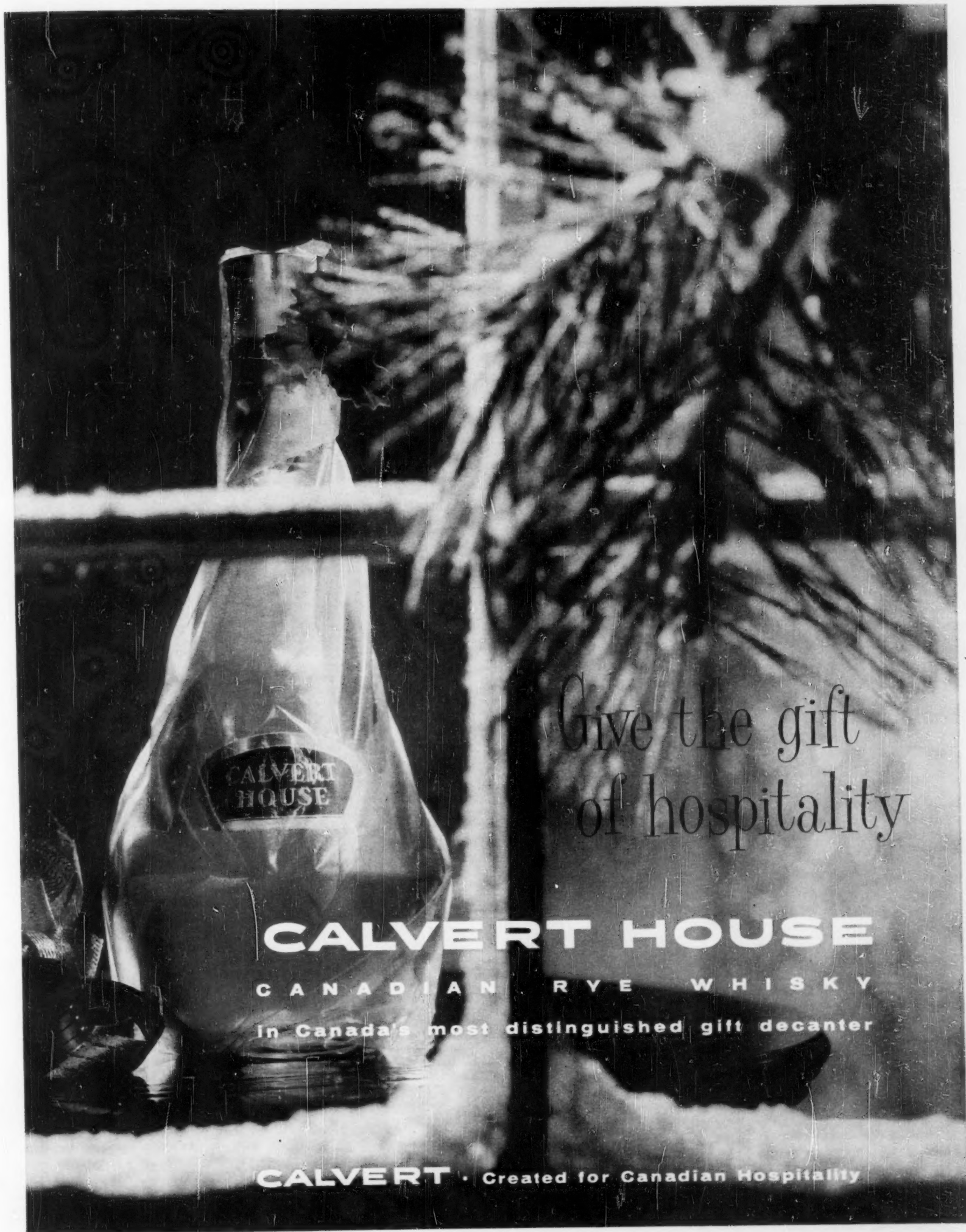
"It was only a small work-train—an



MACLEAN'S

"Let me get this straight — you actually want to sell automobile insurance to old 'Hell on wheels' here?"





Give the gift  
of hospitality

**CALVERT HOUSE**  
CANADIAN RYE WHISKY  
In Canada's most distinguished gift decanter

**CALVERT** • Created for Canadian Hospitality

All you need  
to enjoy Jordan  
Gold Seal  
Sherry  
is a  
glass—  
or two

As for *when*,  
any time is a pleasant  
time for Gold Seal Sherry.  
Before lunch or dinner,  
in the late afternoon, early,  
mid or late evening.  
And as for *who*, again the  
answer is universal.  
Everybody who tries Jordan  
Gold Seal Sherry, enjoys it.  
If you've enjoyed this fine  
Sherry recently, you'll agree.  
If you haven't, try some soon.

ALL CANADA KNOWS  
JORDAN WINES



Ask for  
Jordan Gold  
Seal Sherry at  
your liquor  
store.

## NEW Gilsomatic LAUNDRY TWINS



### CUSTOM DELUXE DRYER No. 559

Fast, gentle drying without sunfading, wind-fraying, line ripping or staining. Clothes come out at the exact degree of dryness you dial—wrinkle-shy, too—many do not need ironing. Both Washer and Dryer in White, Pastel Yellow or Pink, with White top. And they are priced for the budget-minded buyer.

### CUSTOM DELUXE WASHER No. 560

Practically operates itself—just drop in the clothes and detergent, set the dial and push a button—that's all! It Fills, Washes, Rinses, Damp Dries, Cleans, and Shuts Itself off, automatically. Washes anything washable—and gets clothing cleaner, with less wash wear, than any other automatic.

**Gilson**

GILSON MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED  
GUELPH, ONTARIO

Also a complete line of Wringer type semi-automatic Washers—Warm Air Furnaces for Oil, Gas or Solid Fuels—Electric Ranges—Freezers—Refrigerators—Built-in Ranges, Refrigerators and Freezers.

GILSON MANFG. CO. LTD., GUELPH, ONT.

Please send me, by mail, your NEW FOLDER on AUTOMATIC WASHERS AND DRYERS, and also the name of my nearest GILSON DEALER.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

M-12-58 (Town or City) (Province)

"He was the first Negro I ever saw. I wondered if every person outside the camp was black"

old-fashioned engine with two olive-grey cars and a caboose on the end. It made an awful racket though, for it crossed that iron bridge with me almost underneath it. I looked up and saw a man on the platform of the caboose looking down at me and his face was shiny black. He was the first Negro I ever saw and I wondered if all the people in the world outside the camp were black like him."

Jerome forced himself into a last spurt of action and paddled the canoe across the current, making heavy leeway, toward a jetty on the left bank between the two bridges. He remembered it from the time when the steamboat had landed him there. The sight of the jetty also reminded him of the motorboat and he became terrified, for what if the Engineer were waiting for him on the wharf? But there was no sign of the motorboat either at the wharf or along the shore.

Two men in dungarees and peaked caps were sitting on the curb of the jetty watching Jerome, as he paddled in, but neither of them moved as he swung against the landing stage. He climbed out and hung onto the canoe with no plan whatever. He was just doing one thing after another and the next thing he did was to take the painter and secure it to a mooring post.

"Wheer'd yew git thet canoe from, son?"

A lean, unshaven face with a chicken throat was staring down at him from the curb of the wharf.

"It's mine."

"Littlest canoe I ever seen," the man said and spat into the water.

Jerome climbed the ladder stiffly and as he reached the wharf the man made a lazy half-turn in his direction.

"Wheer'd yew come from, son?"

"I bin paddlin'."

The man spat again but did not answer and continued sitting with his legs dangling and his unshaven jaws working steadily on his cud of tobacco. Jerome, afraid of everything and everyone and tired in every bone, walked shakily off the dock onto a dirt track that ran along the riverside of the little town. He reached the railway, bent down and touched one of the shiny rails and found it so hot it burned. When he reached the station he saw men unloading freight out of a solitary boxcar and was surprised that none of them were Negroes.

Jerome sat on a bench under the overhang of the station roof and ate one whole length of his blood sausage, and there he continued to sit an unknown length of time half-asleep and half-awake like the town itself, but feeling a little stronger now there was food in his stomach.

The first citizen of organized society who spoke to him was the ticket agent. He bulged at Jerome, armbands on the sleeves of a striped shirt, a blue serge waistcoat protruding over a solid belly burdened by watch chains, lodge charms and indelible pencils, an eyeshade separating the grey baldness of a bullet head from the grey baldness of a pudgy face.

"Who're yew waitin' fer, son?"

Jerome stared at him.

"What's your name, son?"

Jerome continued to stare at him, and the agent broke into a laugh like a mule's bray.

"Don't know nuthin', eh? Haw, haw, haw! Your Maw comin' in on a train?"

The ticket agent shot a squirt of to-

bacco juice out of the corner of his mouth and Jerome heard it smack the nearest rail.

"The Maritime, she don't get in here for a long time, son. What hev you been doin' gettin' dirtied up like thet?" A big paw shot out and grabbed the boy's shoulder. "Yew come along with me."

Jerome was too tired to struggle and the ticket agent fog-marched him down the platform and into the station where he saw a pot-bellied stove with a dust of grey wood ashes around it, several sloped-over cuspidors and a door with a sign on it.

"Kin yew read?" said the ticket agent.

Jerome shook his head.

"Don't know nuthin', eh? Well, that sign says Gents. Git inside and clean."

He opened the door, pushed Jerome in and left him there. The boy stood trembling in the stinking place, knowing from the smell what it was used for. He heard water dripping from a leaking tap, and in a cracked mirror he saw his own face filthy and red about the eyes, some spruce needles in his hair and his ears like fans on either side of his head. There was a cake of grimy yellow soap on the edge of the basin and he washed his hands and face and the back of his neck. As there was no towel he rubbed his sweatered arm over his face and dried his hands on his pants. He bent his mouth to the tap and took a long drink of water. Then he left the washroom and slunk out, crossing the waiting room on tip-toe for fear the strange man would see him.

A WAVE of sleep engulfed Jerome and his eyes closed. He slept unconscious of everything and nobody touched him or troubled to wake him up. It was noon before he woke in fright to feel the whole station shaking as a huge locomotive crashed past hauling a long line of freight cars that blocked the sun and darkened his eyes. The train ground to a stop. Jerome heard the engine panting under the water tower.

"I had to get out of there. I remembered the way the men talked about hopping trains and here was a train right in front of me. I saw the back of the ticket agent far up front talking to the engineer and I crawled under the train and came out on the other side. There was a double track and I walked back along the path beside the train looking at it. Most of the cars were red boxcars, but there were some flats and some black gondola cars for coal."

As he was walking along wanting to climb on board but afraid to, the train itself made up his mind for him. It gave a shudder and a volley of crashes went banging down its entire length as the engine gave its first heave and the couplings cracked tight. The noise terrified him, for up front the engine was giving out the shuddering roars of an old-fashioned locomotive getting under way with a heavy weight behind it. An empty flatcar moved by and Jerome caught the iron ladder at the end, climbed in and lay down on the boards until it had passed the station. Looking up he saw the town and the river recede around a bend and for the rest of the afternoon the train took him down the eastern side of New Brunswick.

Late in the afternoon he ate the last of his sausage and slept, and when he woke the train was still and a huge eye of light was bearing down on him. He leaped up in terror to hear the crunch



# YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY!....



to send  
26 Christmas Greetings  
that last all year

## 3 GIFTS ONLY \$5.00

Each additional gift above three only \$1.65

2 gifts only \$4.00    1 gift only \$3.00

These rates good only in Canada. For gifts to addresses outside Canada, please add \$3.00 for each subscription.

### order now - pay later

No need to send payment with your order, unless you wish. We'll gladly bill you after the New Year to help you spread your expenses.

### full-color gift cards

A beautiful full-color gift card—the finest Maclean's has ever produced—goes with every gift you send to your friends this Christmas.

Jasper's hurrying off to mail his order of Maclean's gifts—and just in time! Follow his example RIGHT NOW, fill in the order form below and rush it back to us. With Christmas just around the corner, there's still time to give the most welcome gift of all.

Surely there's no better way of saying "Merry Christmas", for Maclean's is a gift that keeps on coming 26 times all through the year, a constant reminder to your friends of your good wishes. It's appreciated by the whole family, appropriate for everyone, and **WITHIN YOUR BUDGET.**

Make sure your gifts arrive in time for Christmas; leave all the details to us, but hurry with your order—mail it today!

**YOUR OWN  
NAME, ADDRESS**

**MACLEAN'S**

481 University Ave.,  
Toronto 2, Canada

Please send a year of MACLEAN'S to:

#### MY OWN NAME • ADDRESS

Enter my own

Name ..... ☐ new  
Subscription at these same low prices.

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

- ☐ Mail gift cards signed as indicated OR  
☐ Send cards to me for personal mailing  
☐ I enclose \$..... in payment OR  
☐ Please bill me after New Year

AD-DEC 6

Name ..... ☐ new

Address ..... ☐ renewal

City ..... Prov. ....

Sign card from .....

Name ..... ☐ new

Address ..... ☐ renewal

City ..... Prov. ....

Sign card from .....

Name ..... ☐ new

Address ..... ☐ renewal

City ..... Prov. ....

Sign card from .....

Name ..... ☐ new

Address ..... ☐ renewal

City ..... Prov. ....

Sign card from .....

Special gift rates available until December 24.

If more space required, use plain paper and attach to this form.



for  
the man  
who has  
everything  
...almost!

Look no further! Any man will prize this sleek, powerful Vise-Grip. Here's a whole tool kit—super-pliers, all-purpose wrench, clamp, hand vise, wire cutter—in one slim, trim tool.

Beautifully boxed for a man's gift, he'll treasure and use Vise-Grip constantly—for home repairs, yard work, in the shop, hunting, fishing, boating!

At better hardware stores everywhere. Both 7" and 10" models.

Made by  
**PETERSEN MFG. CO.**  
DeWitt, Neb., U.S.A.  
Distributed by  
**MONAHAN SUPPLY CORP.**  
LTD., Toronto



**VISE-GRIP**

## SANI-FLUSH cleans toilet bowls BETTER... FASTER!



Use it twice a week to  
keep your toilet bowl  
immaculate!

Fragrant Sani-Flush cleans,  
disinfects, deodorizes...  
removes rust stains, makes  
toilet bowls sparkle.  
Powder or liquid.



Disinfects  
as it  
cleans



What's  
**GERRY JAMES\***  
giving his wife  
for Christmas?



**SEE PAGE 51**

\*Top Canadian athlete.

of feet on cinders and that enormous light made his hair prick. He crouched back against the floor of the car as the light came on top of him and then it was suddenly dark and he looked up and saw, so close he could almost reach out and touch, the shoulders of a man in overalls sitting in the cab of a locomotive with one elbow on the ledge of the cab window and his right hand working the throttle. A red glare burst into Jerome's eyes and he saw the toss of the fireman's shoulders swinging a shovel of coal into the firebox, then the engine passed, moving with no cars behind it, and looking over the edge of the flatcar Jerome saw a forest of trains.

"Hey there, you kid! What the hell are you doing on that train?"

A man was standing below with one hand pointing at him and the other holding a lantern. Jerome jumped back, crossed the car, swung down the ladder on the far side and felt his feet touch ashes. He broke into a run between two stationary freight trains and fell flat on his face as his foot stumbled over a switchblock. Cinders cut his forehead and the heels of his hands, but he felt no pain because he was so frightened and got up and tried to escape from where he was. He was in a maze of boxcars with his ears hearing hammer clangs in all directions as the workmen tested wheels and looked for hotboxes. The two lines of cars were sheer walls on either side and the lane between them dark and interminable. Suddenly the train on his left jerked and crashed and began to inch forward, frightening him so much he bent double and crawled underneath the train he had just left. When he came out on the far side there was a clear length of track ahead of him to a point about fifty yards away where it ended with the shunting engine whose light had awakened him. Beyond this empty track was still another train. He crawled under it, felt a small scratching pain as his knee caught a splinter from a sleeper, and came out on the other side. Another train faced him and again he crawled under.

There were no more trains. Instead he found himself facing a sight he had never seen in his life: a large town at night. Everywhere he looked there were lights. He was on the edge of a cinder embankment and when he scrambled down he felt a cinder lodge harsh and gritty against the tender skin of his ankle, but he went sliding down in a spray of cinders and coal dust until he hit the bottom and tripped and fell.

He got up and dusted himself. He was absolutely lost because he did not understand what a town is or what people in a town do. He was on a wooden sidewalk beside a dirt street and a team of horses was hauling a heavy cart up the slope of it to the station with a teamster sitting on the wagon box cracking his whip. Jerome called out to the teamster but the man merely turned his head, looked at him and spat (this was a spitting country in those days), so Jerome walked up the slope beside the wagon and stopped abruptly on the top. He recognized a station platform, one far larger than the one he had left that noon, with a new kind of train standing beside it. This train was full of lights and there seemed to be hundreds of people.

He looked around for a place to hide, but the platform was as bright as day and everywhere he looked there were people—people strangely dressed, women among them who did not look at all like his mother, men who did not look at all like the men in the camp.

"I had reached Moncton without knowing it. It's all very well to say now that

## We asked...

"Do you think the United States should be called America?"

## They answered...



**Charlotte Whitton**—"I would emphasize our Conservative claim that the United States of America are *not* America, only the smaller part of the North American continent."



**H. C. Gunning**, head of department of geology and geography, University of British Columbia—"The use of America for the United States and American for (citizen) of the U.S. is open to as much and as little objection as that of England and Englishman for Great Britain, British and Briton. It will continue to be protested against by purists and patriots, and will doubtless survive the protests. See *Modern English Usage* by Fowler (Oxford Press)."



**A. D. Dunton**, president, Carlton University, Ottawa—"I think the constitution of the United States of America should be respected in this matter."

A five-dollar bill goes to Miss Alice Murdoch, Saint John, N.B., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.

Moncton is only a fair-sized railway town where trains come in from Montreal, Boston, Saint John and Halifax and are shunted around and regrouped. I tell you that no city I ever saw afterward, not even London, seemed as colossal and terrifying as Moncton did that night with all those trains and lights and noises and strange-looking people coming and going."

Jerome slunk through the crowd without anyone noticing him, and in the waiting room when he looked at his hands they were like raw hamburger with coal dust ground into it.

"You know, in those days this country was used to ragamuffins. Kids who looked like me were a part of the landscape."

The ticket agent in that little sawmill town had already made Jerome ashamed of being filthy and he was afraid somebody here in Moncton would see him and talk as the ticket agent had done and throw him out into the dark. He stole through the waiting room sure that everyone was staring at him until he found an empty corner in the farthest and darkest corner, and there he sat with his body crowded against the wall.

It must have been half an hour before anyone noticed the dirty-faced boy huddled in the corner. An old sweeper came

slowly up the floor pushing his wide broom ahead of him, and whenever he had a big enough pile of peanut shells and candy papers and orange peels he bent down and swept the debris into a wide dustpan which he then emptied into a tin pail. When he reached Jerome's corner he stopped and looked at the boy and Jerome hung his head. Then the sweeper passed and the thought came to the boy that this old man was as lonely and wretched as himself.

From watching the people he had guessed where the men's room was, so now he went into it and let out a deep breath when he found himself alone. He ran water and cleansed his hands and once the dirt was off they did not look so bad: they were pitted with tiny red specks but they did not bleed. When he left the men's room he wandered about the big empty station alone. He stared through the windows of the doors at the lights of the town and they seemed marvelous to him, the shabby buildings splendid as palaces, the street lights amazing as they shone over the empty sidewalks and against the fronts of locked stores. Soon he felt tired and returned to his corner where he sat with his back against the wall and his feet stretched out along the bench.



It was then that the wretchedness of his life finally overwhelmed him. He longed for the camp and the dog beside the stove and the warmth of his mother's body as he lay beside her in the bed. He whispered the word "Mama" over and over like a litany and his eyes were hot with tears as he sat in that dark Lysol-and-cuspidor-smelling waiting room not knowing anyone, or where he was, or what would happen to him, or anything at all. His final night on the river had gone away like a ghost and with it the exhilaration of his escape. "Mama, come back!" he whimpered. And then he screamed as loudly as he could, "Mama, Mama, Mama, come back!" There was no answer and not even the man in the ticket office moved. At last the boy's exhaustion was merciful to him and he fell into such a deep sleep that he was unconscious of any of the trains that passed in the night.

When Jerome awoke it was bright day and the station hummed with movement and a man and a woman were looking down at him. The man smiled and Jerome, rubbing his eyes as he came out of sleep, smiled back. He was a thin little man with the kindest, funniest face Jerome had ever seen, with crow's-feet smiling out from the corners of his blue eyes and a grey goat's tuft on a pointed chin. His suit was of pale grey serge, his waistcoat a shiny black bib and his collar white, round and without a tie. On his head was a soft black hat and his long hands were thin, graceful and astonishingly white and clean. Beside him was a woman as short as himself, but plump, with wide apple cheeks, a smiling mouth, hair flecked with grey and a straw hat square on the top of her head.

"Now then, little man, and what may your name be?"

The man said this so pleasantly, the pompousness of his words sounding so fresh because Jerome had never been spoken to in such tones, that he lost all his fear and smiled back.

"Jerome," he said.

"Are you all by yourself, Jerome?" asked the woman.

"Yes."

"No mother or anything like that?" asked the man. "No father? No uncle? No brothers or sisters? Nobody at all?"

"My Mama's dead."

"So is mine," said the man. "Ah well."

The kindly wrinkles about the clergyman's eyes never altered, but when he glanced at his wife he ceased smiling and Jerome knew with a child's intuition that this strange little person might be willing to help him. Even more certain was he that this funny little woman would be his friend. Her lips were so warm looking and soft; when she smiled she was like a gentle bird, and that hat of hers—

"You've got a dishpan on your head," the boy said suddenly.

"By Jove, but so she has!" said the man. "Jo, this is a clever boy."

"You must be hungry if you're all alone," she said. "How would you like something to eat? How would you like a nice cup of tea?"

"Cocoa, my dear," the man said. "There's so much more food in cocoa."

"What would you like, Jerome—cocoa or tea?"

He was afraid of offending one or the other, but the word "cocoa" sounded so nice he said he would like it.

"Then cocoa you shall have," the woman said, and her husband went up and crossed to the coffee stall to get it.

It was then that the gentle care in her voice reached down inside of him, touched the hard knot and dissolved it, and in a passion of sobbing he scrambled off

the bench and buried his face against her shoulder. He threw his arms around her small plump body and she smelled clean and fresh to him, and all the while he hid his face against her he felt her short little fingers stroking his hair and heard her voice soothing him. At last she forced him gently back and when he looked up she was bending down—she was so small she did not have far to bend—and the brim of her straw hat scratched his forehead as she dabbed his eyes with her handkerchief. She took a comb from her bag and combed his hair, and

then she stood back, smiled and said, "There now!"

The tears had ceased, leaving Jerome hungry. He scrambled back onto the bench and smiled at her. He looked around for her husband but all he could see was his narrow back at the stall.

"My husband has gone to get food for us. We're hungry ourselves, you know. We've been up half the night in a train. I do so dislike railway stations. They're so dirty and noisy. You poor little boy—are you lost?"

"I don't know."

"What's your other name, Jerome?" the clergyman's wife asked him.

His face remained blank and she added: "All little boys have more names than one, don't they? Don't you have more names than just Jerome? Tell me."

"My name's Jerome."

"Dear me!" said the woman.

Now the little clergyman approached with a tray in his hands. "What's this little man's name?" he asked.

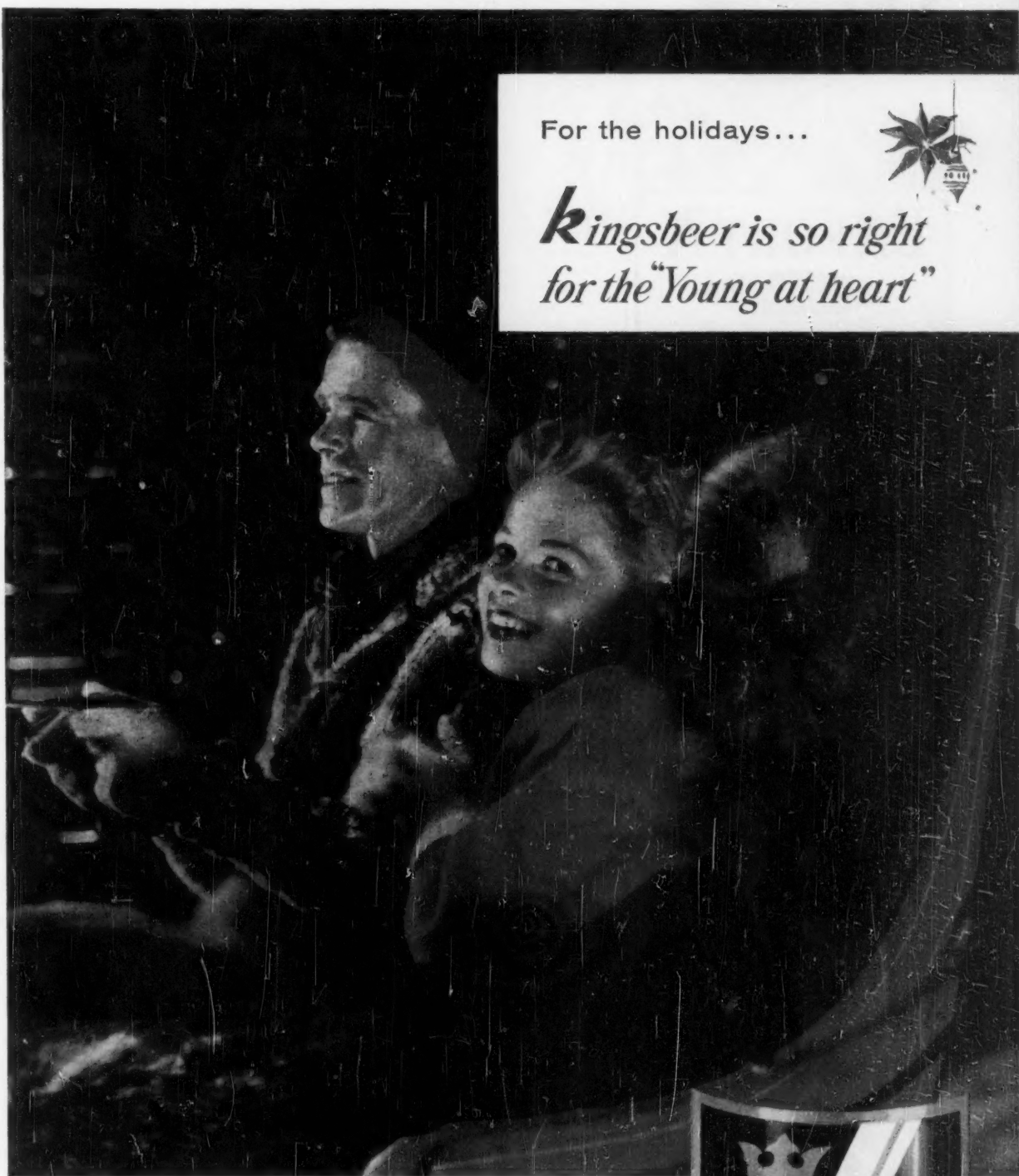
"He says it's Jerome," said the man's wife.

The clergyman beamed at Jerome.

For the holidays...



*kingsbeer is so right  
for the "Young at heart"*



So festive... so light... so right!

*beer the way  
people like it today*





## EXPORT "A"

**FILTER TIP**  
**CIGARETTES**



MCVITIE & PRICE (CANADA) LTD.  
110 Jutland Road, Toronto 18, Ont.

**What's  
KATE REID\***  
**giving her husband  
for Christmas?**



**SEE PAGE 51**

\* Internationally known Radio, Television, Film and Stage star, whose husband is Austin Willis.

## "The Engineer was going to kill me so I ran away from him in my canoe"

Then he removed his hat and became solemn.

"Now my boy, close your eyes while I say grace. Come now, close them tight. It won't take long."

Jerome did not understand why he should close his eyes, but he closed them and at once the clergyman began to pray.

"Most merciful God, we thank Thee for this food, such as it is. Most humbly do we beseech Thee to bless it to our use and us to Thy service. We pray Thee also to guard us against the seeds of indigestion we suspect lurk within it. And especially do we pray that we may be guided to help this lost child, who from his appearance and general plight seems to have been conceived in sin somewhat grosser than most, and we ask Thee also to tell us what to do with him. Amen. Now Jerome, open your eyes and eat."

The boy instantly closed his eyes lest the clergyman should see that he had opened them too soon, then he opened them again and took the heavy mug of cocoa and drank half of it down.

"Giles," said the woman mildly. "When you said grace, you didn't have to put all that in about Jerome."

"More cocoa, Jerome?" said the clergyman.

The sweet warmth of cocoa and the filling solidity of hard and buttered bread began to make strength in Jerome. He ached all over from his efforts of the day before and the night on the river, his hands were painful and the splinter in his knee had begun to fester, but now he could smile because he was with friends.

The clergyman ate and talked simultaneously, now praising the ham, now blaming the poor quality of the bread, and when the food was consumed he wiped his hands on a white handkerchief, crossed his short, thin legs, put his fingertips together and cleared his throat.

"Jerome, we shall now introduce ourselves. Our name is Martell—M-A-R-T-E-double-L, Martell. I'm Giles Martell and this woman is my wife whom I call Jo. Do you know what a clergyman is, Jerome?"

The boy shook his head.

"I rather suspected that might be the case," said the clergyman. "Well, I am one of the species. It is a most unpopular calling and its chief disadvantage lies in the fact that one's parishioners have such a poor view of their Master's intelligence that they deny in their minds that he was in earnest when he performed the miracle at Cana."

"Giles!" said his wife.

"Now Jerome, if we are to help you we must know more about you. Your first name you have told us, but not your second. Don't you have a second name?"

"My name is Jerome," the boy said.

"I have heard of such cases in London," said the clergyman to his wife. He pressed his fingertips so hard that the lean fingers bent, and again he looked at the boy. "You must know where you come from, Jerome. Tell us where you come from."

"The camp."

"Ah, the camp! Now where might this camp be?"

Jerome stared and said nothing.

"Was it a lumber camp, by any chance?"

Jerome nodded.

"Now how did you get to Moncton?"

Again the boy stared.

"This place here"—the clergyman waved his arm round about him—"is Moncton. We must not be harsh in our judgments, so we will let it go at that—the place is called Moncton. But how did you get here?"

"I jumped a freight."

"You what a freight?"

"Giles," said the woman, "please! You know perfectly well what Jerome means."

"You did this thing alone? Not with your father or mother?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, to be sure you must have come a long way." Looking into the boy's eyes, one hand stroking his goat's beard, the little man said gently: "Tell us all about it."

"I was scared." Suddenly Jerome burst into tears and began talking wildly. "He was going to kill me so I ran away from him in my canoe."

"Who was going to kill you?"

"He killed my Mama."

The two older people stared at each other and Jerome felt the woman's arm come about his shoulder and press him against herself.

"There now!" she murmured. "There now! There now!"

"He was the Engineer and I saw him."

At that moment a short, stout figure in a blue suit with a blue cap encircled with silver braid entered from the platform, cupped his hands about his mouth and brayed that the train for Halifax was ready and would depart in ten minutes. The clergyman groaned and got to his feet.

"It's the way of the world," he said, "that when nothing important is happening there is all the time possible for it to happen in, while if anything important is afoot there is none. Here we are with this—"

"Go see to our bags, Giles," the woman said, "while I stay and talk to Jerome."

The clergyman crossed the floor to the baggage room.

"Jerome, dear," the woman said quietly, "we haven't much time. Mr. Martell and I must take that train for Halifax and it leaves in a few minutes. The thing you just told us is so terrible we must be very sure you are telling the truth. So now you must look into my eyes, Jerome, and tell it to me all over again."

He did so and saw the woman's grey eyes kind and earnest.

"You must tell me how this awful thing happened. Or—" she smiled—"if it didn't happen, then you must also tell me that."

Jerome was terrified that she would be displeased and leave him. He felt he would have to make her believe he was telling the truth.

"He was with my mother and she said he was no good, so he got mad and he hit her and he killed her and there was blood."

A blush struck the woman's face like a blow and Jerome saw her mouth drop open and his terror grew, for now he had certainly displeased her and now she would certainly leave him.

"He hit her and he killed her," he repeated desperately.

The woman's hand came over his mouth and closed it. "Child, do you know what you're saying?"

He nodded desperately and watched her, seeing the flush change to the color of chalk. Then she took away her hand and surveyed him calmly.

"What you have just told me is the most terrible thing anyone has ever told me," she said. "It is so terrible a thing that I know you have spoken the truth, for a little boy like you would never have been able to make up a thing like that." Tears welled into her eyes. "You poor child! And I suppose there are thousands of other little children just like you in the world!"

He looked up at her dumbly.

"Was this man your father, Jerome?"

He shook his head. "I got no father."

The little clergyman was returning, his narrow shoulders bowed under the weight of the two bags he carried. As he deposited them the stout man in the blue uniform came inside and again cupped his hands about his mouth.

"Alla-boooooard for Sackville, Amherst, Truro, New Glasgow, Sydney and Halifax! Alla-bo-o-oard!"

People began moving toward the doors. A man and a woman embraced and exchanged a quick kiss. Children toddled doorwards holding the hands of their parents and Mrs. Martell rose from the bench and smoothed down her skirt.

"Jerome has been telling me what happened," she whispered to her husband. "We mustn't ask him any more questions now."

The clergyman looked at his wife, then over his shoulder, then at Jerome, and seemed worried about something.

"The train is leaving," he said. "I suppose I should speak to the police or the stationmaster before we go."

In terror Jerome scrambled off the bench and clutched the woman's hand, pressing it against his cheek.

"Please don't leave me! Please don't leave me!"

The two older people looked at each other again, and the little woman bent down and kissed the child on the forehead.

"Jerome, dear, we will never leave you



## Science Now Shrinks Piles Without Pain or Discomfort

**Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain  
And Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

**Toronto, Ont. (Special)**—For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain and itching. Thousands have been relieved with this inexpensive substance right in the privacy of their own home without any discomfort or inconvenience.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a famous scientific institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.



unless the time comes when you may wish to leave us."

Then a feeling of joy filled the child so that he could not speak. He took the woman's hand and went out to the platform with her just like any other child who was getting onto the train with his parents. The conductor took the clergyman's bags and hoisted them up to the platform of the car and the three of them climbed aboard. The clergyman found two empty seats in the middle of the car, swung one of the backs over to make a space for four and they sat down together, just as other families were sitting in other parts of the car. The train started and pulled out of Moncton, and looking out the window Jerome saw the station and the shunting yards and the lines of boxcars slowly disappear. Soon they were running smoothly through a green countryside.

The train rumbled on, whistling every now and then before it crossed a road, and Jerome lay half asleep and half awake. He sensed that the little clergyman was becoming restless.

"It's nearly five o'clock and I haven't had a drop all day. I think it's time, don't you, Jo?"

"Giles—the people!"

"Pshaw! How will they guess?" He touched his dog collar. "I'm perfectly disguised. I could go to the water cooler and come back with a paper cup—with two paper cups—and who would notice? I think I'll go now."

"Please be careful, Giles."

"You know I'm careful. When am I not?"

Jerome fell asleep again and when he woke the clergyman was gently shaking his shoulder and on the clergyman's breath he smelled the sweet familiar odor of rum.

"Wake up, Jerome, we're nearly there!"

The train's rumble changed into a solid heavy roar, daylight disappeared as though a shade had been drawn and they passed under the smoke-stained glass canopy of Halifax's old North Street station and stopped.

A cab drove them along Barrington Street, then over a very steep hill crowded with houses and after what seemed a long time to Jerome, it came to rest in front of a house with a little lawn before it and three cannon balls making a black triangle beside the bottom step. There was an ivy-shaded porch with a hammock concealed behind the ivy and there were white curtains at the windows.

"This is where we live," the little clergyman said. "It's a small house and it's not in the best part of town by a long chalk, but we like it."

That evening Jerome was given a cold meal out of tins while kettles boiled on the stove and an ancient, spluttering, English-style geyser, heated by gas, warmed the water for his bath. He was undressed and his filthy clothes were burned. He was put into the tub, which was made of tin and painted white, and the paint felt delightfully rough against the skin of his back. The warm water soothed his skin and the fresh-smelling soap made it feel slippery and clean. He laughed as Josephine Martell bathed and dried him, then he held his arms over his head while she put a flannelette nightgown on him.

"This is one of mine," she said, "but I'm so small and you're so big it will fit you quite nicely, at least for the time being."

Soon he found himself in bed between cool sheets looking at pictures on the wall. One was a print of Joshua Reynolds' Age of Innocence and the other

was a sailing ship in a storm, and he lay in the white-linen smoothness and looked up at the woman and smiled.

She bent and kissed the boy's forehead and was about to leave the room when she remembered something and came back.

"Jerome, dear — have you ever been taught to pray?"

He shook his head, not knowing what the word meant.

"Then I think I'd better begin teaching you your first prayer tonight. Usually you pray on your knees because

that shows how much you respect God, but you're so tired tonight I don't think He will mind if you pray just where you are in bed. All you have to do is shut your eyes and repeat after me."

Jerome shut his eyes and felt the woman's hand close over his own.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ."

He repeated the words without understanding what they meant.

"If I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Again he made the repetition, she laid

her hand on his forehead, he felt its cool softness, he felt her lips brush his cheek and then he closed his eyes.

That night while Jerome slept the clergyman and his wife sat before their empty hearth holding hands and talking for hours. Before they went to bed they fell on their knees and thanked God and promised that they would lead this child into the paths of righteousness. They believed, they believed at last, that goodness and mercy would follow them all the days of their lives, now that they had a son. ★



## WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE

*Men must continue to open and develop Canada's northern frontier . . . adequate staffs must stay on duty constantly at lonely outposts. Progress calls for determination, rugged endurance, quick decisions.*

Perhaps that is why you find Haig & Haig in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch whisky, they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues . . . the original Scotch flavour and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.



DON'T BE VAGUE... SAY **HAIG & HAIG**

Scotland's **FIVE STAR** Scotch Whisky

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES



## Jimmy Hoffa's plans for a Canadian empire

Continued from page 15

**"Teamster activity here has brought charges of intimidation, brutality, mismanagement. But . . ."**

years. Dodds will spend this winter setting up a press-gang brigade of a hundred full-time Teamster organizers across the country. "By next spring," he told me, "we'll launch a campaign that will make a lot of employers lose a lot of pounds."

Canada's three-billion-dollar trucking industry, already operated largely by Teamster drivers, now moves nearly one fifth of Canada's inter-city freight traffic. Community growth once hinged on the railways; now it follows the highways. Three out of every five Ontario towns, for instance, depend entirely on road transport. The vital uranium deposits at Elliot Lake and the RCAF jet station at North Bay are serviced only by truck.

Through half a century of shrewd and sometimes violent organizing, Hoffa's union has acquired impressive strength in Canada. The membership of true teamsters—men who drive teams of horses—is limited now to a few yet unmotorized Winnipeg milkmen, but the Brotherhood has enlisted fish-processing plant workers in Halifax, foundrymen at St. John's, taxi drivers in Vancouver, the toll-takers on the Ambassador Bridge between Windsor and Detroit, four hundred automobile salesmen in Toronto, all concrete-mix drivers at Calgary, and employees in a dozen other industrial categories. Fully one tenth of the certification applications currently being heard by the Ontario Labor Relations Board are from the Teamster Brotherhood. "We're on the move," says Dodds, the Canadian Teamster chief. "We expect to have sixty thousand members by the end of 1959."

The Teamsters are now recruiting vending-machine operators in Montreal and driving-school teachers and cab drivers in Winnipeg, but the major emphasis is on a more complete organization of the trucking industry.

"Without the city cartage and the road operations organized, you can't organize the rest of the city," Hoffa recently told a meeting of Teamster executives in Windsor. "Any employer who wants to fight you in any other branch of our business can whip the strongest local, unless you have the support of the road and city cartage, and I don't care what kind of strike you've got. But once you organize the road, the city, and the warehouse, nobody can whip the Teamsters. Nobody."

Hoffa plans to help guarantee the Brotherhood's invincibility through the federation of fifty Canadian and American labor unions concerned with the transportation industries into a body called the Conference on Transportation Unity. Each union will retain its independence but sign pacts with the Teamsters to co-ordinate negotiations, strikes and employer boycotts. Hoffa would become conference president.

The first Canadian mutual security pact was signed between Hoffa's union and the International Longshoremen's Association during a ninety-five-minute session in a Mount Royal Hotel room at Montreal last summer. The ILA, which has about three thousand Canadian mem-

bers, was expelled from the American Federation of Labor in 1953 for using gangster tactics on the New York waterfront. It has agreed to join the Teamsters in a mutual drive to enlist unorganized Canadian port workers. "We're going to toughen up on the waterfront, tie up a few loose ends, then organize the Seaway," says Captain William Bradley, the American boss of the Longshoremen.

Also committed (but less directly) to the alliance is the Seafarers' International Union, whose Canadian president, Hal Banks, is the country's most controversial labor leader. Charged with several major crimes in the U.S. before he came to Canada in 1949, and in 1930 sentenced to fourteen years in San Quentin prison for writing a bad cheque while on probation, Banks was recently denied Canadian citizenship. His record here has included a conviction on a charge of possessing smuggled cigarettes.

When they begin recruiting along the Seaway next spring, Teamster organizers will be opposed by at least three rivals. District 50 of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers claims to have already signed up nearly two hundred tugboatmen in the Great Lakes and is going after fifty thousand harbor workers. "We are making medicine to do something about the Mine Workers," says Casey Dodds. "We'll knock them out anywhere we run across them."

### No broken rules

Even more serious opposition will come from Frank Hall's Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, which represents most of the already unionized labor at Canadian inland ports. Also opposing the Teamsters is the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and General Workers, the largest union in Canada without international affiliations, which aims not only to recruit canal workers along the Seaway, but also Canadian truck drivers. "We will not back down before the Teamsters or anyone else," says William J. Smith, the Brotherhood's president. "That outfit," replies Dodds, "is fired up by the verbosity of its own exuberance."

Although Teamster activity in this country has brought charges of intimidation, brutality, mismanagement of union funds and violence during strikes and organizational campaigns, some leading Canadian labor leaders insist that the union here is free from gangsterism. "So far," says Claude Jodoin, the head of the Canadian Labor Congress, "the Canadian Teamsters have not broken our rules. As long as they follow our constitution, they will remain in the congress."

John Watson, chairman of the Individual Dump-Truck Owners' Association, recently told a royal commission investigating allegations of Teamster hoodlumism in Ontario that during the union's attempts to sign up gravel haulers around Toronto, many of the drivers who objected had the radiators of their trucks poked in with iron rods, flexible brake



**Enjoy yourself!**  
**free from Heartburn**  
**Acid Indigestion**

Wherever you are, there's no need to suffer from acid indigestion or heartburn—if you keep Tums handy for fast relief! Tums begin immediately to neutralize the excess acid that causes stomach upsets. Tums are carminative—relieve that too-full feeling.

No water is needed with pleasant-tasting Tums . . . just chew one or two tablets. Get relief fast!



**FOR THE TUMMY**

Roll of 12 tablets still only 10¢. 3-roll pack 29¢





## IN MOMENTS OF CRISIS—CONFIDENCE COUNTS

**Imperial's 78 years of leadership has helped Canadians take for granted the reliability of oil and oil products**

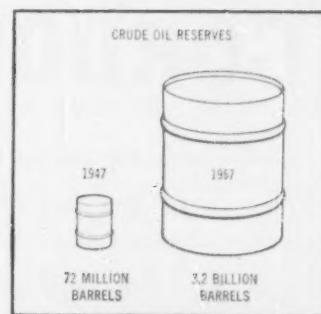
Reliability implies an adequate supply of the products you depend upon... when and where you need them, at reasonable prices.

Imperial has always been the leader in ensuring Canadians of an adequate supply of oil. Imperial's discovery of oil at Leduc, in 1947, opened the vast western oil fields.

The first oil company to supply consumer needs in all Canada's provinces, Imperial has

nine refineries from Halifax to Vancouver (and in the Northwest Territories) to meet the local needs of Canadians.

Imperial has always been the leader, too, in a highly competitive industry which must seek... by broadening markets and increasing efficiency... to keep prices down. Over the past ten years, while prices of things in general have risen 134%, regular gasoline has gone up only 11%.



*Since Leduc, Canadian crude oil reserves have increased 45 times.*



**IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED**

IMPERIAL OIL... FOR 78 YEARS A LEADER IN CANADA'S GROWTH



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
GIN DISTILLERS  
TARGUET GORDON & CO. LTD.

*there's no gin  
like*  
**GORDON'S**

Clearly the *best* for  
gin and tonic and  
the *heart* of  
a good cocktail

**IMPORTED**  
from ENGLAND

Distilled and Bottled at 260 GOSWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.



M11P

linings severed, sugar poured into their gas tanks, and tires drilled and slashed. He charged also that the wives of gravel-pit owners received anonymous telephone threats that their husbands' plants would be blown up if they did not sign union contracts. "For about two weeks, anarchy prevailed," concluded Mr. Justice W. D. Roach of the Ontario Court of Appeal, who headed the enquiry. He accused the Teamsters of violating every section in the Criminal Code dealing with intimidation.

Despite such condemnation many of the management representatives who deal daily with the union say that while the Brotherhood is tough at the negotiating table, it is usually dependable in adhering to agreements. "Generally speaking, the Teamsters keep their word once a contract has been hammered out," says Bill Murray, manager of the Motor Transport Industrial Relations Bureau, which negotiates for ninety-five Ontario trucking firms. Robert Scott, business manager of Teamster local 987 in Calgary, says that the six hundred and fifty contracts negotiated during the local's fifty-year history have resulted in only one strike.

In their organizational battles, the essential function of the Teamsters gives them a strategic advantage. They can weaken another union's strike by ignoring its pickets, or they can grant it most effective support by refusing to supply a struck plant. Last year, for instance, the Windsor local of the Teamsters decided to back the United Steel Workers' strike against Canada Vitrified Products Limited, a tile-manufacturing firm in St. Thomas, Ont. They refused to deliver the company's supplies on regular cartage runs.

During the St. Thomas dispute, strike sympathizers halted a convoy of the company's own trucks by dipping old tires in gasoline, setting them ablaze, then rolling the doughnut torches in front of the vehicles. Rocks heaved at the driver of the lead truck shattered his teeth and lodged a piece of broken windshield into his eye.

During a 1953 strike by Teamster locals in Windsor and Hamilton, human chains were thrown across most of the major highways in southwestern Ontario; drivers who tried to run the blockade had bricks heaved at them, the tires of parked trucks were slashed, and varnish and maple syrup were poured into gas tanks. The Cope Transport Company, in Kitchener, which was operating non-unionized trucks, was surrounded one night by men, their faces blackened with burnt corks, who heaved stones at the parked fleet of vehicles and set fire to the warehouse. One Cope driver later testified that he had been threatened by a black-faced man who carried a knife in his mouth, pirate-fashion. When Kitchener Police Chief John Patrick tried to stop the rioters, his pants were torn, his nose and lips bruised, and he had his left hand cut badly enough to warrant hospital treatment.

The Hamilton and Windsor locals involved in the 1953 strike were then and remain today under trusteeship to Hoffa. This device, a sort of union martial law, is used by the Teamster executive to gain control over non-conforming locals. Under the guise of the broad term "irregularities" which can include anything from the dishonesty of a local's officers to their asking too many questions about the finances of the International, Hoffa can place into receivership any local and appoint a trustee (sometimes himself) to administer its funds and decisions. Members and officers lose their voting rights. The trustee is answerable

solely to Hoffa, and only Hoffa can lift the trusteeship. Some Teamster locals at Hamilton and Windsor were recently in trusteeship. "We hope to get rid of them by the end of the year," Hoffa assured me when I talked with him at his headquarters in Washington.

The classic example in Canada of what can happen to members of the Teamster rank and file who object to their locals' operating methods is the well-known case of John Tunney, the Winnipeg milkman who criticized the financial administration of local 119 in 1947. Edmund Houle, the secretary-treasurer, promptly suspended Tunney from the union, and Crescent Creamery, his employer, had to fire him because of the closed-shop agreement in its contract with the Teamsters. Tunney's objections were fought up to the Supreme Court of Canada, which last year confirmed a previous Manitoba court ruling that granted him reinstatement and awarded him five thousand dol-



MACLEAN'S

"I think we'd better finish it — I'm running out of ideas."

lars damages. Tunney has not applied to rejoin the union, still run by Houle. Now a salesman with Carter Motors in Winnipeg, he told Maclean's: "The Teamsters will go ahead here, just so long as the workers are apathetic toward unions and are ignorant of what they're getting into when they tie themselves down to the closed-shop principle under the dictatorship of union bosses."

The American Teamsters direct the activities of their Canadian offspring with inflexible authority. "There just is no borderline," says Casey Dodds. During the 1953 strike, local 299 in Detroit sent strike-fund cheques for nineteen thousand dollars to the Hamilton local and fourteen thousand dollars to the Windsor Teamsters.

The deepest involvement of the U.S. Brotherhood in Canadian corporate affairs occurred at Vancouver three years ago, when the Pacific Inland Express Company, a large transport firm whose drivers were members of the Brotherhood, was facing bankruptcy. The Western Conference of the Teamsters paid \$440,000 out of the union treasury to acquire control of the company.

The U.S. congressional hearings have revealed the fantastically circuitous route used to hide the source of the



funds. Frank Brewster, president of the Teamsters' Western Conference, wrote out Seattle First National Bank cheques to Samuel Bassett, the union's attorney, who signed them over to E. G. Dobrin of Bogle, Bogle & Gates, another firm of Seattle attorneys. The money was then deposited at the Bank of California for transfer to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in Vancouver, which credited the funds to James Richardson and Sons, the Winnipeg stockbrokers, in return for the majority mortgage and stock interest the Richardson firm held in Pacific Inland Express. To protect their investment, the Teamsters threw out the Vancouver company's existing management, substituting as president Robert Acheson, a Seattle trucking operator who often borrowed money from the union.

A much more personal financial link between Hoffa and Canada was his acquisition in 1955 of part ownership in North American Rare Metals Limited, a Canadian mineral prospecting company which through subsidiaries holds two hundred square miles of concessions in Ungava, a hundred and forty-two claims in the lithium-rich area of eastern Manitoba, and a one-hundred-and-eighty-seven-claim property in the Temagami district of northern Ontario, where diamond drills are reported to have outlined three hundred million tons of iron ore. Hoffa purchased fifty thousand shares in the company under a special option in 1955; Owen Brennan, Hoffa's chief Detroit assistant, was until recently a North American Rare Metals director.

The investigations by the American Senate committee into the affairs of the Teamsters revealed that Hoffa had extensive personal holdings, including an oil-property leasing firm and a camp for teen-age girls in northern Wisconsin, called Jack-O-Lantern. Hoffa claims to have since divested himself of these and other holdings. He becomes infuriated with attacks on his private investments. "Just because I'm a labor leader," he demands, "am I expected to go around in baggy pants, drive a three-dollar car, and live in a four-dollar house?"

He drives a 1958 Cadillac, but his home in northwest Detroit is a modest story-and-a-half brick house he bought for \$6,800 in 1939, three years after he married Josephine Poszywak, a fellow union organizer. He has two teen-age children.

Because his wife's name is Josephine, and because of his stubby build and his apparently insatiable appetite for power, Hoffa is inevitably pictured as the Napoleon of the labor movement. A short (five feet five and a half inches) belligerent barrel of a man, Hoffa once walked into a Washington cocktail party and shrugged off his overcoat without looking back. It was grabbed before it hit the floor. Although he finished at the top in an intelligence test recently given some U.S. labor leaders by Princeton University, Hoffa seems to plot the advance of his ideas with jungle cunning rather than intellect. He has made his way with his fists and the fists of others, in the cynical conviction that nothing is on the level. "The union," he says, "is not a social club."

Hoffa likes to sport tailored silk suits and open-weave shirts in the summer; he always wears white socks, because he claims colored ones make his feet sweat. He does not smoke or drink (not even coffee) and rarely reads, except newspapers. He works in shirt sleeves. His day consists almost entirely of conferences punctuated by long-distance calls, which he ends abruptly with a barked: "That's it!"

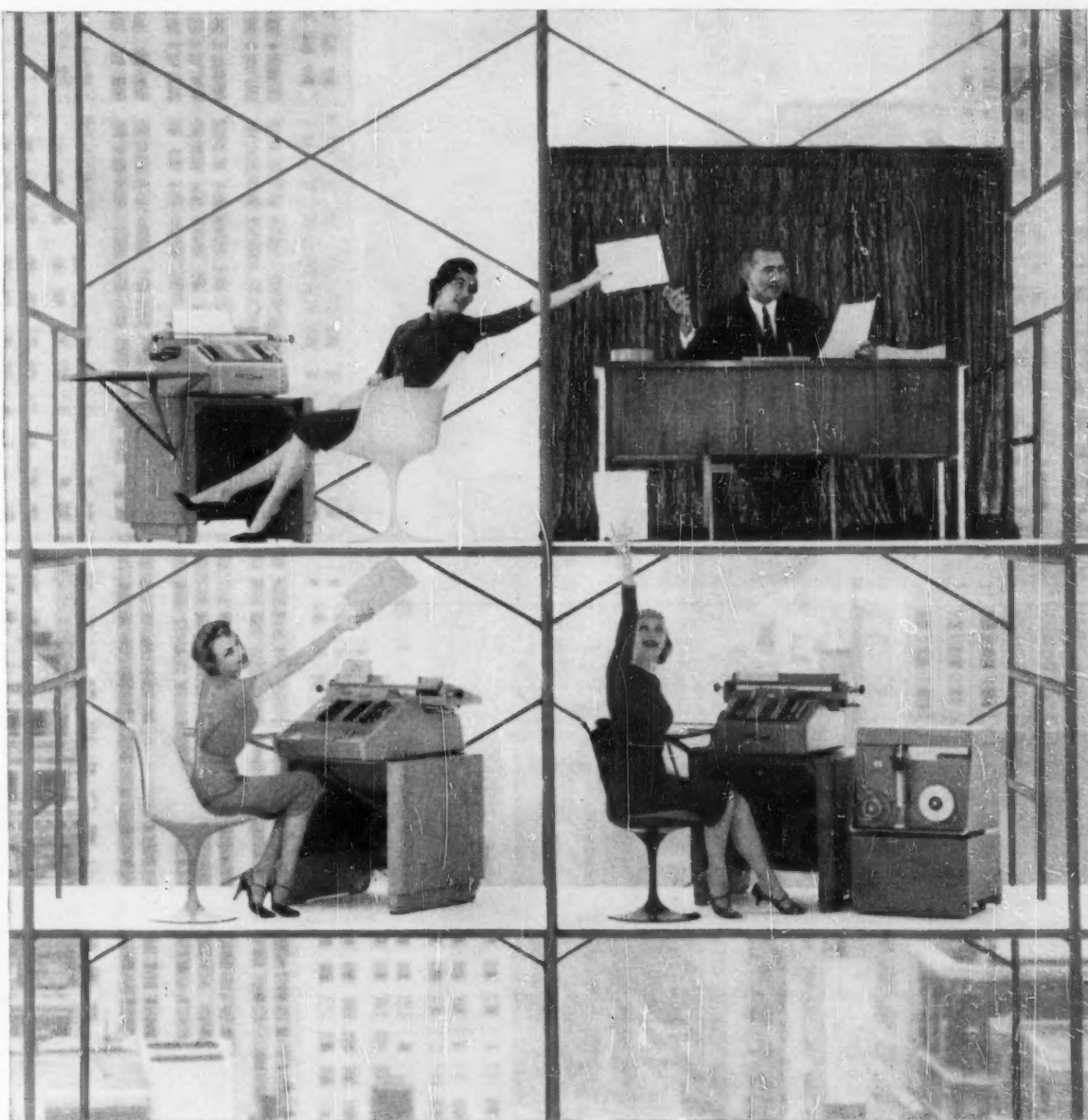
Aides glide in and out of his office in defensive and offensive platoons, depending on the direction of the attack being discussed.

Room 305 of the Teamster building in Washington, where Hoffa spends most of his time, is a tennis-court-sized office paneled in Honduras mahogany, with beige wall-to-wall carpeting, soundproof doors, indirect lighting and remote-controlled television. From his burnt-walnut desk, through faintly blue-tinged floor-to-ceiling windows, Hoffa can regard the Capitol dome a few hundred yards away.

His office is the control centre of the Teamsters' five-and-a-half-million-dollar headquarters building, opened in 1955. The main bronze-framed door leads into a lobby exquisitely finished in variously shaded marbles and columns faced in mosaics of Venetian glass tile. The building has a penthouse terrace of Georgian marble, a forty-car basement garage, a hundred-seat restaurant, and an acoustically treated theatre which accommodates four hundred and seventy-four—its projection booth is equipped to show Cinemascope and Vistavision.

Hoffa was forty-four when he took over the \$50,000-a-year Teamster presidency from keg-shaped Dave Beck, who has since been convicted of mishandling union funds. Although Hoffa has never driven a truck himself, his life has been a continuous training course for his present position.

He is the third child of an Indiana coal miner who died of coal poisoning when Hoffa was seven. After quitting school at the end of the ninth grade, he went to work at the Kroger department-store warehouse in Detroit. Only the time



**All figure-facts present and accounted for—whatever the business you're in!**

Complete, accurate, up-to-the-instant data in your hands *on time!* That's par for the course with Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machines: either numerical accounting machines for control operations; or typing accounting machines for descriptive control operations; or Sensimatic to Punched-Tape or Card equipment that prepares hard-copy records and, as a

by-product, punched tape or cards for subsequent electronic data processing. Want to see how fast your accounting can get? How highly automated? How easily a Burroughs Accounting Machine wraps up any number of jobs? Just call our nearby branch office today. Or write to Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited. Factory at Windsor, Ontario.

Burroughs and Sensimatic—TM's



**Burroughs**

"NEW DIMENSIONS" / in electronics and data processing systems

For Christmas...

# PEEK FREAN'S FINE ENGLISH BISCUITS

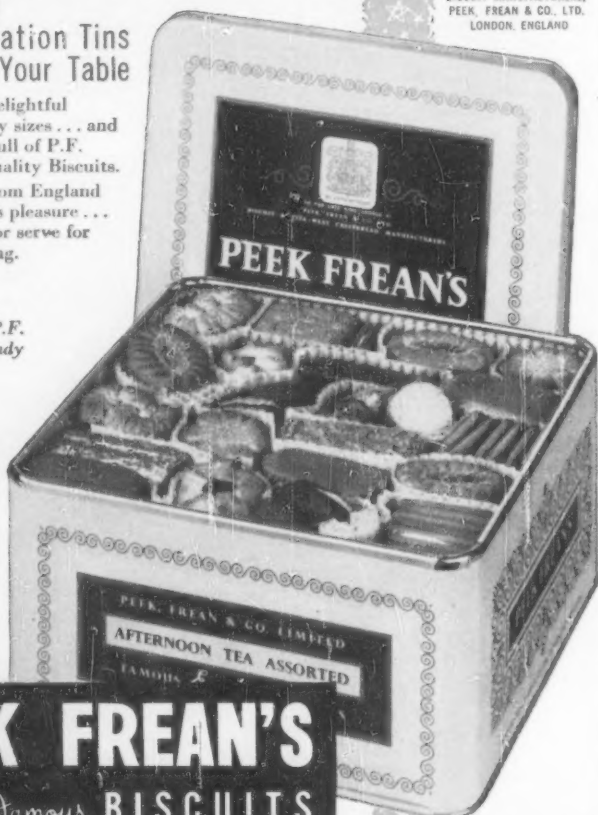
in  
Gay Presentation Tins  
for Gifts or Your Table

Tins in so many delightful designs... so many sizes... and every tin packed full of P.F. famous English Quality Biscuits. Imported direct from England for your Christmas pleasure... a delight to give, or serve for holiday entertaining.

You can buy P.F. Biscuits in handy packets, too!



Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean



**PEEK FREAN'S**  
Makers of Famous BISCUITS



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,  
PEEK, FREAN & CO. LTD.  
LONDON, ENGLAND

What kind of wine did you call this?

A vin ordinaire.

There's nothing ordinary about it.

It tastes good to me.

Manor St. Davids is an excellent table wine.

Canadian?

From grapes grown in the Niagara Peninsula.

Must be fairly expensive.

You're way off. You'll be surprised how little a bottle costs.

So a vin ordinaire...

Is an excellent "wine of the country?"

at a low enough price so that everybody can enjoy it.

Got a pencil? I want to mark down the name.

*Bright's Wines*  
fine Canadian  
SINCE 1874



actually spent unloading produce cars was paid during the twelve-hour shifts. One night when a load of strawberries arrived, Hoffa, then seventeen, led a strike to demand more pay and union recognition. Threatened with the loss of its perishable cargo, management capitulated. Young Jimmy was granted the charter for a local of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America, originally established in 1903 to represent the men who drove the brewery wagons.

Membership in the union did not rise above four hundred thousand before World War II. Recruiting was hampered, even more than in other industries, by the anti-union tactics of employers, Hoffa says. "They hired thugs to get us," he recalls. "I was hit so many times with night sticks, clubs and brass knuckles that I can't even remember where the bruises were. But I can hit back, and I did. Guys who tried to break me up, got broken up."

His success in organizing automobile carriers led to Hoffa's selection as contract negotiator for over-the-road agreements in twelve mid-western states. He was elected the ninth of the International's eleven vice-presidents in 1952. "What we love about Jimmy," says John English, secretary-treasurer of the Teamsters, "is what he has done for the organization." All that cheap guff and gab doesn't put a meal on your table. I love this little fellow."

Although he has been arrested eighteen times on charges ranging from traffic offenses to shooting incidents Hoffa has been convicted on only three relatively minor counts: one assault-and-battery charge carrying a ten-dollar fine; a case of violating anti-trust laws involving his attempts to set up a waste-paper monopoly in Detroit for which he was fined a thousand dollars; and his coercive attempts to force small shopkeepers into the union which put him on probation for two years.

The U. S. Justice Department has not been able to make any of its more serious recent accusations stick. The Teamster Brotherhood has a hundred and fifty lawyers on its full-time payroll. So that they might better co-ordinate their efforts against the Senate probes, they recently banded themselves into the National Conference of Teamster Lawyers.

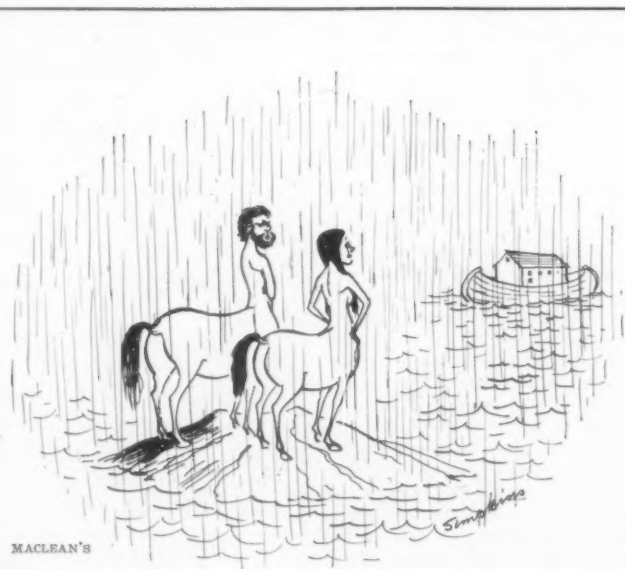
Despite the continuing Senate investigations and the snowballing testimony about corruption at the top, the Teamster Brotherhood is gaining almost ten thousand new Canadian and American members a month. "We've learned to live and grow firm under attack," Hoffa boasts. "We're now ready to move even more strongly ahead."

Hoffa has been able to assume such a hold on the Brotherhood because most Teamsters take a less active interest in union affairs than other organized workers. The majority of truckers work in groups too small to press for a cleanup. Most of a driver's time is spent jostling with traffic, leaving him little energy to worry about union affairs during his off hours. In the cab of his high-powered vehicle, he often assumes a sense of power which he does not possess in relation to the larger world—a touch of rebellion which makes him inordinately proud of belonging to the beleaguered but highly powerful Brotherhood of Teamsters.

"The Senate investigations have had very little effect," says Casey Dodds. "The attacks have just drawn the whole family closer together." One reason for the lack of more vocal discontent among Canada's Teamsters is that many of the improvements in working conditions they have demanded have been gained by the union's tough negotiating teams. Before the Teamsters grew strong in this country, truck drivers often had to hold the wheel sixty hours a week at wages considerably below manufacturing scales. Now they have shorter work schedules and some earn six thousand dollars a year and more.

The majority sentiment of Canadian Teamsters is summed up by Jean Lari-viere, the secretary-treasurer of local 106 in Montreal, who told me: "What we've got, we've got because of Hoffa. That guy must be all right."

Such loyalty is scarcely comforting to the men who have recognized the full meaning of Hoffa's battle orders for his Canadian offensive. Undaunted by the revelations of the American congressional investigations and unabashed by charges of personal dealings with convicted gangsters both in and out of his heavily muscled Brotherhood, he is determined to create in this country fully as stout a power grip as he already holds over the economy of the United States. ★



"Well, thanks to you we missed the boat."





Letter from the Pacific continued from page 10

"In the geisha house the strip tease started. They took off our shoes and gave us sandals"

smiling geisha girls in huge dressing gowns that revealed nothing more seductive than their chins. They invited us to sit down on the hardwood floor and served us tea in tiny glasses about two inches high. Then, let me confess it, the strip tease started. They took off our shoes and gave us sandals. Then they brought in three more tiny cups of tea, after which they gave us hot moist towels to wipe our faces.

By this time I was aching in all my joints. That hardwood floor was certainly living up to its name. Meanwhile the geisha girls, still muffled like Alaskan explorers, were giggling delightfully as if it was all the greatest and most daring adventure. Our spirits rose when they held a whispered conference. Obviously something was up! Something indeed! Out they ran and in no time returned—each of them bearing a one-inch glass of tea, whereupon I addressed my two friends in a solemn warning that even on holiday there should be a limit to debauchery and orgies. So we took off our sandals and put on our shoes. Such is the recuperative power of the human system that by the time we had returned to our hotel and to our wives we were almost able to stand upright, and our backs had ceased to ache—or almost.

#### Land of lost illusions

Yet it was Japan, and it was Japanese music that inspired the luscious pathos of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." It was also in the skies over Hiroshima and Nagasaki that the first atomic bombs were dropped although the war was ending and resistance had almost ceased.

Two hours after we had left the geisha house we were in the air once more for the long fifteen-hour flight to Honolulu. We were flying Japan Airlines and our smiling little hostess was utterly tireless in her desire to be of service.

But I could not shake off the feeling that Japan is a country which has lost its illusions, perhaps even its dreams. I was told by diplomats there that the emperor, instead of being a god on earth, today counts for very little. Let us admit that the institution of royalty has never been a logical creation, but to maintain a system of royalty the people must be willing to attribute godlike qualities to their ruler. Even in Britain with its constitutional monarchy the reigning sovereign is regarded and accepted as someone above all others. It is not logical, it is not common sense, yet humanity has not yet found a complete substitute for constitutional monarchy.

So into the skies of night roared our plane while the pretty stewardess smilingly demonstrated how simple it was to abandon the plane in flight in case of necessity. We were not to inflate the water wings until we were in the water and she hoped that we would have a pleasant journey. Incidentally, it is in the flight from Tokyo to Honolulu that a calendar day is actually lost. Don't ask me to explain but we left Tokyo on a Thursday, arrived at Honolulu in the evening, went to bed and woke up

next morning to find that it was Thursday and the same date as we had left Tokyo. It was this phenomenon that was used by Jules Verne to give his twist to *Around the World in 80 Days*. It decided the wager which makes the climax of the book.

Two days later the British consul-general threw a party for us and among the guests was Admiral Hopwood, American Admiral-in-Chief in the Pacific. His headquarters are at Pearl Harbor and he invited us to visit him there when he would take us around in the admiralty launch.

As we motored to Pearl Harbor next day my mind went back to that Sunday morning, Dec. 7, in the fateful year 1941. France had fallen, America was benevolently neutral, but not more, and the siege of London had begun. Then came the news—startling, unbelievable news. The Little Brown Jap had attacked and devastated the U. S. Pacific Navy in the dawn of a golden winter Sunday.

At that very time in Washington Japanese emissaries were negotiating with the U. S. government. It is easy enough to say that America should have been on guard yet who but a madman could have foreseen such perfidy and such audacity?

Three hundred and fifty-three Japanese carrier-based aircraft were launched in the attack, the admiral told us as we turned toward the silhouette of U.S.S. Arizona, nearly submerged yet even in death refusing to surrender.

Over eleven hundred men lost their lives in the Arizona. The fortunate ones were killed at once, the others were trapped in a floating prison from which there was no escape. There they lie today in the ship they loved, and at the appointed hour the bugle sounds the beginning and the end of each day. They shall not grow old as we grow old, and at the setting of the sun their comrades remember them.

If we still find it difficult to understand the astonishing ineptitude of the American secret service and the equal ineptitude of the admirals in command of Pearl Harbor at that time we should remember with gratitude and admiration the majesty in which the American fighting machine on land, in the air, and at sea was mobilized for war even though it took a toll of valuable time.

From the admiral's house where we were having a cup of tea with him and his family we heard the bugles from the distance and we watched the mellow sun beginning its farewell to the gold-tinted hills. Beauty and the memory of tragedy were saying good-bye to another day.

Back at the hotel in Honolulu we ran across Sacheverell Sitwell, the poet son of a famous family of poets.

"Do you realize," he asked "that it was on an island near here that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote those lines:

"Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you grave for me;

# WINTER is the time for a HOME IMPROVEMENT LOAN

Available through your bank under  
the National Housing Act  
for the following:

Alterations or repairs to an exterior or an interior of a home, including the addition of one or more rooms, storeys or family housing units; also a garage or out-building; and demolition or moving of buildings;

Also the purchase, installation, repair or improvement of heating systems; of electric light and power systems, and plumbing; of built-in cooking, and refrigeration, and garbage disposal equipment; septic tanks and connections to public sewers; of storm doors and windows, screens and awnings;

Also painting, paper hanging and general decorating including an overall floor covering; the sinking, or improvement of wells and all types of water supply systems and other home improvements.

#### MAXIMUM NHA HOME IMPROVEMENT LOANS:

\$4,000 for a one-family dwelling, or \$4,000 for the first unit of a duplex semi-detached or multiple-family dwelling, plus \$1,500 for each additional unit up to maximum of \$8,500 for a four-unit dwelling.

#### REPAYMENT:

Loans are repayable in monthly installments, together with interest, for periods up to ten years.

#### FOR MORE DETAILS:

Inquire at your bank, and have the job done this winter when men and materials are available.

#### FARMERS

Inquire about Government-backed Farm Improvement Loans available through your bank up to \$5,000 and with up to 10 years to repay. Loans for equipment, livestock, as well as a wide range of Home Improvements.

#### WHY WAIT FOR SPRING?



Issued by Authority of  
Hon. Michael Starr, Minister of Labour

the  
tailored look  
in leather



\$3.50 to \$10.00

Henry Perkins  
Billfold's

FOR EVERY GIFT OCCASION

"A pleasure to give...  
a pleasure to receive"

### Licks Arthritic Pain — Wins Trip

"I suffered so long with arthritic pain in my legs, I could hardly walk. My case seemed hopeless yet to encourage me, my husband promised me a holiday in England when I was well enough to go. Happily, I heard about DOLCIN Tablets and the way they helped others. I got relief within a few hours and every day saw me so much better. I cried with joy at the great change in me. Thanks to DOLCIN, I won the trip," writes Mrs. R. K. Moncton.

For fast effective relief from the misery of arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis or muscular pains, you can rely on DOLCIN. Sold on 5 continents, proof positive of outstanding results in relieving pain. Costs so little, works so fast. DOLCIN.

58-2

### Worry of FALSE TEETH Slipping or Irritating?

Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives a remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

What's  
AUSTIN WILLIS\*  
giving his wife  
for Christmas?



SEE PAGE 51

\*Internationally known Radio, Television and Stage star. His wife is Kate Reid.

"Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

We do not think of the Americans as a people dedicated to beauty but there are few sights in the world to compare with sunrise over the harbor of San Francisco. This golden gateway to America is built on a vantage point from which to gaze on the sunlit, starlit, moonlit hills and harbor.

No one in San Francisco is in a hurry and there is an almost old-world courtesy even in the motley panorama of the streets. Some friends took us across the bay for lunch, so that we could gaze at the city which, in the gleaming sunlight, seemed to consist of houses, buildings and churches built of white marble as if it were Rome-on-the-Sea.

In the evening we were taken to the

opera house, a beautiful theatre set in charming surroundings, where Wagner's Tannhäuser was dragged from its oblivion and given a first-rate lease of life for at least one evening. I had the feeling that San Francisco has never heard of New York, or if it has there is no particular interest in Gotham-on-the-Hudson. San Francisco is as remote from Chicago and New York as Vancouver is from Toronto. And like Vancouver it is not only a city but a state of mind. There is no stridency, no mad rush to the office, no gulping of food and almost no hooting of motor horns.

Yet in this setting of beauty there is a sinister monument that chills the blood. Instead of a jewel set in the silver harbor there is the grim cold prison of Alcatraz. Nature supplied the prison for these men whose violence and brutality have earned for them the dreadful soli-

tude of the Rock. I was told that no one has escaped from there and survived. The current is too strong and the water is too cold.

We wished that we could have lingered longer in San Francisco but not far away was Vancouver and its call of the blood. Our wanderings in foreign lands were coming to an end. Vancouver the Beautiful, Toronto the Good, and Montreal the Mixture would be the last stops before we took off for London Town.

London . . . the November fogs . . . the hideousness of the Edgware Road . . . Marble Arch and the glorious sweep of the parks. Good-bye sweet troubled lands across the seas. I'm going home to London with its mists, its grate fires, its humor, its humanity and its sense of destiny.

I'll drop you a line when I get there. ★



Could Canada stay out of a U. S. war? continued from page 25

"Even the British would give their eye teeth for what we get"

between the two giants. They can't get at each other, directly, except across Canada, and Canada is too small to repel either one without the help of the other. Canada cannot say, as India can and as even Britain could do in some circumstances, "A plague o' both your houses." We have to choose a side, and there is no doubt which side we choose.

In any case the choice has been made, years ago. The DEW Line agreement, which placed American radar sentries on our Arctic coast, was concluded by a Liberal government of Canada. NORAD, which makes the defense of the whole continent one indivisible task, was set up by the Conservatives. By what amounts to unanimous consent of those acquainted with all the facts, secret as well as public, Canadian defense has been merged into American like an egg into an omelet.

So the question is not how to get out of this situation (we can't do that) but how to make the best of it. If we're doomed to be dragged into a war once started, what can we do to keep one from starting? How can we make ourselves heard at the policy level where the awful, irremediable, irreversible decisions are made? In other words, never mind General Partridge; how can we influence John Foster Dulles?

Canada has in fact a good deal of influence, much more than size or strength would warrant. Canadians in Washington and elsewhere in the U.S., directly engaged with Americans on the problems of joint defense, all seem to agree that this is so.

"Nobody gets as much co-operation here as we do," said a civilian official. "Even the British would give their eye teeth to get what we get." When I asked him for examples he said he couldn't give any, but I could take his word for it—he knew.

Another Canadian, a serviceman, put the point more sharply: "We can drag our feet from time to time, when things aren't being done the way we think they should be. But we can only do this so long as we co-operate and do our share when things are going right."

That is why Canadians at NORAD and elsewhere are distressed by what they call ill-informed, ill-directed complaints from north of the border. The more we

fuss about things that don't matter, they say, the less we are likely to be heeded about things that do.

An example of fuss about nothing was the "goof"—his own word—last August by the Hon. Alvin Hamilton, minister of northern affairs. He told parliament he was "ashamed" that Canadian officials "and even ministers" had to get American permission to visit DEW Line stations in the Canadian north. Some, he told the House, "had to wait several months for permission to go and do their duty in their own country at the direction of their own minister."

This would indeed be shameful if true, but it wasn't true at all. DEW Line stations are classed as defense installations, and as such are under normal security regulations that apply to other defense sites in Canada. The DEW Line airstrips are "available for use by the RCAF as required," even though they were built and are operated by the U.S. Air Force. Canadian (but not American) civil air carriers are also free to use DEW Line airstrips, with the permission of the RCAF. The agreement provides that "the RCAF shall consult the USAF before granting such permission," but there have not in fact been any difficulties or dis-

agreements between the two. They have worked out an agreed procedure for reporting any intended visits to the men on duty at the DEW Line, especially whenever food, shelter or service is required. Bureaucratic delays do occur sometimes, but they are as likely to be Ottawa's fault as anyone's.

What incidents have taken place have been mistakes, usually by some individual exceeding his own authority or ignoring someone else's, according to federal officials.

In one case an American contractor built a winter road from Alaska four hundred miles into Canadian territory without even notifying, much less asking, the government of Canada. He got a sharp scolding from Ottawa, and he and the U.S. government both apologized. That was the end of the incident.

Once the Roman Catholic Bishop of Mackenzie, Mt. Rev. Trocellier, was refused permission to land at a DEW Line airstrip. Since the agreement permits authorized Canadian planes to use these strips, the bishop was understandably annoyed. He himself was wrong by the letter of the law since he had given no notice of his wish to land, but normally the Americans don't insist on this form-



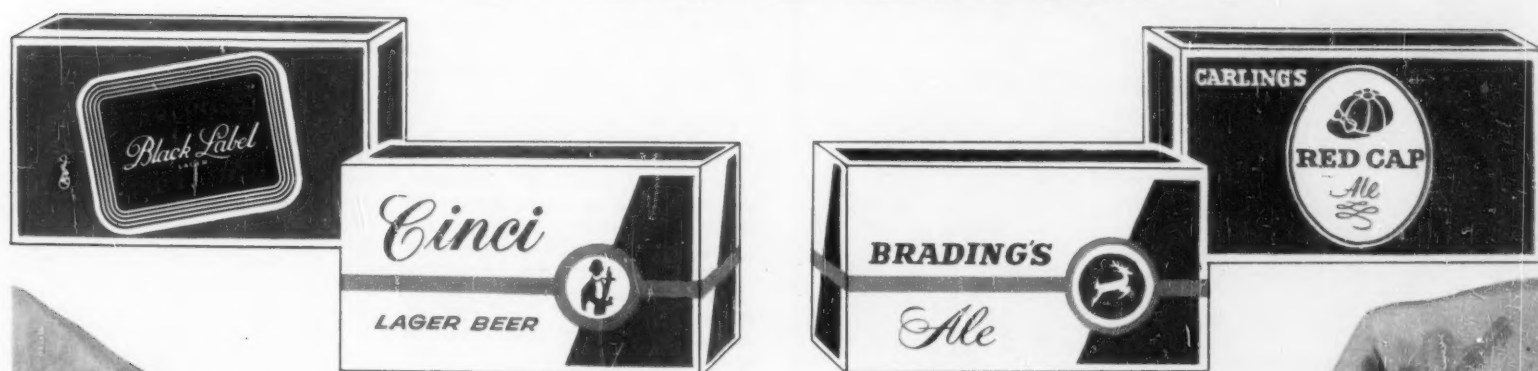
"Well, I'm off—aren't you going to wish me good luck?"

MACLEAN'S



# new "ZIP TOP" BOX

opens perfectly  
in 2 seconds!



only these 4 top brands  
bring it to you



ANOTHER PACKAGE PROUDLY PRODUCED BY BATHURST CONTAINERS LTD.

# HI-LO LA-Z-BOY®

*the new versatile reclining chair*



All the comfort of the patented La-Z-Boy reclining action — plus sleek low lines to blend with modern living room furniture. Back adjusts at the touch of a finger — high for reclining action, low for that handsome tailored easy chair look. Only a genuine La-Z-Boy has the Hi-Lo back and offers separate stool for maximum style and comfort.

No. 733

For style folder write:

**DELUXE UPHOLSTERING**  
COMPANY LIMITED

WATERLOO,

ONTARIO.



No. 770



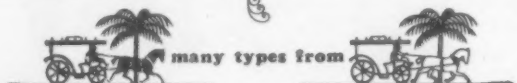
As Scotland is  
to "Scotch"...

**JAMAICA**  
is to **RUM\***

If you want to pick the right drink, first of all pick the right country. In Jamaica, they've known all there is to know about the making of fine rums for hundreds of years. Connoisseurs of rum, all have their favourite brands, but

most of them come from Jamaica.

Look for the word Jamaica on the bottle to be sure of a superior rum for your cocktails, collins' and swizzles. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".



♦ **VERY DARK** to **VERY LIGHT** ♦

\*ALL IMPORTED

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N (OF JAMAICA) LTD.  
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

## What you'll find in the Christmas Maclean's

**THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM** has inspired and intrigued the world for nearly two thousand years. What was it—in scientific fact as well as in scriptural doctrine? Writer Fred Bodsworth and artist Chesley Bonestell report on the "miracle."

**GIVE CHRISTMAS BACK TO THE KIDS** pleads Robert Thomas Allen in a poignant and humorous memoir about the kind of Christmases he remembers from his boyhood.

**WATCH THE BIRDIE** is the title of a wondrous collection of nostalgic photographs from the fabled William Notman of Montreal. Ham wasn't only on the table those days.

**THE RICHEST CANADIAN WHO EVER LIVED** was Sir Herbert Holt. Peter C. Newman recreates the life and times of this Montreal mogul who once commanded three billion dollars.

Maclean's Christmas issue

On sale December 9

ality. It turned out that the flight supervisor at the airstrip had just heard a wild rumor that "a party of Hungarians" in a private plane was touring the Arctic, spying out DEW Line stations. Alarmed by this fantastic story he decided to play safe and not give entry to a private aircraft that had turned up unannounced, pretending to carry a Canadian bishop. Regrets were expressed by all concerned.

Cases like these have been the occasion of most of the public outcry about sovereignty in the conduct of joint defense with the United States. This has tended, in Washington, to magnify Canada's reputation for being a hypochondriacal fuss-budget—a reputation not yet widespread, but growing enough to worry some Canadian officials who would rather see Canada hold her fire for things of more importance.

There are many such. One is Canada's position with regard to nuclear weapons.

The Canadian army, like other NATO ground forces, has adopted a new tactical concept based on nuclear striking power. In fact we have not got this striking power, and under present American law we cannot get it. The McMahon Act stipulates that all U.S. atomic weapons shall remain in American custody, and it provides stiff penalties of fine and imprisonment for any American who breaks it.

Partly to get out of this position of tutelage Britain and France, and probably West Germany, plan to make nuclear weapons of their own. Canada has no such costly intention. Until the McMahon Act is amended, therefore, our armed forces will be using weapons that cannot be fully loaded except by a friendly foreign power.

Liberal Leader L. B. Pearson has urged the government to insist on a change in American law so that Canadian forces may have possession of their own arms. This will not become a party issue; the government view, in essence, is the same as the opposition's. However, Ottawa has not yet made any such request to Washington.

One reason may be that Canadian officials understand American misgivings. The NATO alliance has fifteen members, all entitled to claim equal treatment but by no means equal in responsibility. One European ally recently sent a general out to NORAD headquarters to make a survey of methods. He had the very best credentials, so the American officers at NORAD told him everything. A few weeks later large chunks of their most secret information turned up in a pub-

lic document at NATO headquarters in Paris, the work of the general's confidential secretary.

Last spring a French air-force squadron bombed a village in Tunisia. The French government had not authorized this action, but it gave a kind of half-hearted authorization after the event. Many people in other countries, including the allies of France, regarded this operation as an outrage. That was bad enough for the West—but if the bombs that fell on the Tunisian village had been "tactical" atomic weapons made in the U.S.A., it would have been much worse.

NATO is the only military alliance of which Canada is a member. The United States has others—the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, for instance, which includes Pakistan but not India. Moreover, if allies are to get custody of American-made nuclear arms, what about that most militant of all the United States' allies, Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa? Is he to have them too—and if not, why not?

So Canadian officials can sympathize when Americans say, as they often do in private: "We'd be happy to let you have atomic weapons or secrets or anything like that, but how can we make an exception of Canada without offending everybody else?"

They already make an exception of Britain, in the sharing of information about nuclear weapons, but the experiment has not been wholly encouraging. The administration had great trouble getting Congress to amend the McMahon Act at all, to allow American secrets to be shared with anyone. They finally stipulated that information should go only to allies which had nuclear-weapon programs of their own well advanced—which in practice meant Britain alone, and which was designed in particular to exclude France. But now France has her own nuclear-weapon program, so the carefully wrought stipulation didn't do much good. It's not considered very likely that new or further exceptions will be made immediately.

But there is another and stronger reason for not making a major issue at this time of the custody of nuclear warheads. Other requests are being made, on matters that are deemed to be even more essential to Canada's national independence.

All three Canadian armed services use American-made equipment. The RCN flies American Banshees armed with American Sidewinder missiles. The Canadian army has bought sample Lacrosse



missiles, and will buy more of this or some kindred weapon. The RCAF division in Europe, now armed with obsolete fighters, is virtually defenseless against modern Soviet aircraft and must soon decide what American interceptor to buy. (The all-Canadian Arrow, even if the government should change its mind and go ahead with production, would not be suitable for the European task.) The new SAGE units, for semi-automatic direction of North American air defense, cost a hundred million dollars apiece; one or two are to be built on Canadian territory. BOMARC, the ground-to-air missile that Canada will buy in considerable quantity, will run into hundreds of millions. Anti-missile defense, which in a few years will become the most important and most expensive of all, has not yet been even begun in this country.

Other allies get their American military equipment free of charge under Mutual Aid. Canadians are proud that their country has never been on the American free list—Canada has been a giver, not a taker, of foreign aid ever since the days of Lend Lease in World War II. But we did discover in World War II that we couldn't afford to pay for these weapons solely in cash. Only by payment in kind—making some weapons in Canada for other allies, and getting credit for these against the weapons we got from the U.S. for ourselves—could Canada pay all her military bills.

That arrangement was known as the Hyde Park Agreement between Mackenzie King and Franklin Roosevelt. Canada wants another deal of the same kind now. The U.S. has been told, in language rather more blunt than Washington is used to hearing from Ottawa, that the present situation is not good enough. Canada cannot go on sharing every part of continental defense *except* the employment.

#### Shared projects won't do

Washington's reaction to this demand has yet to be seen. It will become part of the intricate negotiations of cost-sharing for the SAGE program, the BOMARC program, the anti-missile BE-MUSE program and all the rest. It's a fair guess that some at least of these mammoth defense establishments will be made in Canada.

However, even a fair share of employment won't remove Canada's problem entirely. There's still the question, what kind of employment?

Research and development contracts for the armed services are a mainstay of the electronics industry, the metallurgical industry, the aircraft industry, all the industrial frontiersmen of the U.S. Mere assignments to manufacture in Canada from American designs would not be the same thing. They would favor Canadian subsidiaries of American companies, they would offer no scope to Canadian talent in design or invention. As one Canadian official said, this kind of sharing would "dull the cutting edge of Canadian industrial development."

This consideration was part of the argument over building the Avro Arrow. The government apparently decided that with a weapon of diminishing importance, like the manned fighter, the advantage of Canadian design did not offset a wide difference in cost. In the case of the weapons of the future, the judgment might be different. The government might well decide that some at least of our advanced military equipment should be designed, developed and built right here in Canada.

Canada will be closer, with a military program of her own, to the sources of

North American military policy. U.S. military security is based on "the need to know." An enquirer who can show a need to know about an American military project gets maximum co-operation, as many Canadians have found. The Americans in charge will tell him all he asks, and go to great trouble to do it. But if he can't convince them of his need to know, they'll tell him nothing at all. Whole regions of military knowledge, on which policy decisions in both countries might be based, are kept from him.

This is probably the best of all reasons for keeping up a fairly expensive, somewhat redundant program of defense research in Canada. It's a way of becoming deeply and intimately involved in American defense planning. This in turn is a way, perhaps the only way, to know what is going on in the field of national safety.

Such inside knowledge is part of the answer to the most important question of all, the one that underlies all of this enormous and complicated subject: How can we keep the greatest freedom of choice, the greatest independence, with the smallest loss of strength and security?

It's obvious that there is no fully satisfactory answer to this question. No nation has complete freedom of choice any more; Canada, for geographic and historical reasons, has rather less than some other countries, though we also have compensating advantages.

One advantage is experience. Canadians have been dealing with their big, wealthy relatives for a long time—first with London and now with Washington. The men who are doing this job for us are not green at it.

Neither are they blinded by custom and use to the dangers that threaten Canadian sovereignty, as some Canadians seem to think they are. If anything, they are more sensitive to these things, not less, than the average Canadian who notices them only intermittently. They are just as apprehensive, and from time to time just as indignant, as the rest of us.

But they do know from experience that indignation is only helpful when it is justly based and accurately directed. A monotonous drip-drip of ill-natured, ill-founded criticism is no help at all. John Foster Dulles has been nagged by experts, all the way from India to Indiana; a little more nagging from Canada may not do much harm, but it certainly does no good.

They think it might be wise, too, for more Canadians to realize how big a share of the common defense burden the United States is carrying. Not many of us stop to figure it out, though the figures are plain enough: Canada's defense budget, as a percentage of national income, is only about half that of the United States. Dollars are not the whole story, of course, but the manpower percentages give the U.S. a greater, not a smaller share—we have fewer than half as many men in uniform, in proportion. If we appreciate these facts we don't often say so.

Authorities don't suggest that Canadians should refrain from saying what they think on the things that really matter. The only point they make is that we'll have more weight if we save our complaints for the questions of gravity, and don't squander our influence on trifles. Even at best it will not be decisive, but it is greater than size or strength could have earned for us.

Are we inescapably bound to an American chariot? The answer is yes. The official attitude is that since this is true, we should at least try to stay in the front seat, where we can talk on; good terms with the driver, instead of being dragged along behind. ★

# VOLKSWAGEN

...designed to carry

**MORE GOODS** A Volkswagen van will carry 350 pair of shoes, or 19 TV sets, or 148 men's suits, or 12,000 eggs or 530,000 cigarettes.

**IN SHORTER TIME** Volkswagen moves quickly through traffic—parks in "impossible" places. Wide side-loading doors, plus rear door, speeds loading.

**AT LESS COST** 30 to 35 miles to the gallon. Low oil consumption. No anti-freeze required. Low first cost, low running cost.



## UNCONVENTIONAL— COMPLETELY FUNCTIONAL

The Volkswagen commercial vehicles were designed with no preconceived ideas, no out-moded traditions to follow, no existing tools and dies.

There were only 3 factors to consider—the Volkswagen had to carry more goods, in a shorter time, at less cost!

In addition you get extra safety with the curb-line vision and the side-loading doors, you get rugged dependability with the unique air-cooled engine, you get big advertising space on the side to dramatize your product, you get nation-wide, efficient dealer service backed by a central depot with 5-million dollars in spare parts.

You get all this and *MORE* when you buy Volkswagen.



**VOLKSWAGEN CANADA LTD.**  
GOLDEN MILE, TORONTO 16, ONT.

Distributors and Dealers Coast to Coast

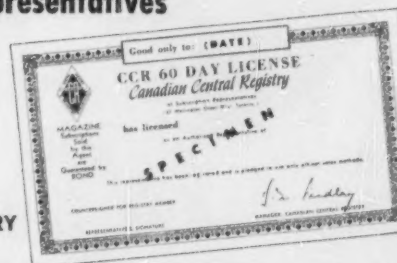
### Bonded Magazine Representatives

#### Carry this License

ask to see it!

It is your guarantee of  
subscription fulfillment.

**CANADIAN CENTRAL REGISTRY**  
OF SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES





International favorite since 1775

**Marie Brizard**

The range of French liqueurs

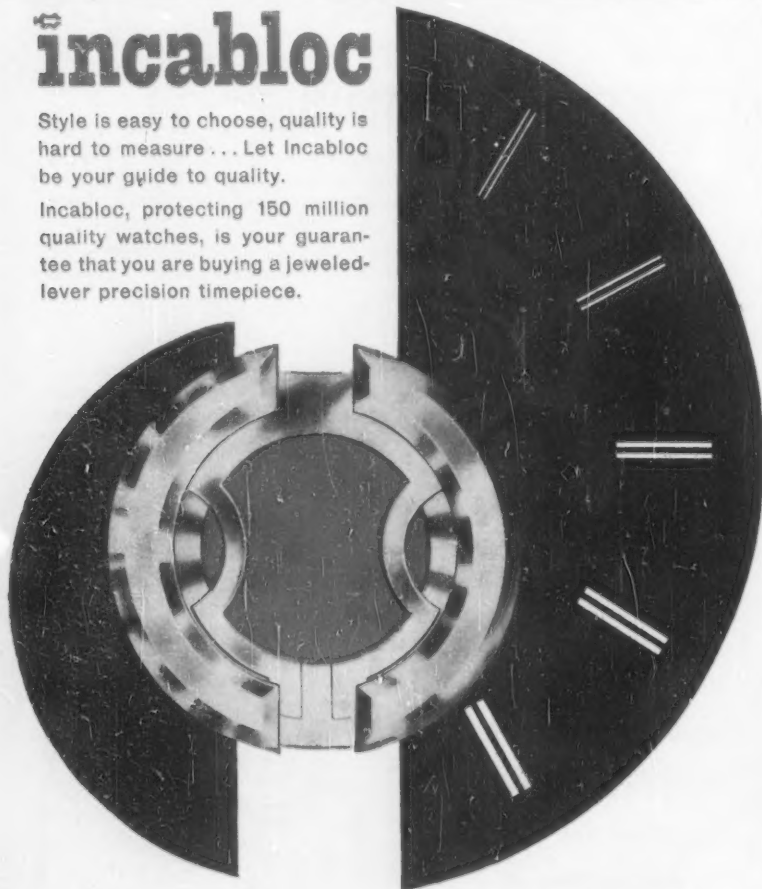
Your Passport to Pleasure  
Cocktail magic begins with  
Creme de Cacao or  
Blackberry Brizard  
After-dinner delight  
demands Creme de  
Menthe or Apry  
Cool refreshment calls for  
Anisette or Creme de  
Menthe

OFFICE GÉNÉRAL DES GRANDES MARQUES, LIMITED • MONTREAL

**incabloc**

Style is easy to choose, quality is hard to measure... Let Incabloc be your guide to quality.

Incabloc, protecting 150 million quality watches, is your guarantee that you are buying a jeweled-lever precision timepiece.



for your watch

Incabloc Corporation • 730 Fifth Avenue • New York 19, N. Y.

## Parade

### Signs of the crimes

In Toronto a handsome young couple are to be seen driving about town in a handsome hardtop marred by two badly crumpled rear fenders. The fenders have been clearly labeled with bright-red nail polish, "His" and "Hers."

\* \* \*

The wondrous workings of the telephone company continue to bemuse subscribers, and even would-be subscribers. A fellow in Calgary who had been hopelessly waiting to have a telephone installed for some time was left speechless by a letter from the company telling him they had changed the number of the telephone he didn't have. And a woman in Victoria stopped puzzling over the telephone company's latest directory long enough to write a letter to the editor of the Daily Colonist:

"We hve jst recd our cpy of the new tlphn bk which wll be effctv Spt 28th. No dbt ths drctry wll be of grt asstnce fr the crct splng of st nmes, espclly wth Chrstms ml."

\* \* \*

An elderly gentleman approached the free scale in a Vancouver department store, set down his shopping bag, took off his coat and hung it on a nearby peg, waved an admonishing finger at the scale and stepped on. Getting off again he donned his coat, picked up his parcel, shook his fist at the scale and walked off.

\* \* \*

The foreman of a city work crew which had just finished laying a large stretch of sidewalk in Hamilton, Ont., noticed a woman approaching with a small



boy. "Watch the little boy, lady," he called. "Don't let him walk through the cement."

"All right," called mother, picked up her small son and trudged through the fresh mix herself.

\* \* \*

We are in receipt of a belated report from a Montreal couple who were driving homeward from the village of L'Annonciation in late summer when they gave a lift to a young farmer and his two children. They were going to the store to buy shoes for the youngsters, the father said, and the Montrealers ask-

ed him kiddingly if he thought his wife wouldn't do a better job of getting the shoes fitted properly. "She couldn't come," the father explained, "because she had to stay home and try out her new shotgun on a couple of bears who have been raiding her raspberry patch."

\* \* \*

The father of a family newly arrived in Saskatoon, Sask., from England, was lucky enough to find a job immediately, but two days before his first payday finances were at an all-time low. "I don't know where our next meal is coming



from," his distraught wife declared. "We literally have nothing to chew on until your pay cheque comes."

Nobody paid any attention to the family four-year-old as they saw him laboriously puzzling over the 24-cent collection of small coins in his pocket, until he rushed in a few minutes later after a hurried trip to the corner store with his helpful offering... 24 sticks of bubble gum.

\* \* \*

If you go looking for the washroom in a small restaurant in Fenelon Falls, Ont., you'll find two doors directly opposite each other. One has no sign at all, but a sign on the other says: "Not this door, the one behind you."

\* \* \*

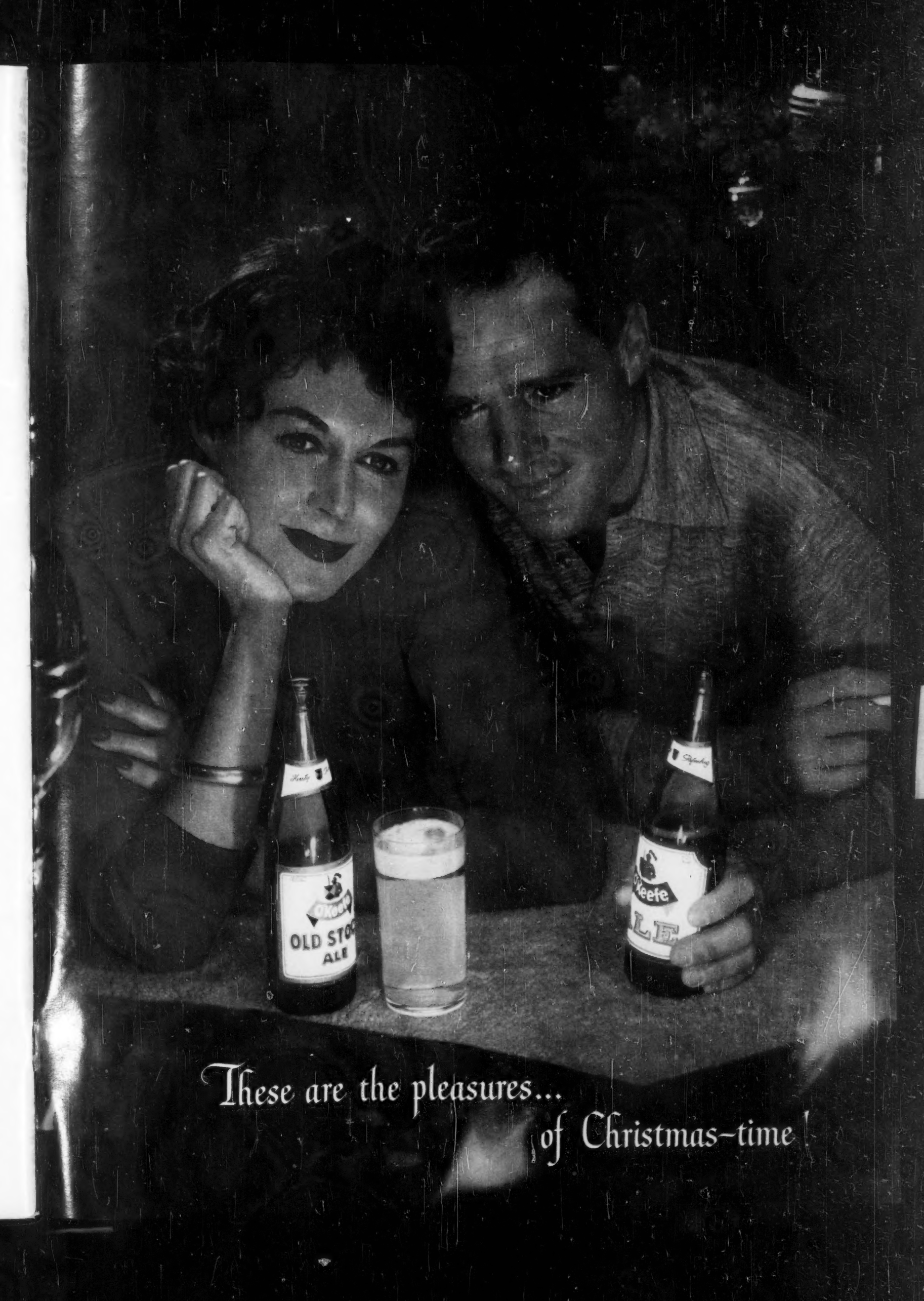
A police cruiser pulled up on the Trans-Canada highway near Medicine Hat and the officer called a hitch-hiker over to ask if he'd seen anything of a youngster who had been reported lost. The cop soon satisfied himself the traveler had no information to offer and was about to pull away. But just then the hitch-hiker spotted a car approaching, headed his way, and suddenly reached in and gave a long blast on the cruiser's horn. The car braked obediently to a stop, the hitch-hiker raced after it and was on his way to B. C. while the cop was still scratching his head.

PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 6, 1958





These are the pleasures...  
of Christmas-time!



Queen of the hardtops... the Fairlane 500 Club Victoria.

## BEAUTIFUL NEW ARRIVAL...

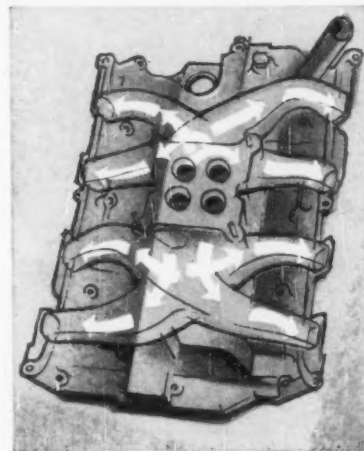
### BEAUTIFULLY RIGHT FOR YOU

Even when it's judged on looks alone, the new Ford's a winner. There's never before been a car in the Ford price field to match its clean, trim, purposeful lines. This is *real* style, and it will last for years.

But the new Ford is a sweetheart in more ways than looks. Sink into the foam-rubber comfort of the front seat and look about you. Who'd ever guess such a compact car could have so much space inside! Back seat passengers will welcome the extra helping of legroom; and they'll appreciate the greater headroom that the smart, flat roof-line gives them, too.

Pep has always been a Ford specialty, so you can expect plenty of it when you swing out onto the open road. What may surprise you is the fact that there's a thrifty Six under the hood. Ford's Mileage Maker Six is as lively as many a V-8—with the most modern design in Canada.

The new Ford looks so wonderful, drives so well you'll hesitate to ask the price. But don't worry, it's way down in the easy-to-own range. See your Ford Dealer soon and take a *discovery drive*. Once you have, you will know for sure that this new Ford is beautifully right for you.



This is an X-ray view of Ford's Expressway Intake Manifold for Thunderbird V-8 engines. The carburetor sits over the four holes on top. The arrows show the route of the fuel mixture from the carburetor to the cylinders. Because the passageways to each cylinder are direct and almost equal in length, each cylinder gets an equal charge of fuel mixture at just the right time. With every cylinder doing the same amount of work, you get full power from every drop of gas. No waste.

# 59 FORD



In every way  
so beautifully right

(Certain features illustrated are "Standard" in some models, optional at extra cost in others.)



